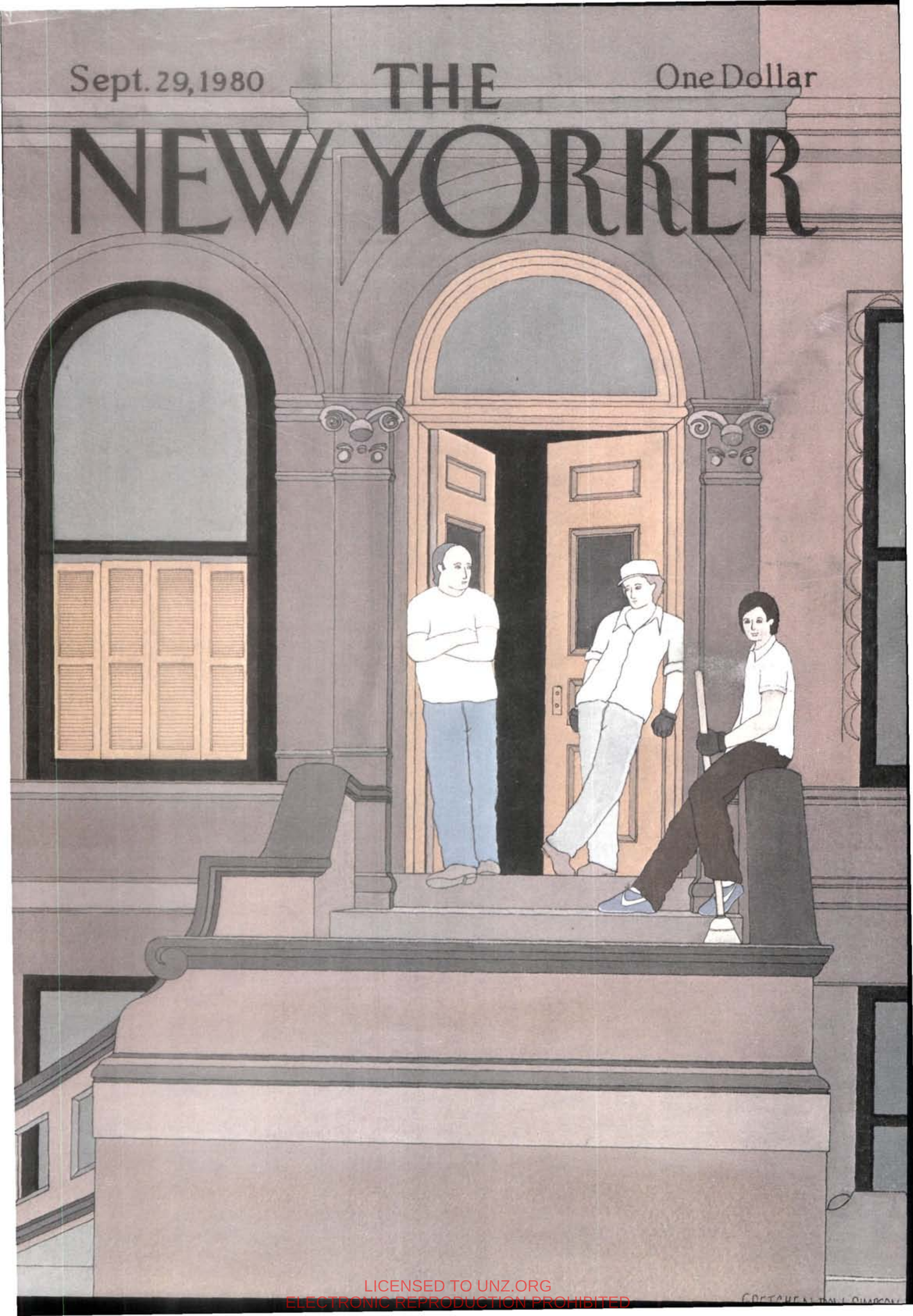
Sept. 29, 1980

One Dollar

THE NEW YORKER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Sept. 24 bloomingdale's **Nov. 8**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Bacchae—*Irene Papas and Philip Bosco* head the cast of Euripides' tragedy (in a translation by Michael Cacoyannis, who also directed). Previews through Wednesday, Oct. 1. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 2, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 23. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Barnum—A little musical in which Jim Dale gamely risks almost every circus feat except being shot out of the mouth of a cannon. Not much Barnum, though. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/12/80.) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Charlie and Algernon—Charlie is a mentally defective young man, and Algernon is a white mouse. The high point of this dreary musical is when Charlie and Algernon dance together. (9/22/80) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Children of a Lesser God—An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers, who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject, and John Rubinstein and Phyllis Frelich play the leading roles to perfection. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking—A play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine—The wise thing is to drop in after the intermission and catch a parody of the Marx Brothers playing a parody of Chekhov. What a gorgeous scramble it makes! (5/12/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Bernard Shaw's **THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE** will be the first in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, Sept. 24. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 25, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 12. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

42nd Street—A musical based on an old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it, with Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert usurping the roles of Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, and Ruby Keeler. Directed and choreographed by Gower Champion. (9/8/80) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fourtune—A musical with a book and lyrics by Bill Russell, and music by Ronald Melrose. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Home—A play by Samm-Art Williams that says it is a very good thing indeed to be alive. A joyful, Whitmanesque song, well acted by Charles Brown, L. Scott Caldwell, and Michele Shay. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Insideoutsideandallaround Shelley Berman—A one-man show. Previews Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 29-Oct. 1. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 2, and will run through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—A sentimental comedy by Neil Simon, about a Hollywood writer down on his literary luck and a daughter who visits him and brightens his prospects. With Bill Macy, Dinah Manoff, and Joyce Van Patten. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Lehár's **THE ME WIDOW** will play through Sunday, Sept. 28. ¶ Rudolf Friml's **THE VAGABOND KING** will foll opening Wednesday, Oct. 1, and runn through Sunday, Oct. 19. (Eastside, 334 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through S urdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Look Back in Anger—A revival of John borne's play, with Malcolm McDowell in leading role. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 23rd St. 242-7800. Wednesday through urday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Sa day at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes wit special performance for the Actors' Fun Sunday, Sept. 28, at 8.)

Morning's at Seven—A charming new prod tion of a forty-year-old play by Paul Osb Family life in the Middle West has its me ups and downs, and a marvellous cast ma the most of its *opportunities*. (4/21/ (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nig ly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wedn days and Saturdays at 2.)

Passione—A comedy by Albert Innaurato, w Jerry Stiller, Angela Paton, Dick Lates Sloane Shelton, Laurel Cronin, and Da Keyes. Seen Off Off Broadway briefly

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

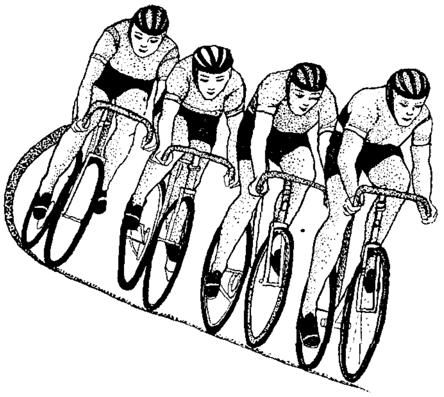
spring. Frank Langella is the director. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Talley's Folly—A charming short play by Lanford Wilson about the coming together of two troubled people, one of whom is far braver than the other. With Jordan Charney and Debra Mooney. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

West Side Story—Directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins, the Bernstein-Sondheim-Laurents classic is in tip-top shape after twenty-three years. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—A revival of Vinnette Carroll's hymn sing of a few seasons back, derived from the Gospel According to St. Matthew. It's hard to improve on the Bible, and Miss Carroll hasn't. (6/16/80) (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE**: Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. With Betty Hutton playing the role of Miss Hannigan. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN'**: An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP**: A stunning cast, headed by Robert Reed, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN**: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. David Bowie is now the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 28, at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EVITA**: A sung version of the life of Eva Perón. Three first-rate performances, by Patti LuPone, Mandy Patinkin, and Bob Gunton. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss LuPone at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 8,488 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME**: A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PETER PAN**: A cheerful revival of a twenty-six-year-old musical version of a play that is as sturdy and (at bottom) as gloomy as "Hamlet." (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ROMANTIC COMEDY**: A lifeless exercise in sitcom, starring Karen Valentine and Keith Baxter. The author is Bernard Slade. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET**: The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES**: This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG**: A Neil Simon musical, different from a Simon play only in that the triphammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Tony Roberts and Anita Gillette. (Imp rial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesday through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wedne days and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays 3.)



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MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—A show devoted American musical entertainment (the la hundred years of it). Part of the extravaga za: a re-creation of the Ziegfeld Follies a Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe Revue, pl a Carmen Miranda lookalike doing the car oca. The Rockettes—of course. (Radio Ci Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-460 Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

DANCE

Diamond—Final performances of a six-day e gagement. (Marymount Manhattan Theatr 221 E. 71st St. Wednesday through Satu day, Sept. 24-27, at 8. For tickets, call 24 1829.)

May O'Donnell Concert Dance Company—"Fa fare and Devotion for an Anniversary "Homage to Shiva," and other work (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riversi Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesda through Saturday, Oct. 1-4, at 8, and Su day, Oct. 5, at 2.)

Battery Dance Company—Presenting "The A of Fugue," a three-act dance, with accor paniment by a harpsichord and taped musi (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 71st St. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8. For tickets, call 889-0122.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-fa type is used to pick out a few of the more n table performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians a night-club proprietors live complicated liv that are subject to last-minute change; it therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (22 6300)—The lineup: Wednesday and Thu day, Sept. 24-25, **SEA LEVEL**, a well-regard Southern-rock outfit; Friday and Saturda Sept. 26-27, Pierre Moerlen's Gong, whi plays avant rock; Monday and Tuesda Sept. 29-30, Steve Hackett, a rock sing Wednesday, Oct. 1, **OREGON**, a lyrical Ea West jazz quartet; and on Friday and Satu day, Oct. 3-4, **JOHN HAMMOND** will sing a play blues songs from the Robert Johns era. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thir Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine a midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

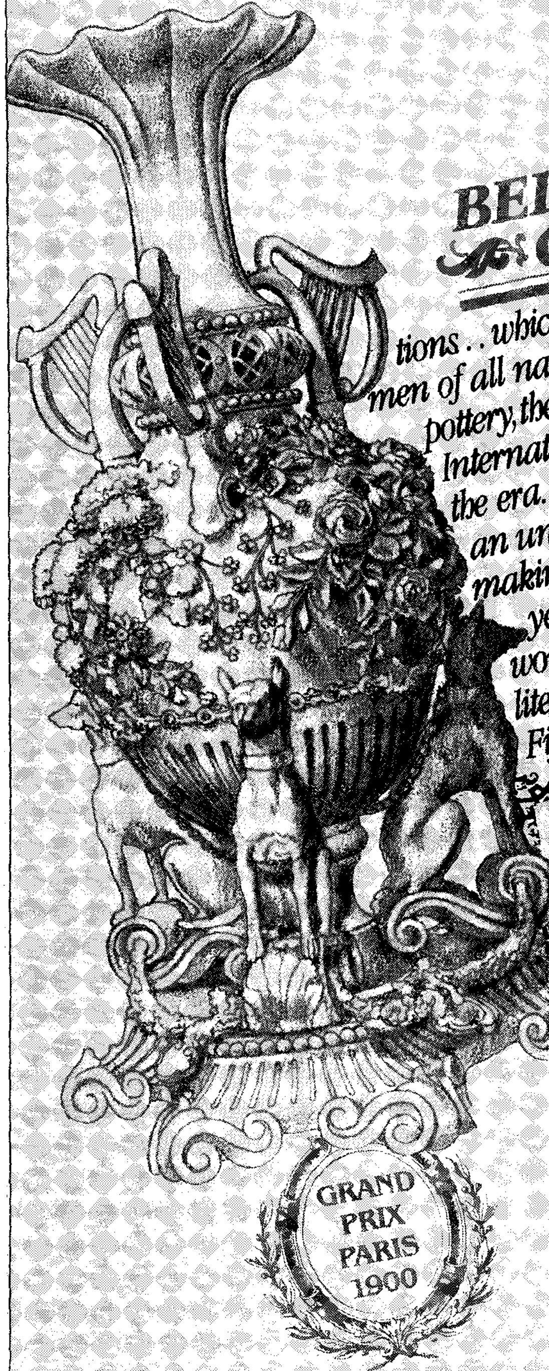
Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (22 6440)—Some of the most famous pianis bassists, and guitarists in the world work this admirable, dark-panelled, perpetually seems) crowded New York bar and resta rant. **RAY BRYANT** is the pianist and **JIM** **ROWSER** the bassist Mondays through Satu days. Music from nine-forty-five.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—T more passionate admirers of samba mu think of it as one of the great developme of post-wheel civilization. This urbane ro is a good place to hear it performed by vocalist and a backup trio after eleve Before eleven and between sets, there recorded American and Brazilian disco mu and Carnaval music. The club is open nig ly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Di ing and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** h moved in to play hot chord solos on his fu bodied, resonant seven-string (the seven string is a bass string) guitar and guide trio. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays fr eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining a dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (7 1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** does enthusiastic int pretations of the kinds of songs they j don't write anymore. He is assisted by bassist, **BEVERLY PEER**, and his drummer, **RO** **SCOTT**, in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays throu Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . **BARBARA CARROLL**, who sings a bit to her o piano accompaniment, can be found in

OUT OF THE PAGES OF HISTORY
INTO THE HEARTS OF COLLECTORS.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sunday. Her hours run from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A mostly dark-brown bar and restaurant with a variety (alive and plastic) of hanging plants. The star here is the elegant, retiring piano soloist **ELLIS LARKINS,** who plays nightly, except Sundays, from eight. (Patrons are requested to whisper during his sets.)

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This place still hasn't had the *impact on the neighborhood that it's had on* the current trends in rock and roll. The schedule: Wednesday, Sept. 24, Rocksane, D.Z., and Remod; Thursday, Sept. 25, Cold Steel, the Volts, and Major Thinkers; Friday, Sept. 26, the Mundanes, True Romance, and the Go; and Saturday, Sept. 27, Lenny Kaye Connection and Fan Heater. Monday is showcase night. Music after nine-thirty.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—For people who live in Brooklyn, Queens, or Chelsea but *love* Texas. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—The tables along the bank of picture windows afford *a front-row seat if you enjoy watching taxis* hightail up Central Park West or simply dig gazing at the Park trees. Farther inside the room, **RONNY WHYTE** is at the piano, singing and playing obscure and well-known popular songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to one-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** demonstrates the art of the blues lyric for the uninitiated Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. Terry Waldo, a piano-rag wizard from Columbus, Ohio, performs Sundays and Mondays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. Monday through Saturday, Sept. 29-Oct. 4, cornettist **WILD BILL DAVISON** will sit in. On Sunday, Sept. 28, Glenn Zottola's quintet will play from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs room, which crams in many more jazz patrons than will fit on the head of a pin. Super-bassist **RON CARTER'S** quartet works through Sunday, Sept. 28; on Tuesday, Sept. 30, tenor saxophonist **JOHNNY GRIFFIN** will bring in his quartet. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big space in which to listen to some worthwhile music. Is it pretentious? Well, the mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. On Wednesday, Sept. 24, Marion Cowings sings with Sinatra-like phrasing and gets some very fine support from bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ** and pianist **HAL SCHAEFER;** on Thursday and Friday, Sept. 25-26, and Sunday, Sept. 28, **BARBARA COOK** will sing in her clear, ringing soprano; Saturday, Sept. 27, will belong to singer Shelley Ackerman; Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, Stella Marrs will sing with a backing crew; and on Thursday, Oct. 2, saxophonist **JAMES MOODY,** who dabbles in singing, too, will arrive with a trio. On Mondays, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** and bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** are the musicians. Music from ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays. Sets from ten; on Sundays from nine. On Monday, Sept. 29, guitarist **JIMMY RANEY** will lead a trio from ten; on Tuesdays, a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** begins at ten; and on Sundays, stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** is on hand from five to ten.

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Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. The pianists who play here are not just diversionary dining-room players. The main performer is stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD,** who is on the premises Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

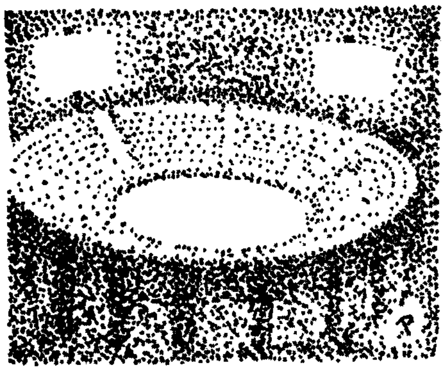
Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. Lou Forestieri plays piano and leads a dance *trio through Saturday, Sept. 27; on* Tuesday, Sept. 30, pianist Chuck Folds, guitarist Wayne Wright, and bassist Al Hall will take over. Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with the trios after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—There are twelve video monitors hanging from the rafters around the room here, so that when the DJs spin a side by Defunkt or the Pop Group, one can watch them as well as hear them and dance to them. Wednesday, Sept. 24, Tuxedomoon and Richard Strange; Thursday, Sept. 25, Psychedelic Furs and Disturbed Furniture; Friday, Sept. 26, Joy Division and A Certain Ratio; Saturday, Sept. 27, Neighbors & Allies and Vivabeat; and Monday, Sept. 29, the Rockats. Recorded rock and roll from nine and between sets; live music from elevenish. Video show on Sunday, Sept. 7.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Comfortable, relaxed air-conditioned surroundings with pillow furniture that one can fall into after making the long three-flight climb. The guest musicians will be Dr. Ron Odrich, a clarinettist and periodontist (his day gig), on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27; and tenor saxophonist **BILLY HARPER'S** quintet on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 3-4. Music Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty, and Sundays from nine; and if you hang around on Fridays and Saturdays until three in the morning you'll hear even more jazz.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more *vividly without a carpet to soak it up*—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. The resident legend is **ROY ELDRIDGE,** who plays trumpet in front of a sextet Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. The good reasons: pianist **LOU LEVY** and bassist **BILL TAKAS** through Saturday, Sept. 27; pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **BOB BODLEY** Sunday and Monday, Sept. 28-29; and pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **SAM JONES** beginning Tuesday, Sept. 30. The music starts at ten.



Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Crowded, but authentic in its Texasness. The rock, country, rockabilly, blues, and jazz schedule includes **JUNIOR WALKER & THE ALL-STARS** Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 24-25; Kinky Friedman Sunday, Sept. 28; Brewer & Shipley Monday, Sept. 29; and Johnny Paycheck Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 1-2. Music from nine-fifteen to three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—**JOE WILLIAMS,** who sang fire-breathing vocals with the Basie band of the fifties, and who has more recently become a convincing, if a bit Vegasy, entertainer, is performing through Saturday, Sept. 27. On Monday, Sept. 29, **CARMEN MC RAE** will start singing here. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A vintage rock club that attracts young people in T-shirts, in button-down-collar shirts, and in motorcycle jackets. The lineup: Wednesday, Sept. 24, Protex, Nasty Facts, and Hi-Fi; Thursday, Sept. 25, Jimi La Lumia & the Psychotic Frogs and the Strain; Friday, Sept. 26, **BUZZ & THE FLYERS** and Tish & Snooky; Saturday, Sept. 27, the Senders and Eddie Dixon; Sunday, Sept. 28, the Rooms, KPH, and Social Register; Monday, Sept. 29, Cheetah Chrome and Superdude Party; and Tuesday, Sept. 30, Pseudocarol, Octaroons, and Trend-Setters. Music from well after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Bobbi Rogers sings tunes by composer Tommy Wolf through Saturday, Sept. 27. On Tuesday, Sept. 30, saxophonist **TEO MACERO,** who a lot of people remember as Miles Davis' record producer, will come in with five other saxophonists, a rhythm section, and a vocalist to perform the music of Duke Ellington. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. Mondays are greeted with people lined up to see and hear Woody Allen play clarinet with a New Orleans-style septet. The septet is here from nine-thirty to midnight. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. **ARTHUR BLYTHE,** an absolutely wonderful alto player who is equally facile in out-there and mainstream jazz as in R. & B., will lead a combo Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 2-4. Music from about ten until two.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-oyster bar. **AL HAIG,** one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet, are in charge. Music from nine-fifteen to two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An intimate folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasiona jazz club. Singer and pianist **MOSE ALLISON,** who is simultaneously rural and urbane—he does this by playing jazzy blues and bluesy jazz—is here with his trio through Saturday, Sept 27. Folkie Livingston Taylor will perform on Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1 and on Thursday, Oct. 2, the great rura bluesmen **SONNY TERRY & BROWNIE MC GHEE** wil arrive for a three-night visit. Shows mos nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase. Snacks.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** i

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! What dance music, what a dance band! **Panama Francis,** the erstwhile fifties rock-and-roll drummer—he's also worked with Lucky Millinder, Cab Calloway, and Dinah Shore—leads his **Savoy Sultans** Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. The schedule: Wednesday, Sept. 24, the Bus Boys; Thursday, Sept. 25, Robert Palmer; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27, the Go Go's and the Bus Boys. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Salt Peanuts, 399 Greenwich St., at Beach St. (431-6044)—Named for a tune by Dizzy Gillespie and located in the far western reaches of Tribeca, where many of the lofts are still used by business and industry. Trumpeter Tex Allen's quintet finishes up on Saturday, Sept. 27; on Tuesday, Sept. 30, hard-bop drummer **Louis Hayes** will come in with a quartet. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten to four. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. Trumpeter **Randy Brecker** and saxophonist **Mike Brecker,** brothers and co-proprietors, co-pilot a band on Thursday and Friday, Sept. 25-26; Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 27-28, will belong to trumpeter Mike Lawrence's quintet; and on Thursday, Oct. 2, flutist, saxophonist, and occasional singer, too, **Yusef Lateef** will begin leading his quartet. Music from ten to two. Closed Mondays.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in bentwood chairs, and mostly jazz duos. Pianist **Roland Hanna** and his bassist are the duo through Saturday, Sept. 27; and Tuesday through Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 4, pianist **Bob Dorough** and bassist **Bill Takas** will team up with trumpeter Lee Katzman. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**Frank Foster,** a fine tenor saxophonist and still a superb composer and arranger—he should be at least as famous as Neal Hefti for the work he did for Count Basie twenty-five years back—heads up a quartet through Saturday, Sept. 27. On Sunday, Sept. 28, **Chris Connor** will sing here; on Monday, Sept. 29, one of the world's great rhythm sections—pianist **Kenny Barron,** bassist **Buster Williams,** and drummer **Ben Riley**—will be unleashed on their own; and on Tuesday, Sept. 30, saxophonist **Bunky Green** will start working with pianist **Charles Eubanks,** bassist **Rufus Reid,** and drummer **Freddie Waits.** Music from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—A long, high-ceilinged jazz room that is modern and comfortable but spare; the atmosphere and the acoustics are reminiscent, in spite of all the comfort, of the old Five Spot. Drummer-proprietor **John Lewis** is personally responsible for the music—he's leading a quartet through Saturday, Sept. 27. Tuesday through Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 4, will belong to drummer **Roy Brooks's** band. Sunday nights are the property of drummer **Louis Hayes** and his animated hard-bop trio—bassist **Clint Houston** and pianist **Harold Mabern;** and Mondays belong to guitarist **Chuck Wayne,** vibraharpist **Warren Chiasson,** and bassist **Rick Laird.** Music from nine-thirty every night but Sunday, when it begins at eight.

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Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Blues, reggae, ska, new-wave rock, and D. & B. (dissonance and blues). R. & B. singer Syl Johnson and the Realtones, a bluesy, adept local backup group, perform through Thursday, Sept. 25; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27, will be claimed by Chicago-blues guitarist Luther Johnson and his band; and Tuesday through Friday, Sept. 30-Oct. 3, Big Youth, a pop-reggae star in Jamaica, will be present. Shows most nights at nine and midnight. Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club that occasionally draws established musicians as well as unknown ones. Wednesday, Sept. 24, Joey Balin and the Mirrors; Thursday, Sept. 25, the Flamin' Oh's; Friday, Sept. 26, Brenda Bergman; Saturday, Sept. 27, the Nails; and Tuesday, Sept. 30, Drongoes and Miller, Miller, Miller, & Sloan. Music every night but Sunday after eleven, usually. Dancing.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. **Jim Hall,** a hallowed guitarist, leads his trio Tuesdays through Sundays. Mondays are **Mel Lewis** big-band nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. John Weiss plays piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Harris Simon has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. Clarinettist and saxophonist **Russell Procope** and his quartet Ellingtonia are here through Friday, Sept. 26; on Sunday, Sept. 28, **Jazz à Cordes,** a quintet, plays some hot jazz; and on Wednesday, Oct. 1, tenor saxophonist **Big Nick Nicholas** will move in with a quartet. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Lou Rawls and Natalie Cole—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 25-26, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 27, at 7:30 and 11; and Sunday, Sept. 28, at 8.

Leroy Jenkins Sextet—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27, at 9.

Levon Helm & the Cate Brothers Band—With Eric Andersen. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8.)

Heavenly Jazz Concert Series—The first in a series of benefit concerts, this one with Joe Williams, Clark Terry, and Al Grey. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Sept. 28, at 5. For tickets, call 369-8040.)

Queen—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Sunday through Tuesday, Sept. 28-30, at 8.

Paul Simon—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Joan Armatrading—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 1-2, at 8.

"Battle of the Big Bands"—Bobby Rosengarden and his orchestra, the Widespread Depression Orchestra, and tap dancers Bubba Gaines and Honi Coles. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8.)

Barry Harris—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 3-4, at 9. (A slide show precedes the concert at 7:30.)

Steve Lacy Quintet—Public Theatre. Friday, Oct. 3, at 9; and Saturday, Oct. 4, at 9 and 11:30.

Al DiMeola, Jan Hammer, and **Larry Coryell**—Palladium. Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8.

John Prine & Rick Danko—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8.

Noel Pointer—With Dave Valentin. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Joachim Berthold—Bronze figures. Through Oct. 18. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Marcelo Bonevardi—Painted constructions drawing on the concepts of Joseph Cornell. Through Oct. 19. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Louise Bourgeois—Fourteen large marble sculptures, two large bronzes, and several small works in a show that covers her work between 1955 and 1970. Through Oct. 25. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.) . . . ¶ Painting, and drawings, done mostly in the forties and fifties, in which houses segue into people, breasts into clouds, trees into abstractions. Through Oct. 11. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Harvey Breverman—Paintings, drawings, and prints of the figure by a realist. Through Oct. 25. (Nardin, 25 E. 73rd St. Open daily; the Sunday hours are 1 to 6.)

Sidney Gordin—Abstract drawings of the forties and painted-metal geometric sculptures completed in the fifties. Through Oct. 11. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

Ron Isaacs—Realistic-looking arrangements of leaves and twigs, plus equally real-looking leather jackets, all made of painted plywood. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Vitaly Komar and Aleksandr Melamid—Joint works, including a three-panel academic-style portrait of dinosaurs in full face. Through Oct. 11. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Katherine Porter—Abstract works on paper covering a ten-year period. Through Oct. 7. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Group Shows—At the **Acquavella,** 18 E. 79th St.: Collages by Catherine Warren and Robert Nickle, folded-paper works by Maureen Connor, and other offerings. Through Oct. 11. (Open Mondays.) . . . **Graham,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Abstract geometric paintings by Fritz Glarner, Carl Holty, and Albert Swinden. Through Oct. 25. (Closed Saturday, Sept. 27.) . . . **Knoedler,** 19 E. 70th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Calder, Motherwell, Olitski, and others. Through Oct. 11. . . . **Wildenstein,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculptures from Harvard's Busch-Reisinger Museum. The museum, which collects European art exclusively, has loaned such twentieth-century works as Paul Klee's "Earth Spirits," Max Beckmann's "Self-Portrait in Tuxedo," and Ernst Barlach's "The Avenger." Through Oct. 24. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **Willard,** 29 E. 72nd St.: Lois Lane,

CHINA

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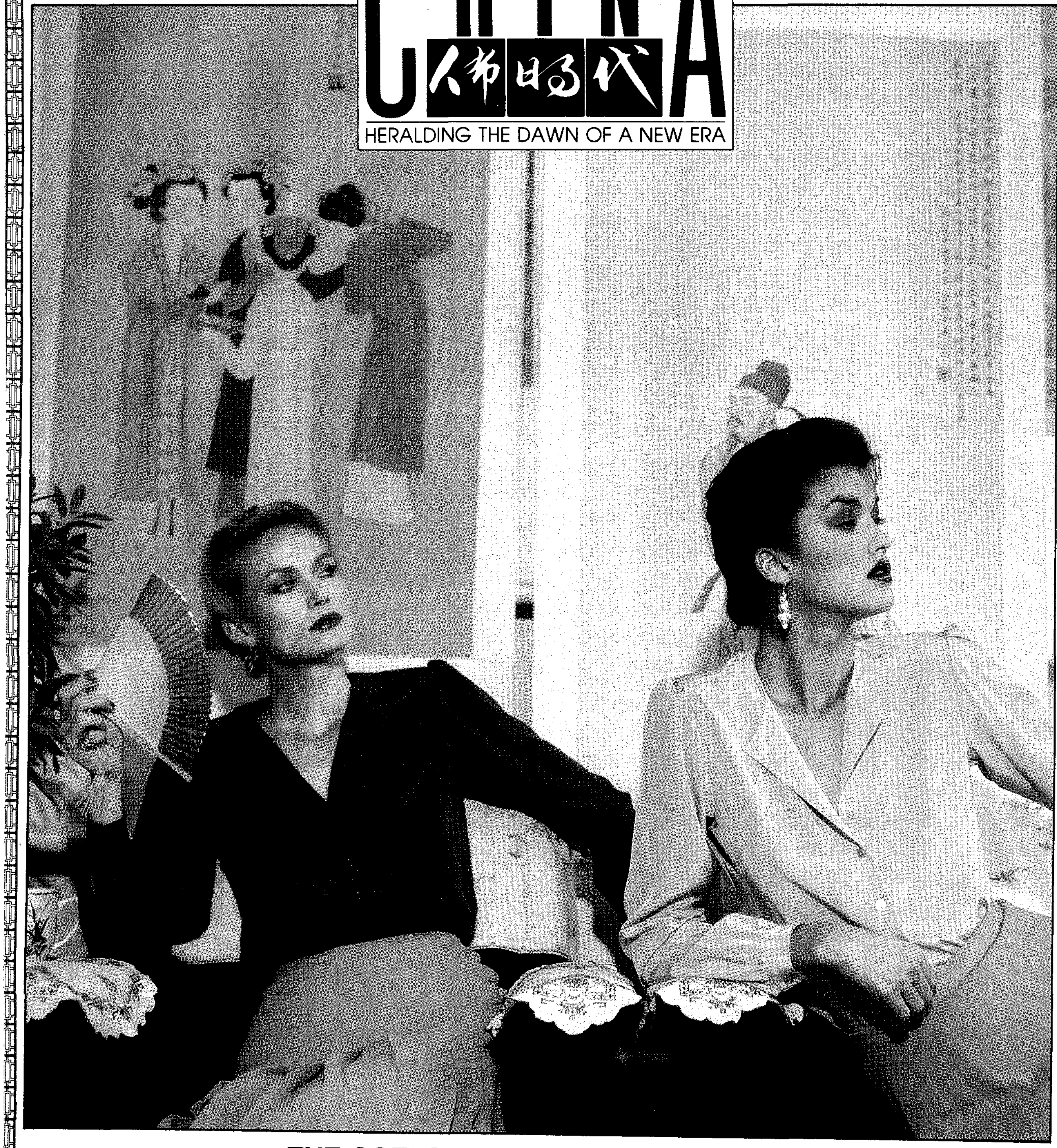

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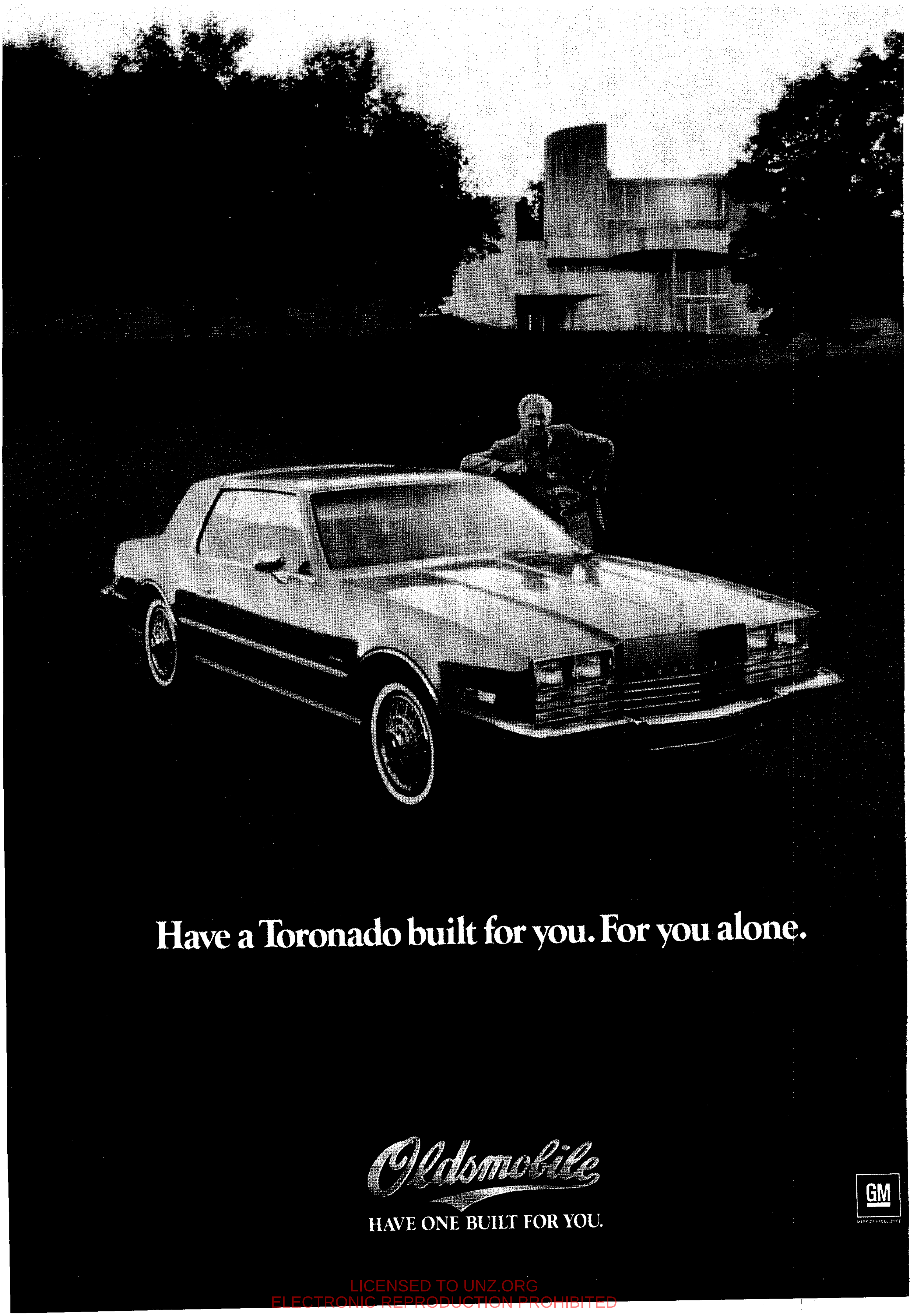
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MARK OF EXCELLENCE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Donald Sultan, Daisy Youngblood, and other gallery artists showing paintings and sculptures. Through Wednesday, Oct. 1.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Frank Bowling / Rafael Mahdavi—Abstract paintings in effervescent colors by an artist born in Guyana. Through Thursday, Oct. 2. / Paintings whose medium is photographic emulsion on linen. Through Oct. 9. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Joan Danziger—Sculptures. Through Oct. 10. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Lois Dodd—Representational landscapes and interiors. Through Oct. 15 (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lorrie Goulet—Sculptures of women in exotic woods, bronze, and various stones, including volcanic rock, plus colored drawings. Through Friday, Oct. 3. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Michael Graves—Preliminary sketches, finished drawings, and models for a current architectural project (the Portland Public Office Building), as well as two recent murals, and designs for furniture and a rug. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Manuel Hughes—Tightly controlled pastels on dark-gray paper. Through Oct. 18. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Gary Kahn—Vertical sculptural pieces composed of elegantly balanced blocks, like a Cubist totem pole. Except for two large Corten steel works, they are done in wood painted black. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Aristodemos Kaldis (1899-1979)—Small crayon drawings and oils of Grecian hillsides studded with churches and inviting villages. Through Oct. 21. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

dward Mayer / Mary Frank—A huge environmental sculpture. A narrow path leads through it, and visitors are free to explore. / New monotypes, ranging in theme from the skeletons of prehistoric beasts, rampant, to serene Oriental landscapes. Through Oct. 11. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

d McGowin—Models for outdoor sculptures, accompanied by working drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

acqueline Monnier—Nylon kites and paper kites. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

uko Nii—Paintings of undulating, strangely lighted sand dunes picked out in a Pointillist technique. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

ennis Oppenheim / Les Levine—Practical-looking drawings for fantasy machines—impulse reactors, thought-conversion stations, exchange-shape transmission chambers. / Conventional subject matter—cows, horses, kittens, barns—painted the way they would be presented on billboards. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St.)

homas A. Rose—Paintings in which a sort of architectural form is created on a black ground by the addition of strips of wood and wire screening. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

alo Scanga—Fifteen freestanding stick figures, made of painted tree branches and found objects. Through Oct. 11. (Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

harles Seliger—Small acrylic abstracts that have the richness and density of fine cloisonné. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

illiam Tillyer—Abstract collages and watercolors based on architectural elements. Through Oct. 25. (Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St.)

oup Shows—At the **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: German portrait drawings that date from the late nineteenth century to the thirties by Corinth, Klimt, Modersohn-Becker, and others. Through Oct. 31. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **GRUENEBAUM**, 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures of the fifties by Sonja Gechtoff, Reuben Nakian, James Brooks, George Spaventa, and others. Through Oct. 11. . . . **MARKEL**, 50 W. 57th St.: Twenty-odd artists are represented in a show of works in which commercial glitter is an element—among them Frank Stella (who seems to have legitimatized its use), William Weegee, Toby Buonogurio, and Cliff Petterson. Through Oct. 7. . . . **PEARL**, 29 W. 57th St.: A show of contemporary portraiture, with works by Robert Arneson, Leland Bell, Philip Grausman, and others. Through Thursday, Oct. 2. . . . **SUTTON**, 29 W. 57th St.: Huge drawings by Latin-American artists—a mascaraed eye, six feet long, by Rodolfo Abularach; flamboyant blossoms by Juan Gòmez-Quiroz; and collages ten feet high by Maria Luisa Pacheco. Through Saturday, Oct. 4.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Lynda Benglis—A galaxy of bright-colored abstract objects made of cast papier-mâché and hung on the white walls of the gallery. Through Oct. 11. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Dickson Carroll—Freestanding sculptural pieces consisting of fantasy buildings or machines made of highly finished wood, some of it varnished and some enamelled in bright colors. Through Thursday, Oct. 2. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Cris Cristofaro—Constructions consisting of layers of abstract painting on canvas interspersed with layers of cut-out, painted steel. They are based on—and have the spirit of—paper collages. Through Oct. 8. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

John Formicola—Wall pieces made up of variously colored strips of canvas, vinyl, string, and paper, stitched or tied together. Through Oct. 11. (Marino, 489 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Richard Hamilton / Patrick Ireland—Collages. / A black-string construction. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Margie Billstein Katz—Compositions involving colorful blobs of acrylic. Through Oct. 5. (Pleiades, 152 Wooster St. Open Sundays.)

Pat Lasch—Rag-paper architectural sculptures painted in the techniques of the cake-decorating trade. Through Oct. 10. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Arthur Levine—There is an innocent, almost Ryderesque appeal to these small oil paintings of individual airplanes, warships, freighters, and other craft, seen from above in (or over) mysterious waters. Through Wednesday, Oct. 1. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Louis (Cork) Marcheschi—Abstract compositions made up of neon tubing glowing against a canvas background in a deep frame. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Judy Pfaff / Kim MacConnel—A colorful chaos of an environment entitled "Deep Water," which occupies an entire large gallery and evokes underwater life. / Watercolors of sporting scenes (fishing, sailing, bullfighting, baseball) in which the main figures are partially cut out and folded so that they stand up, like figures in old-fashioned Valentines. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Anne and Patrick Poirier / Kathleen Seltzer—Three plaster representations of classical architectural forms. / Photographs. Through Oct. 11. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Edward Ruscha—New paintings. Through Oct. 11. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Julius Tobias / Marilyn Giersbach—Two intersecting wood blocks, more than five feet high, which divide the space into four separate areas. / Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Sam Wiener / Lance Richbourg—"Splendors of the Sohites" is the title of an exhibition that parodies some of the grander ones at the Met. It is housed in a walk-through, graffiti-laden dumpster, and it consists of archeological finds lately exhumed in SoHo—sardine cans, broken dolls, tail pipes, hubcaps. These have been gilded, individually framed in velvet-lined shadow boxes, and reverently lighted, and the result is stunning. A circular saw looks like an Aztec sunburst, a brake drum like a ceremonial Thracian bowl. The final touch of the spoof is an adjoining gift shop, also in a dumpster, where reproductions of the Sohite treasures are on sale, along with T-shirts, scarves, and the like. / Historic moments in baseball (Honus Wagner lining one out, Ty Cobb stealing third, Yogi Berra tagging a runner at home plate), documented in oil on canvas by the son and namesake of the old Boston Braves outfielder of half a century ago. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

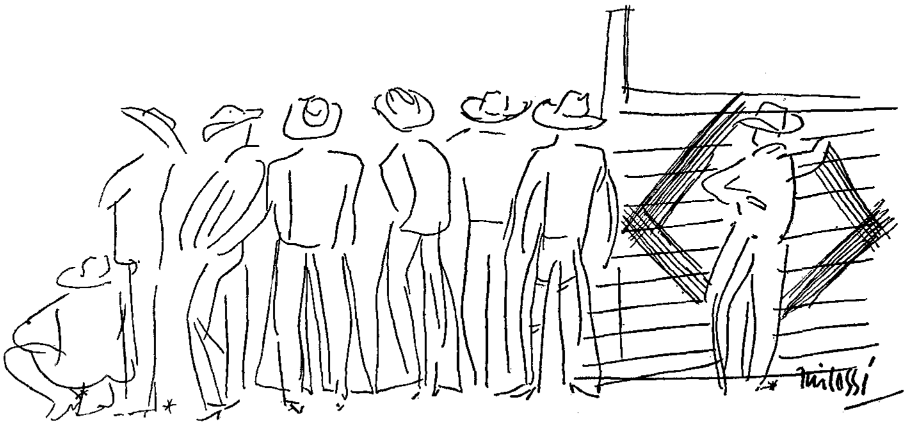
Una Wilkinson—Recent paintings and drawings of East Hampton landscapes, interiors, horse shows, and beach scenes. Through Wednesday, Oct. 1. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Susan Zises—Constructions that reflect the artist's absorption in period furniture, especially chairs. A Federal mantelpiece, an Adirondack chair, and a heartland-America interior are among the works. Through Oct. 8. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Group Shows—At the **BOWERY**, 121 Wooster St.: A showing of works (one apiece) by gallery members, among them Ed Puls, Lynne Sher, and Susan Daykin. Through Wednesday, Oct. 1. (Opens at noon.) . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: In a show of works on paper by eleven artists, Jim Richard has drawings of suburban interiors and exteriors colored with felt-tip pens and gouache; and Thomas Lo Cicero has large watercolors of flowers. Through Nov. 1. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: New works by gallery artists, including a carved-wood sculpture of a fish on a plate by Fumio Yoshimura and a self-portrait by Juan Gonzalez. Through Oct. 9. . . . **SPERONE WESTWATER FISCHER**, 142 Greene St.: Three Italian artists: Sandro Chia, Francesco Clemente, and Enzo Cucchi. Through Oct. 21.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Diane Arbus (1923-71) / **Dana Garrett**—Vintage proofs, none of them exhibited be-



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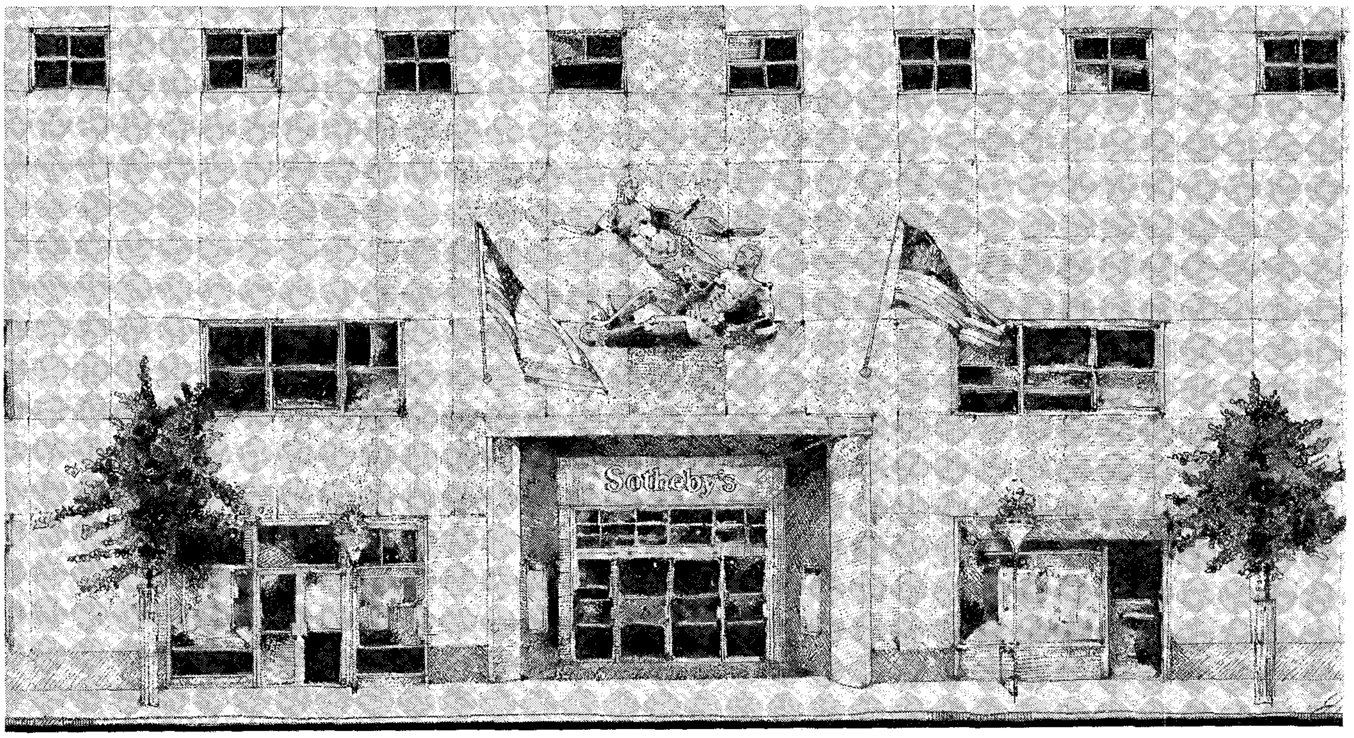

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AT 77TH STREET

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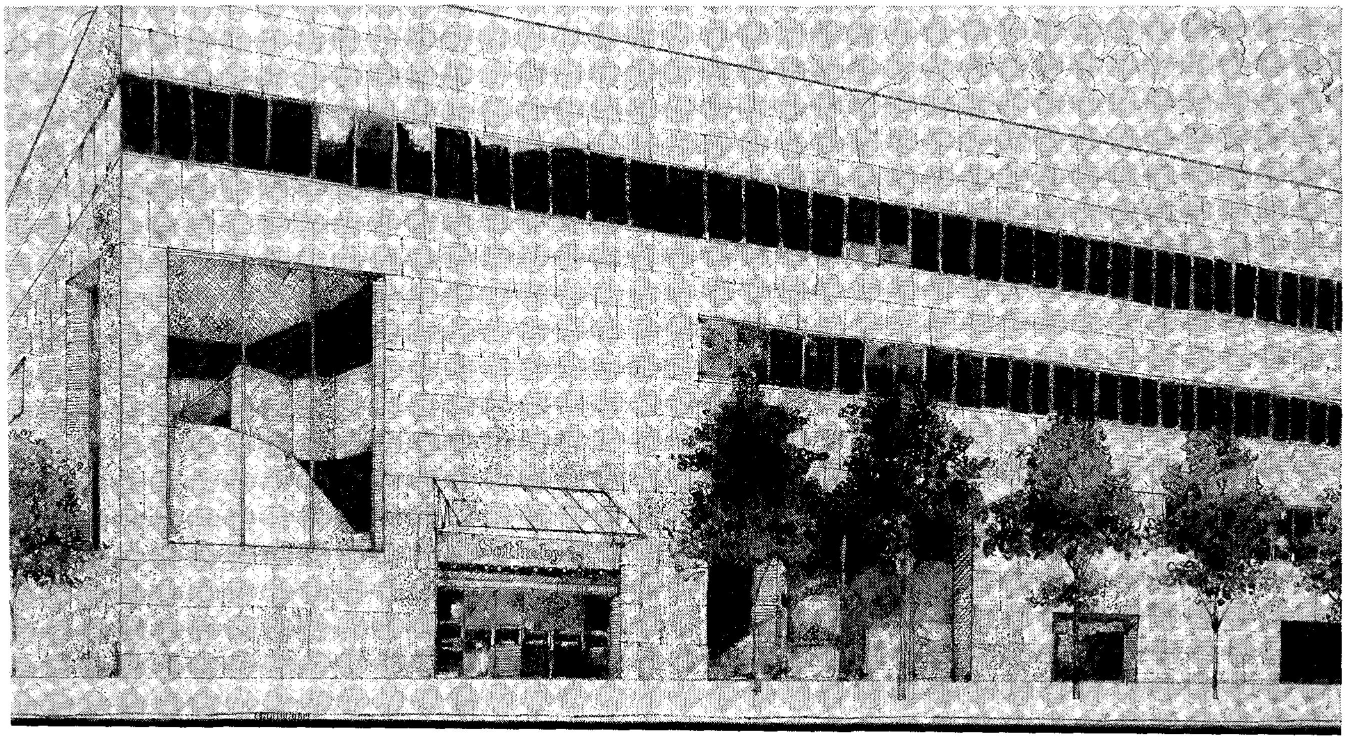

Sotheby's

YORK AVENUE GALLERIES FOR THE DECORATIVE ARTS
AT 72ND STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

fore. / Dim paintings in which spectral forms—skeletal figures, planets, a curving wave—are visible through the gloom. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Harry Callahan—About sixty color prints taken over the last four decades. Also black-and-white beach scenes. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Wendell MacRae—More than three hundred vintage prints (half are mounted on the wall; the rest are in bins) provide a view of the city during the thirties. Through Oct. 18. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Timothy H. O'Sullivan (1840-82)—An album of photographs of the Colorado River and the Grand Canyon taken between 1871-73—probably the first ever made. Thirty-four of the prints are by Mr. O'Sullivan, and fifteen by William Bell. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Irving Penn—Seventy-six photographs of the female nude. Though the prints were made in 1949-50, this is the first time that many of them are being shown. Through Wednesday, Oct. 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Rosamond Wolff Purcell—Polaroids. Through Oct. 17. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Dan Weiner (1919-59)—Documentary photographs (mostly city scenes) taken during the last decade of the artist's life. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

La Maison Bonfils—A show of turn-of-the-century photographs has been mounted at the Jewish Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan show from the Nigerian government: perhaps a hundred artifacts dating from 500 B.C. to the nineteenth century and representing seven cultures. (Most of them were unearthed only in the past forty years.) Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ About a hundred and forty Japanese lacquer boxes, dating from the seventeenth century to the twentieth, and ranging in size from the tiny inro to large picnic boxes. Through Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Twenty-eight drawings by French artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; from the Lehman Collection. Through Oct. 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Pablo Picasso retrospective. Through Tuesday, Sept. 30—but all tickets have been sold, and no more will be available. (Open daily—members only on Wednesdays—10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper from the museum's collection of twentieth-century art. Through Nov. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the paintings and drawings of Edward Hopper. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ An exhibition of twentieth-century figurative paintings and sculptures from the permanent collection—nearly two hundred works in all. Through Sunday, Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Nineteen works by Stuart Davis, the majority of them paintings and prints. Through Oct. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—In 1921, the sculptor Constantin Brancusi began to photograph his works in progress and his studio, and he continued to do so until his death, in 1957. Seventy-three of these vintage prints are on loan from the Musée National d'Art Moderne. Through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Fifteen scroll paintings by contemporary Chinese artists have been borrowed from the *China Daily News*, at 30 Market Street. Through Oct. 12. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

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Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A survey of Chinese, European, and American wallcoverings, dating from the late seventeenth century to the early twentieth. Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ "Beach, Boardwalk, Boulevard": An examination (through photographs, memorabilia, and artifacts from demolished luxury hotels) of the transition of Atlantic City from the famous beach resort of the turn of the century, through its deterioration beginning in the thirties, to its present emergence as a casino resort. Through Oct. 19. . . . ¶ "Electroworks": A display of more than two hundred and fifty works produced on photocopiers over the past twenty-five years, including examples by Bruno Munari, Pati Hill, E. F. Higgins III, and Buster Cleveland. Through Nov. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

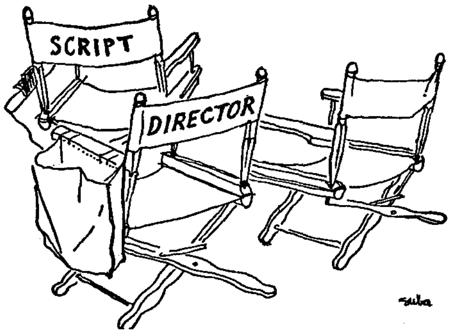
Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—Acrylic-and-metallic-powder paintings by Tadaaki Kuwayama, and animated sculptures by Rikuro Okamoto. Through Oct. 26. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Travel photographs of the Near East of nearly a hundred years ago taken by La Maison Bonfils, a firm operated in Beirut by a French family (Felix and Lydie Bonfils and their son, Adrien). Among the souvenir photographs are views of Jerusalem, Cairo, and the Dead Sea, and portraits of Bedouins. . . . ¶ Andy Warhol has done a set of ten portraits of twentieth-century Jews: Bernhardt, Brandeis, Buber, Einstein, Freud, Gershwin, Kafka, the Marx Brothers, Meir, and Gertrude Stein. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) Both shows through Jan. 4.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A collection of botanical illustrations from printed books, sketchbooks, and albums, as well as paintings and drawings of plants and flowers. The earliest item is a tenth-century Byzantine manuscript on herbal remedies by Dioscorides; there is a seventeenth-century book of floral designs by Pierre Vallet; and drawings by Georg Dionysius Ehret and Pierre-Joseph Redouté. Through Nov. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—There are a hundred and forty whirligigs and wind toys—promised gifts from the collection of Dorothy and Leo Rabkin—in this show, which includes wooden figures as small as a few inches high and others six feet tall. Of special interest are the complex whirligigs consisting of several figures, each performing a chore or activity. Through Nov. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"The Phrenology of the Land: How to Read the New York Landscape": Paintings, photographs, prints, map and architectural plans concerned with Ne York State, from Colonial times to the present. Through Oct. 30. (Open daily excep Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Friday 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.



Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., a 125th St.—A show of sculptures by Georg Smith. Through Jan. 4. (Open daily excep Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Friday 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may i volve not only traditional art but music, vide tapes, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin S 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesday through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Six first-so shows. The artists: Donald Baechler, Arc Connelly, Nancy Dwyer, James Goss, Jam Holl, and Tom Koken. Through Oct. 18.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-467 Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Satu days, noon to 6.—An installation devised b nearly a dozen artists who work in t Chicago area. Through Oct. 18.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhib tion hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 6.—"Boyce Dances," Thursday through Su day, Sept. 25-28, at 8:30; photographs Christine Yuin, through Saturday, Sept. 27; videotape-and-sound work by Kit Fitzgera and John Sanborn, starts Tuesday, Sept. 30

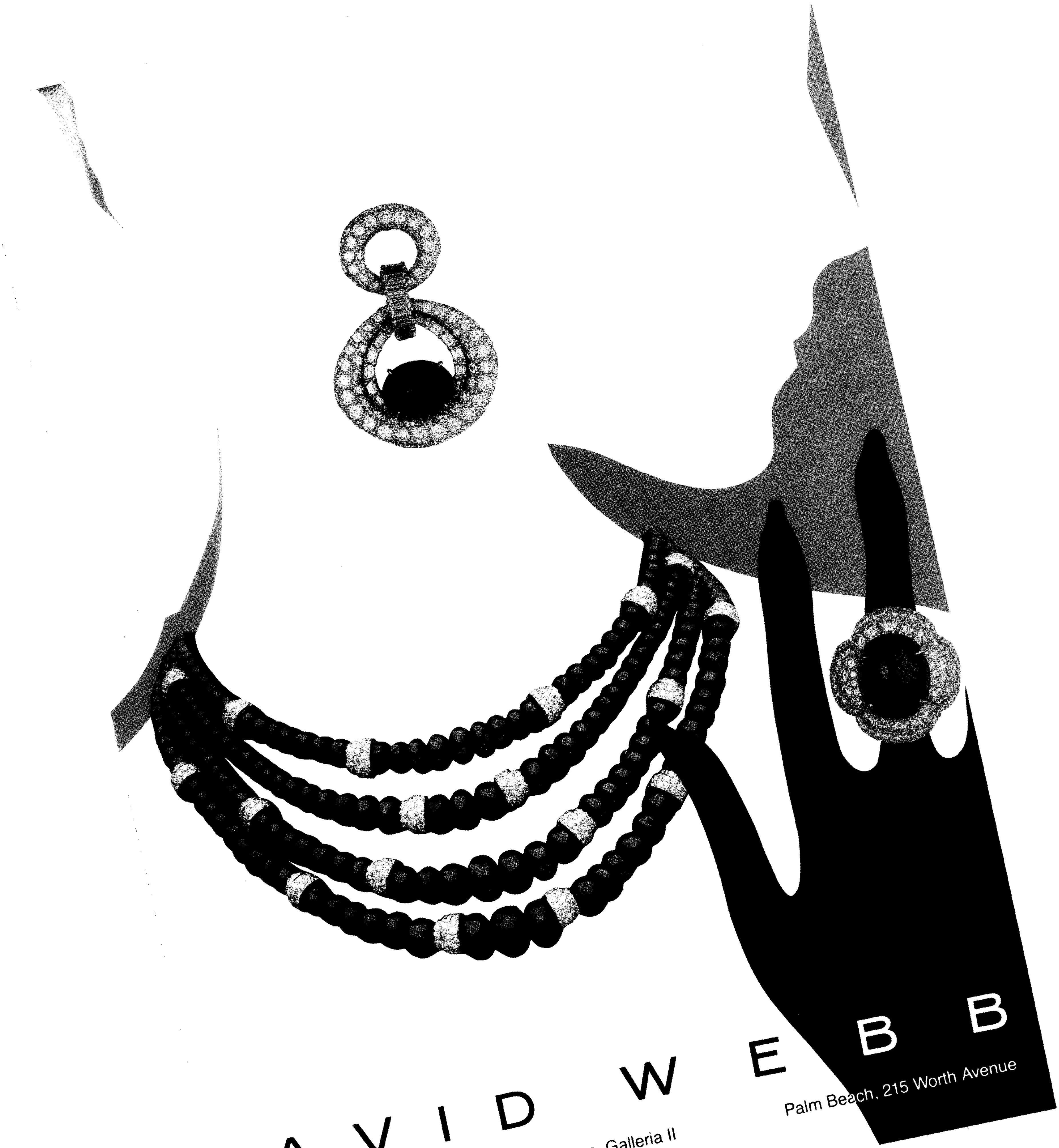
MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; f Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; and for Kaufma Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. 92nd St., 427-4410.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Thursday evening, Se 25: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Dia Soviero, Barry McCauley, Dominic Cos and John Seabury; conducted by Calvin Si mons. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 26: "Il Ba biere di Siviglia," with Gianna Rolandi, Ja Shaulis, Robert McFarland, Jerry Hadle Richard McKee, and Carlos Chausson; W liam Fred Scott III. . . . ¶ Saturday matin Sept. 27: "La Bohème," with Pamela Mye Carol Gutknecht, Vinson Cole, Richard Fre ricks, Robert Hale, and Harlan Foss; Jo Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 2 "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Cra Kathleen Hegierski, Joseph Evans, a David Arnold; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Sund matinée, Sept. 28: "Anna Bolena," with Oli Stapp, Patricia McCaffrey, Kathleen Hegi ski, Samuel Ramey, and Michele Mole Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Sunday e ning, Sept. 28: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," wi Diana Soviero, Barry McCauley, Domi Cossa, and John Seabury; Calvin Simmo . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 1: "L Pêcheurs de Perles," with Marianna Christ Joseph Evans, David Arnold, and Ralph B sett; Calvin Simmons. . . . ¶ Thursday e ning, Oct. 2: "Don Giovanni," with Ca Vaness, Heather Thomson, Gwenlynn Litt Justino Díaz, Samuel Ramey, Alan Ka Ralph Bassett, and Harlan Foss; Jo Mauceri. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 3: "I Pêcheurs de Perles," with Marianna Christ Joseph Evans, David Arnold, and Ralph B sett; Calvin Simmons. . . . ¶ Saturday matin Oct. 4: "Don Giovanni," with Carol Van Heather Thomson, Gwenlynn Little, Just Díaz, Samuel Ramey, Alan Kays, Ralph B sett, and Harlan Foss; John Mauceri. ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 4: "La Bohèm with Pamela Myers, Carol Gutknecht, Vin Cole, Richard Fredricks, Robert Hale, Harlan Foss; John Mauceri. (New York St Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesd through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at Through Sunday, Nov. 9.)

Bel Canto Opera—Igor Chichagov conductin performance of Rimski-Korsakov's "The Sr Maiden," in English; staged by Gary singer. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High Sch Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Saturdays, S 27 and Oct. 4, at 7:30, and Sundays, Sept.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Oct. 5, at 3. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

ORCHESTRAS

ew York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 8, a nonsubscription concert for the benefit of the Philharmonic (with Isaac Stern and Itzhak Perlman, violin, and Pinchas Zukerman, violin and viola). . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 25, at 8; Friday, Sept. 26, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8; and Tuesday, Sept. 30, at 7:30, a Bartók-Brahms program (no soloists). . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8; Friday, Oct. 3, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8; and Tuesday, Oct. 7, at 7:30, performances of Mahler's Third Symphony (all with Maureen Forrester, contralto).

hiladelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Eugene Istomin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Sept. 30, at 8.)

onkuenstler Orchestra of Vienna—Franz Allers conducting a program of Viennese music, with Elizabeth Hynes, soprano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting an all-Richard Strauss program, with Judith Blegen, soprano, and José Ferrer, narrator. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 28, at 3.)

RECITALS

legan Meisenbach—Flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 8.)

ames Richman—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Sept. 25, at 8.)

onard Hindell—Bassoon, with assisting artists. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Sept. 26, at 8. Free.)

r. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Michael Feldman conducting an all-Bach program. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8. There will be a pre-concert recital at 6:45 of Handel organ concerti. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

usic Project—An eleven-member chamber ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Sunday, Sept. 28, at 3.)

atricia Michaelian—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Sunday, Sept. 28, at 8.)

eal Lo Monaco—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Monday, Sept. 29, at 8.)

obert Sylvester—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Tuesday, Sept. 30, at 8.)

grid Jacoby—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Sept. 30, at 8.)

ay Rothman—Classical guitarist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 8.)

nthony Newman—Harpsichord, in the first in a series of three all-Bach programs, this one with Bruce Berg and Linda Quan, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 3, at 8.)

SPORTS

'he box-office number for Madison Square arden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd s., is 564-4400.)

aseball—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Cleveland, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 24-25, at 8. . . . ¶ Detroit, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 2-3, at 8, and Saturday, Oct. 4, at 2. . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Friday, Sept. 26, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 27-28, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh, Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 29-Oct. 1, at 2:05.

ofessional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Exhibition Games: Boston vs. Milwaukee and Knicks vs. Nets, Thursday, Sept. 25, at 6. . . . ¶ Atlanta vs. Washington and Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, Sept. 27, at 6.

cycle Race—The Apple Lap Race, covering a seventy-five-mile course around Central Park and the area of the United Nations. Starting time: Sunday, Sept. 28, at 8 A.M.; starting line: behind the Metropolitan Museum on the East Drive. Finish at the U.N., approximately three hours later.

College Football—**saturday, sept. 27:** Colgate vs. Cornell, at Hamilton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Princeton, at Piscataway, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . **sunday, sept. 28:** Manhattan vs. Maritime, at the John F. Kennedy Field, Tibbett Ave. and W. 230th St., at 1. . . . **saturday, oct. 4:** Army vs. Harvard, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Rutgers, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Albany State, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Boston College, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Air Force, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Sept. 28: Giants vs. Los Angeles Rams, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Baltimore.

Hockey—Exhibition games—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Friday, Sept. 26, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Tuesday, Sept. 30, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **belmont:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Oct. 13. The Grey Flight Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 24; the Ruffian Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 27; the Cowdin, Sunday, Sept. 28; the Athenia Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 1; the Man o' War, Friday, Oct. 3; and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 4. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 11:50, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:45 and noon.) . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 30. The Rutgers, Thursday, Oct. 2. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Oct. 18.

Rodeo—Bull riding, bronco riding, calf roping, steer wrestling, and all the other activities. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 3, at 7:30; Saturday, Oct. 4, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 5, at 1 and 5:30.)

Soccer—Cosmos vs. a team selected from the other clubs in the North American Soccer League, in a farewell salute to Franz Beckenbauer. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 9. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Oct. 29.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—Sterling Brown and Michael Harper reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Sept. 29, at 8.)

Auctions—At **sotheby parke bernet,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, Sept. 25, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 10:15: Part II of the New York Society Library Collection of prints from Audubon's "Birds of America." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 2: Books, including botanical material from the collection of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, together with autograph letters. Exhibition starts Thursday, Sept. 25. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Oct. 2-3, at 2: Contemporary paintings and prints. Exhibition starts Friday, Sept. 26. . . . **sotheby's york avenue galleries,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Saturday, Sept. 27, at 2: Furniture and decorative works of art; from the estates of George W. Ritter and James A. Burden. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 24-25, at 10 and 2: American posters, prints, and drawings. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 10 and 2: Books and manuscripts. Exhibition starts Thursday, Sept. 25.

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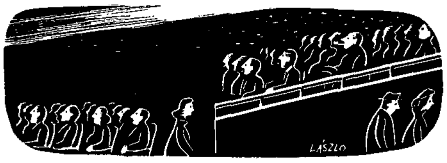
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 23. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; Tuesdays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Third Generation." (No performances on Monday, Sept. 29.)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"The Man Who Fell to Earth."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Sept. 25: "Xanadu" and "Running."
From Sept. 26: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Oct. 2: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind."
From Oct. 3: "Sam Marlowe Private Eye."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Sept. 25: "The Blue Lagoon."
From Sept. 26: "Stardust Memories."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Oct. 2: "The Empire Strikes Back."
From Oct. 3: "Oh, God! Book II."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Oct. 2: "Airplane!"
From Oct. 3: "Coast to Coast."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Sept. 25: "Herbie Goes Bananas" and "Lady and the Tramp."
From Sept. 26: "In God We Trust."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession."

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Sept. 25: "The Exterminator."
From Sept. 26: "The Arabian Nights."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"My Bodyguard."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"The Blue Lagoon."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Sept. 25: "Willie & Phil."
From Sept. 26: "Stardust Memories."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Oct. 1: "The Getting of Wisdom."
Oct. 2: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 3: "The Elephant Man."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Sept. 25: "My Brilliant Career."
From Sept. 26: "Willie & Phil."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
A two-a-day film festival. For reasons of space, only the titles are listed; no further descriptions.
Sept. 24: "Every Man for Himself and God Against All" and "Coup de Grâce."
Sept. 25: "The Sorrow and the Pity."
Sept. 26: "We All Loved Each Other So Much" and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."
Sept. 27: "Seven Beauties" and "Swept Away."
Sept. 28: "Going Places" and "Morgan!"
Sept. 29: "State of Siege" and "Z."
Sept. 30: "Natural Enemies" and "Scenes from a Marriage."
From Oct. 1: "Gloria."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through Oct. 2: "The Tin Drum."
From Oct. 3: "Sam Marlowe Private Eye."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Oct. 2: "Mother's Day."
From Oct. 3: "Somewhere in Time."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Oct. 2: "Fame."
From Oct. 3: "One-Trick Pony."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Oct. 2: "Dressed to Kill."
From Oct. 3: "Oh, God! Book II."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Sept. 24: "Airplane!"
Sept. 25: Theatre closed.
From Sept. 26: "Hopscotch."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Sept. 24: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind."
Sept. 25: Theatre closed.
From Sept. 26: "Divine Madness."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Ordinary People."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Sept. 25: "The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu."
From Sept. 26: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"My Bodyguard."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Mother's Day."

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Sept. 25: "The Empire Strikes Back."
Sept. 26-Oct. 2: "When a Stranger Calls."
From Oct. 3: "Terror Train."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Oct. 2: "The Exterminator."
From Oct. 3: "Coast to Coast."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Sept. 25: "Rocky" and "Rocky II."
From Sept. 26: "He Knows You're Alone."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 25: "Summer Camp" and "Flesh Gordon." From Sept. 26: "Without Warning."
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 25: "The Big Brawl." From Sept. 26: "In God We Trust."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Sept. 25: "The Exterminator."
Sept. 26-Oct. 2: "The Arabian Nights."
From Oct. 3: "Somewhere in Time."

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Sept. 25: "Fame."
From Sept. 26: "The Great Santini."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Sept. 25: "My Bodyguard."
From Sept. 26: "Willie & Phil."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 2: "The Tin Drum." From Oct. 3: "The Getting of Wisdom."
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 25: "My Brilliant Career." From Sept. 26: "Practice Makes Perfect."
Theatre 3: "Dressed to Kill."
Theatre 4: "Come Have Coffee with Us."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Great Santini."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Raise the Titanic."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Airplane!"

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Return of the Secaucus 7."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Sept. 25: "Willie & Phil."
From Sept. 26: "Stardust Memories."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Make Room for Tomorrow."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Sept. 25: "The Arabian Nights."
From Sept. 26: "The Tempest."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Sept. 25: The final programs of six-day series of British films: see listin under Film Libraries, Etc.
Sept. 26-Oct. 2: To be announced.
From Oct. 3: "Sam Marlowe Private Eye."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through Sept. 25: "The Blue Lagoon."
From Sept. 26: "The Great Santini."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 25: "Lady and t Tramp" and "Herbie Goes Bananas." Fro Sept. 26: "Without Warning."
Theatre 2: "Dressed to Kill."
Theatre 3: "My Bodyguard."
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 25: "Rough Cut From Sept. 26: "When a Stranger Calls."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Hullabaloo Over Georgie and Bonnie's Pi tures."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Fame."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 25: "My Bodyguard" a "Fatso."
Sept. 26-Oct. 2: "Dressed to Kill" and "T Amityville Horror."
From Oct. 3: To be announced.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Sept. 24: Theatre closed. Fro Sept. 25: "Divine Madness." (†)
Theatre 2: "The Blue Lagoon." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 25: "The Blu Brothers." From Sept. 26: "Willie & Phi (†)
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 25: "Smokey a the Bandit II." From Sept. 26: "Mothe Day." (†)
Theatre 5: "Fame." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 2: "Herbie Go Bananas" (†) and "Lady and the Tramp (†) From Oct. 3: "Dressed to Kill." (†)
Theatre 3: "My Bodyguard." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 2: "The Hunte From Oct. 3 (tentative): "When a Strang Calls." (†)

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through Oct. 2: "Dressed to Kill." (†)
From Oct. 3: "Terror Train." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Airplane!" (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340
"The Empire Strikes Back." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through Sept. 25: "The Mountain Men."
Sept. 26-Oct. 2: "When a Stranger Calls." (
From Oct. 3: "Coast to Coast." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through Sept. 25: "The Big Brawl" (†) a "Enter the Dragon."
From Sept. 26: "Hopscotch." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through Sept. 25: "The Exterminator." (†)
From Sept. 26: "He Knows You're Alone." (

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Sept. 25: "Mother's Day." (†)
From Sept. 26: "In God We Trust." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through Sept. 25: "Rocky" (†) and "Roc II." (†)
From Sept. 26: "Without Warning." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Sept. 25: "Summer Camp" a "Flesh Gordon."
From Sept. 26: "The Exterminator." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-256
Sept. 24: "Crazy Mama" (1975), directed Jonathan Demme, with Cloris Leachm

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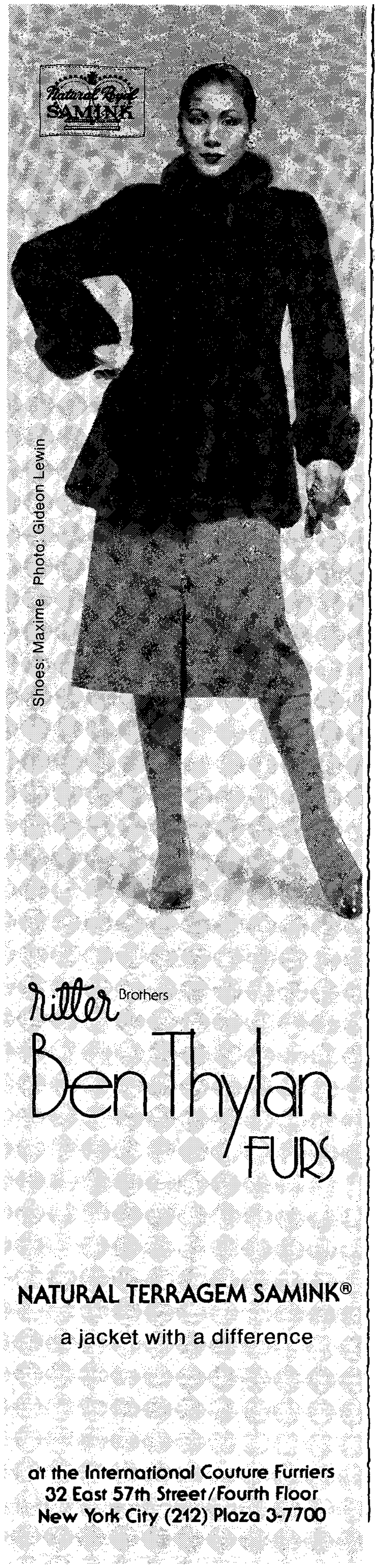
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Stuart Whitman; and "Caged Heat!" (1974), directed by Jonathan Demme, with Juanita Brown and Roberta Collins.

Sept. 25: "3 Women" (1977), directed by Robert Altman, with Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule; and "Images" (1972), directed by Robert Altman, with Susannah York, René Auberjonois, Marcel Bozzuffi, and Hugh Millais.

Sept. 26-28: "Radio On" (1980), directed by Christopher Petit.

Sept. 29: "The Conformist" (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "The Stranger" (1967), in French, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Marcello Mastroianni, Anna Karina, and Bruno Cremer.

Sept. 30: "Ninja, A Band of Assassins" (1962) and "Return of the Band of Assassins" (1964), both films in Japanese, directed by Satsuo Yamamoto, with Raizo Ichikawa.

Oct. 1: "The Wanderers" (†) and "The Wild One." (†)

Oct. 2: "Escape from Alcatraz" (†); and "Play Misty for Me" (1971), directed by Clint Eastwood, with Eastwood and Jessica Walter.

Oct. 3: "The Buddy Holly Story" (1978), directed by Steve Rash, with Gary Busey; and "The Last Waltz" (1978), directed by Martin Scorsese, with The Band.

Oct. 4: "Lightning Swords of Death" (1972) and "Sword of Vengeance" (1973), both films in Japanese, directed by Kenji Misumi.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Sept. 24: "Two Women" (1961), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Sophia Loren, Eleanora Brown, and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "The Black Orchid" (1959), directed by Martin Ritt, with Sophia Loren, Anthony Quinn, and Ina Balin. (Miss Loren will be present at about 7:30 P.M.)

Sept. 25: "Marriage—Italian Style" (1964) and "Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow" (1964), both films in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni.

Sept. 26: "A Special Day" (1977), in Italian, directed by Ettore Scola, with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni; and "The Gold of Naples" (1957), in Italian, a four-episode film, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Sophia Loren, Totò, Silvana Mangano, and De Sica himself.

Sept. 27: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider.

Sept. 28: "The Turning Point." (†)

Sept. 29: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955), directed by Nicholas Ray, with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "East of Eden" (1955), directed by Elia Kazan, with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos.

Sept. 30: "The Revolutionary" (†), "The Angel Levine" (†), "Studs Lonigan" (†), "Hearts of the West" (†), "Doc" (†), and "The Landlord" (†). (This entire program will be repeated on Tuesday, Oct. 7.)

Oct. 1: "The Awful Truth" (1937), directed by Leo McCarey, with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "A Man's Castle." (†)

Oct. 2: "Padre Padrone" (†); and "La Terra Trema" (1947), in Sicilian dialect, directed by Luchino Visconti.

Oct. 3: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi; and "Romeo and Juliet" (1968), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Leonard Whiting, Olivia Hussey, John McEnery, Michael York, and Pat Heywood.

Oct. 4: "1900." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Sept. 25: "Heart Beat" (1980), directed by John Byrum, with Nick Nolte, Sissy Spacek, and John Heard; and "Simon" (1980), directed by Marshall Brickman,
with Alan Arkin, Madeline Kahn, Austi
Pendleton, and Wallace Shawn.

Sept. 26-27: "The Tenant" (1976), directe
by, and with, Roman Polanski; and "Knif
in the Water" (1962), in Polish, directe
by Roman Polanski.

Sept. 28-29: "Performance" (1970), directe
by Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roe
with Mick Jagger and James Fox; an
"Don't Look Now." (†)

Sept. 30: "Lolita" (1962), directed by Star
ley Kubrick, with Sue Lyon, James Maso
Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; an
"The World of Henry Orient." (†)

Oct. 1-2: "Coal Miner's Daughter" (1980
directed by Michael Apted, with Siss
Spacek and Tommy Lee Jones; and "No
ma Rae" (1979), directed by Martin Rit
with Sally Field, Ron Leibman, and Bea
Bridges.

Oct. 3-4: "Tunnelvision" (1976), directed b
Brad Swirnoff and Neil Israel, with Chev
Chase and Phil Proctor; and "The Groov
Tube" (1974), directed by Ken Shapir
with Shapiro and Chevy Chase.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mo
days through Fridays, theatre opens in t
late afternoon.)

Through Sept. 25: "Ladies and Gentleme
The Rolling Stones" (1974), a concert
film; and "Pink Floyd" (1974), directed b
Adrian Maben.

From Sept. 26: "Union City" (1980), direc
ed by Mark Reichert, with Dennis Lipcomb and Deborah Harry.

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813)

Sept. 24: "San Francisco" (1936), directed
W. S. Van Dyke, with Clark Gable, Jea
ette MacDonald, and Spencer Tracy; a
"The Merry Widow" (1934), directed
Ernst Lubitsch, with Jeanette MacDona
and Maurice Chevalier.

Sept. 25-26: "Scaramouche" (1952), direct
by George Sidney, with Stewart Grange
Eleanor Parker, Janet Leigh, and Mel Fe
rer; and "The Three Musketeers" (194
directed by George Sidney, with La
Turner, Gene Kelly, Vincent Price, Ange
Lansbury, and June Allyson.

Sept. 27-28: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939),
rected by Victor Fleming, with Judy Ga
land, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, R
Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "Meet Me
St. Louis" (1944), directed by Vincen
Minnelli, with Judy Garland and Marga
O'Brien.

Sept. 29-30: "The Fearless Vampire Kille
(1967), directed by Roman Polanski, wi
Polanski, Jack MacGowran, and Shar
Tate; and "The Haunting." (†)

From Oct. 1: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Sept. 24: "Northwest Passage" (1940),
rected by King Vidor, with Spencer Trac
Walter Brennan, Robert Young, and Ru
Hussey; and "Plymouth Adventur
(1952), directed by Clarence Brown, wi
Spencer Tracy, Gene Tierney, Van Joh
son, and Leo Genn.

Sept. 25-27: "The Gorgeous Hussy" (193
directed by Clarence Brown, with Jo
Crawford, Lionel Barrymore, Franch
Tone, and Melvyn Douglas; and "Jezebe
(1938), directed by William Wyler, wi
Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Bre
and Fay Bainter.

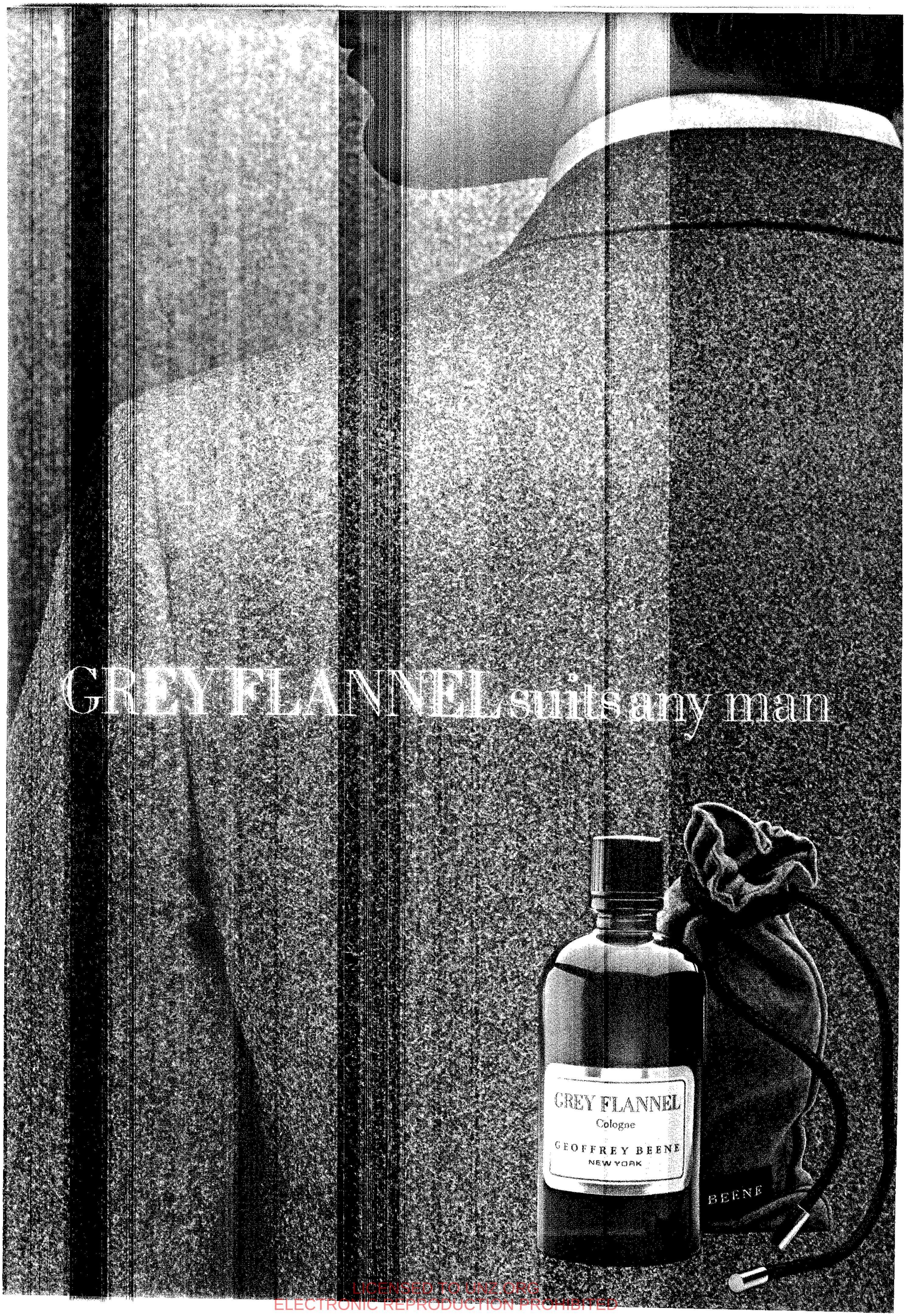
Sept. 28-29: "Girl of the Golden West" (
and "Knickerbocker Holiday" (1944),
rected by Harry Joe Brown, with Nels
Eddy, Charles Coburn, and Constan
Dowling.

Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "The Buccaneer" (195
directed by Anthony Quinn, with Y
Brynner, Charlton Heston, Claire Bloo
and Charles Boyer; and "Thunder in t
Sun" (1959), directed by Russell Rou
with Susan Hayward, Jeff Chandler, a
Jacques Bergerac.

Oct. 2-4: "The Harvey Girls" (†); and "Sev
Brides for Seven Brothers" (1954), direct
by Stanley Donen, with Jane Powe
Howard Keel, Jeff Richards, and R
Tamblyn.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Sept. 24: "Maîtresse" (1976), in French,
rected by Barbet Schroeder, with Bu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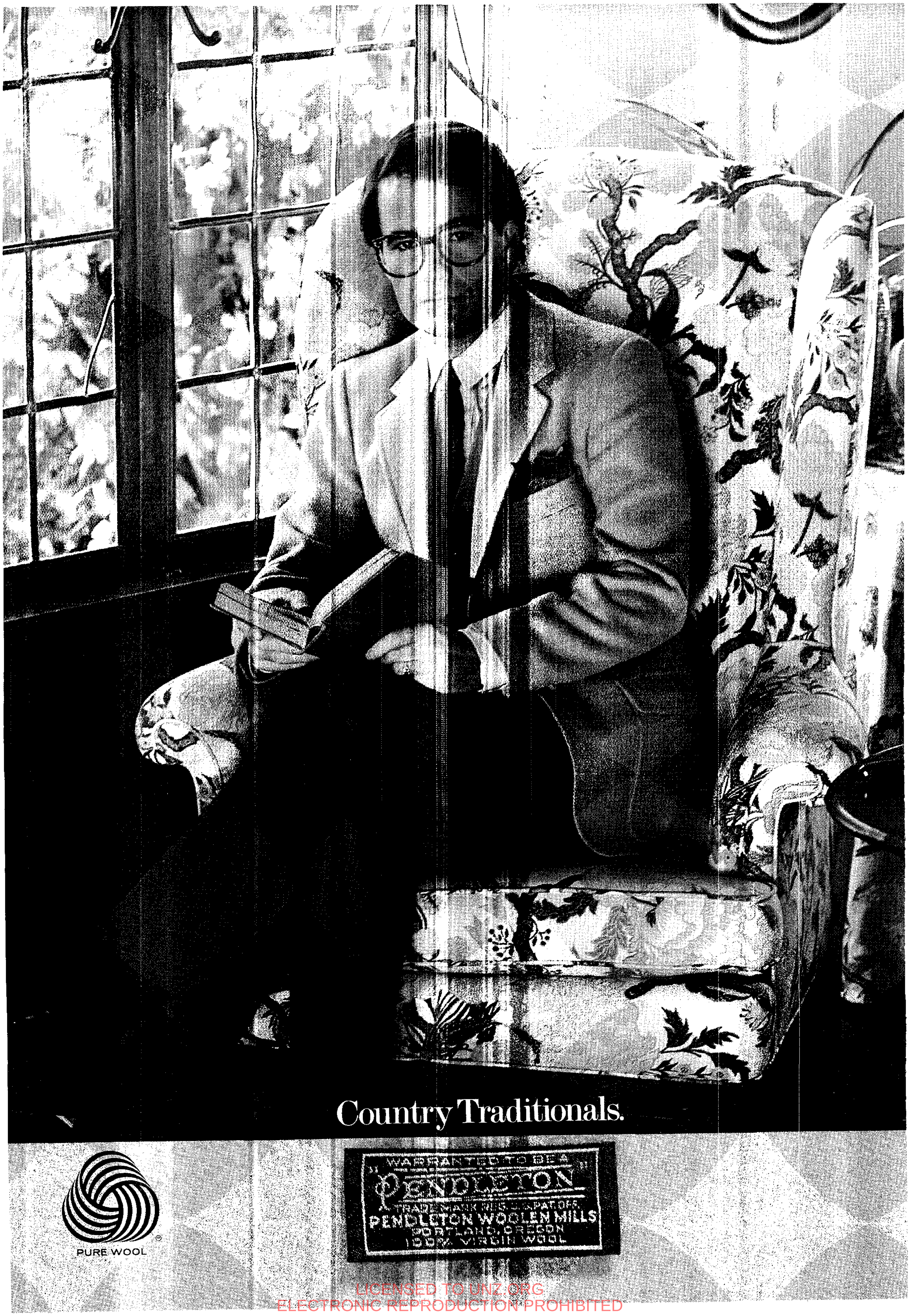
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Ogier and Gérard Depardieu; and "More" (1969), in French, directed by Barbet Schroeder, with Mimsy Farmer.

Sept. 25: "Harlem Rhythm and Blues" (1955) and "Rock 'n' Roll at the Apollo" (1955), both revue films.

Sept. 26-27: "Macbeth" (1948), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Jeanette Nolan, Dan O'Herlihy, and Roddy McDowall; and "The Blue Angel" (1929), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings.

Sept. 28: "Don't Look Now" (†); and "Walkabout" (1971), directed by Nicolas Roeg.

Sept. 29: A program of cartoons by Friz Freleng and a program of "Koko" cartoons by Max Fleischer.

Sept. 30: "Z" (1969), in French, directed by Costa-Gavras, with Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas; and "State of Siege" (1973), in French, directed by Costa-Gavras, with Yves Montand.

Oct. 1: "The Seventh Bullet" (1977), in Russian, directed by Ali Khamrayev; and "The White Ship" (1977), in Russian, directed by Bolotbek Shamshiev.

Oct. 2: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" (1974), directed by Ted Kotcheff, with Richard Dreyfuss, Jack Warden, and Joseph Wiseman; and "Wedding in White." (†)

Oct. 3-4: "Carrie" (1976), directed by Brian De Palma, with Sissy Spacek, John Travolta, Piper Laurie, and Nancy Allen; and "Repulsion." (†)

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 24: "Easter Parade" (1948), directed by Charles Walters, with Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, Peter Lawford, and Ann Miller; and "The Band Wagon" (1953), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Nanette Fabray, and Jack Buchanan.

Sept. 25: "Portrait of Jennie" (1949), directed by William Dieterle, with Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, Ethel Barrymore, and Lillian Gish; and "Cluny Brown" (1946), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Charles Boyer, Jennifer Jones, Richard Haydn, and Una O'Connor.

Sept. 26-27: "The Great Gatsby" (1949), directed by Elliott Nugent, with Alan Ladd, Betty Field, Macdonald Carey, and Barry Sullivan; and "This Gun for Hire" (1942), directed by Frank Tuttle, with Veronica Lake, Alan Ladd, and Laird Cregar.

Sept. 28: "Dressed to Kill" (1946) and "Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon" (1943), two films in the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Holmes-Watson series, both directed by Roy William Neill.

Sept. 29: "Stromboli" (1950), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Ingrid Bergman; and "Intermezzo." (†)

Sept. 30: "The Cat and the Canary" (1939), directed by Elliott Nugent, with Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope, John Beal, and Douglass Montgomery; and "The Ghost Breakers" (1940), directed by George Marshall, with Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope, Paul Lukas, and Richard Carlson.

Oct. 1: "The Pink Panther" (†); and "A Shot in the Dark" (1964), directed by Blake Edwards, with Peter Sellers.

Oct. 2: "There's No Business Like Show Business" (1954), directed by Walter Lang, with Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor, Dan Dailey, Marilyn Monroe, Johnnie Ray, and Mitzi Gaynor; and "Bus Stop" (1956), directed by Joshua Logan, with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart.

Oct. 3-4: "Ministry of Fear" (†) and "The Fallen Idol." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sept. 24 at 6: "Hearts of the World" (1918), a silent film, directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish. Adolphe Lestina, Josephine Crowell, Robert Harron, Dorothy Gish, and Erich von Stroheim. . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 8:30: "La Bohème" (1926), a silent film, directed by King Vidor, with Lillian Gish and John Gilbert. . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 6: "Broken Blossoms" (1919), a silent film, directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess, and Donald Crisp. . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 8:30: "The Wind" (1928), a silent film, directed by Victor Sjöström, with Lillian Gish and Lars Hanson. . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 6: "The Trip to Bountiful" (1953), directed by Vincent J. Donehue, with Lillian Gish, John Beal, Eileen Heckart, and Eva Marie Saint; a kinescope of a television production. . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 7:30: "Orphans of the Storm" (1922), a silent film, directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish, Dorothy Gish, Joseph Schildkraut, and Lucille LaVerne. . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 6: "The Wind." . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 8:30: "Broken Blossoms." . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 6: "The Trip to Bountiful." . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 7:30: "Orphans of the Storm." . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 6: "True Heart Susie" (1919), a silent film, directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish, Robert Harron, and Clarine Seymour. . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 8:30: "Miss Susie Slagle's" (1946), directed by John Berry, with Lillian Gish, Veronica Lake, Sonny Tufts, and Joan Caulfield. . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 6: "The Unforgiven" (1960), directed by John Huston, with Burt Lancaster, Audrey Hepburn, Audie Murphy, and Lillian Gish. . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 8:30: "His Double Life" (1933), directed by Arthur Hopkins, with Lillian Gish, Roland Young, and Montagu Love. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 6: "Way Down East" (1920), a silent film, directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 8:30: "The Unforgiven." . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 6: "A Wedding" (1978), directed by Robert Altman, with Lillian Gish, Carol Burnett, Paul Dooley, John Cromwell, Geraldine Chaplin, and Mia Farrow. . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 8:30: "Way Down East." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Sept. 28: A program of films by Robert Frank—"Pull My Daisy" (1959; co-directed by Alfred Leslie) and "Keep Busy" (1975; co-directed by Rudy Wurlitzer), daily at noon and 4; and "Me and My Brother" (1965-68), daily at 2. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 3: "Anticata/Strophe" (1980), a multimonitor installation by Al Robbins. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evening until 8). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Sept. 25 at 8: "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Echappé" (1956), in French, directed by Robert Bresson; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 8: "Deus Ex" (1971), "Sexual Meditation: Room with a View" (1971), and "The Act of Seeing with One's Own Eyes" (1972), all directed by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 8: "Pickpocket" (1959), in French, directed by Robert Bresson; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 8: "The Text of Light" (1974), directed by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 8: "Au Hasard Balthasar" (1966), in French, directed by Robert Bresson; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 8: "Mouchette" (1967), in French, directed by Robert Bresson; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 8: "Un Chien Andalou" (1928) and "L'Age d'Or" (1930), both films in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel; no English subtitles.

BRITISH FILM NOW—The final programs in a series of films by British filmmakers: At the Paramount Theatre, B'way at 61st St.—Sept. 24 at 2:30: Three films by Bill Douglas—"My Childhood" (1972), "My Ain Folk" (1974), and "My Way Home" (1978). . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 6:15: "The Tempest" (Derek Jarman; 1980). . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 9: "Brothers and Sisters" (Richard Woolley; 1980). . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at noon: "Moon Over the Alley" (Chuck Despins; 1980). . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 3: "Brothers and Sisters." . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 6:15: "Bleak Moments" (Mike Leigh; 1972). . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 9: "Bloody Kids" (Stephen Frears; 1980). (For information about tickets, call 877-1800, Ext. 489.)

NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL—The first programs in a seventeen-day series of international films—At **ALICE TULLY HALL,** Lincoln Center. Sept. 26 at 7:30: "Melvin and Howard" (Jonathan Demme; United States). . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL:** Sept. 26 at 9: A repeat showing of "Melvin and Howard." . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL:** Sept. 27 at 12:30: "The Handyman" (Micheline Lanctôt; Canada). . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 3: "Masoch (The Confessions of Wanda Sacher Masoch)" (Franco Brogi Taviani; Italy). . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 6: "The Life and Times of Rosie the Riveter" (Connie Field; United States). . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 9 and Sept. 28 at 2: "Bye Bye Brazil" (Carlos Diegues; Brazil). . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 4:30: "Masoch (The Confessions of Wanda Sacher Masoch)." . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 7: "The Handyman." . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 9:30 and Sept. 29 at 6:15: "The Orchestra Conductor" (Andrzej Wajda; Poland, mostly in English). . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 9:30: "The Life and Times of Rosie the Riveter." . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 6:15: "Special Treatment" (Goran Paskaljevic; Yugoslavia). . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 9:30 and Oct. 1 at 6:15: "Confidence" (István Szabó; Hungary). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 9:30: "One Day Like Another" (Mrinal Sen; India). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 6:15: "Handicapped Love" (Marlies Graf; Switzerland) and "Here's Looking at You, Kid" (William E. Cohen; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 9:30: "Special Treatment." . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 6:15: "Sunday Daughters" (Janos Rozsa; Hungary). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 9:30: "Camera Buff" (Krzysztof Kieslowski; Poland). . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 12:30: "Sunday Daughters." . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 3: "Camera Buff." . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 6: "One Day Like Another." . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 9: "Europa 51" (Roberto Rossellini; Italy, 1952; in English). (For tickets, call 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AIRPLANE!—It has the best trailer of recent years, but the movie is just more of the same: cheerfully clunky gags. If you were a teenager in the late fifties and read the movie lampoons in *Mad* and watched a lot of TV series shows and a lot of cheapie old movies on television and remembered parts of all of them, jumbled together into one dumb movie—that's "Airplane!" It's compiled like a joke book. The three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast. With Julie Hagerty and Robert Hays as the young lovers, and Leslie Nielsen, Peter Graves, Robert Stack, Lloyd Bridges, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar; celebrities such as Howard Jarvis, Maureen McGovern, Jimmie Walker, and Ethel Merman turn up in bits. Based on the 1957 movie "Zero Hour." (Reviewed in our issue of 9/1/80.) (Festival, and Forum. . . . ¶ Loews New York 1; Sept. 24. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Oct. 2.)

THE AMITYVILLE HORROR (1979)—Based on the book, which should have been called "The Amityville Nuisance." A young couple (James Brolin and Margot Kidder) move into a new house and ascribe everything that goes wrong to demons. Everything that goes wrong in the movie can be ascribed to cheap tricks. With Rod Steiger as the obligatory priest. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (8/13/79) (Olympia; Sept. 26-Oct. 2.)

THE ANGEL LEVINE (1970)—Bernard Malamud's fable about an elderly Jewish tailor too skeptical to accept a black Jewish angel (Harry Belafonte) whom God has sent to help him. Unfortunately, the audience also has a hard time accepting the angel. Uninspired. With Zero Mostel and Ida Kaminska. Jan Kadar directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 30.)

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS (1973)—Directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian; X-rated. (Cinema 3; through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ Waverly; Sept. 26-Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Plaza; starting Sept. 26.)

BAD TIMING / A SENSUAL OBSESSION—With Art Garfunkel, Theresa Russell, Harvey Keitel, and Denholm Elliott; directed by Nicolas Roeg. (Sutton.)

THE BIG BRAWL—With Jackie Chan and Jośe Ferrer, directed by Robert Clouse. (R.K.O. 86th St., and Loews State 2; through Sept. 25.)

THE BLUE LAGOON—The central and virtually the only characters are two little cousins; ship-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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wrecked, they grow up alone together on a South Seas island, and turn into Brooke Shields and Christopher Atkins. The film has an inevitable, built-in prurience. The director, Randal Kleiser, and his scenarist, Douglas Day Stewart, have made the two clean and innocent by emptying them of any dramatic interest. Watching them is about as exciting as looking into a fishbowl waiting for guppies to mate. (7/21/80) (Manhattan 2, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 25.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith—*This great* Australian film was taken from Thomas Keneally's novel, which is like Nat Turner's story as a lusty ironist—an Irish Nabokov, perhaps—might have written it. The director, Fred Schepisi, dramatizes the inability of the displaced Europeans at the turn of the century to understand the aborigines who live in the remnants of a tribal society. The white men treat the aboriginal settlements as brothels, and Jimmie Blacksmith is a product of one of these visits to a tin shanty. A half-caste who is taught by a Methodist minister, he grows up determined to escape the debased existence of aborigines in their hovels by working hard, buying land, and, as the minister's wife has advised him, marrying a nice white girl off a farm, so his children will be only a quarter black and the next generation scarcely black at all. The film is the grotesque, explosive comedy of what happens to this young man trying to improve himself. When he rebels, it isn't out of conscious militancy or a demand for political justice, it's out of helplessness and frustration. It's as if he had let his unconscious take over. He says he has declared war, but he doesn't wage war directly against the men; he attacks the men's most prized possessions—their robust, well-fed women, their pink-and-white children. With Tommy Lewis as Jimmie, and Freddy Reynolds as laughing Mort, his aborigine half-brother, a loyal, easygoing bum in ragged tweeds who makes us understand what the Europeans have destroyed. This is a large-scale film—a visually impassioned epic. (9/15/80) (Cinema Studio 1.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind (1977)—Steven Spielberg's celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of the technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic and a childlike comic spirit. The version playing now is called "the Special Edition;" Spielberg has reëdited the film—he has made some trims, put in some outtakes, and shot a few new bits. The action is swifter, and the central character, played by Richard Dreyfuss, is easier to understand, but you may miss some of the scenes that have been cut, and find that the outtakes that Spielberg has substituted for the scenes you remember keep jarring you. With François Truffaut, Melinda Dillon, Teri Garr, Bob Balaban, and Cary Guffey. (11/28/77 and 9/1/80) Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Loews New York 2; Sept. 24. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Oct. 2.)

Coast to Coast—With Robert Blake and Dyan Cannon, directed by Joseph Sargent. (34th St. East, Loews Orpheum 2, and Loews State 1; starting Oct. 3.)

Come Have Coffee with Us (1970)—With Ugo Tognazzi, directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Quad Cinema.)

Divine Madness—Filmed at several live performances of Bette Midler's stage show of the same name, by Michael Ritchie. (Criterion Center; starting Sept. 25. . . . ¶ Loews New *York 2; starting Sept. 26.)*

Doc (1971)—Frank Perry directs a screenplay by Pete Hamill, with Stacy Keach as Doc Holliday, Harris Yulin as a Wyatt Earp who looks like Baudelaire, and Faye Dunaway as Doc's whore (she can't exactly seem blowsy, nor can an expensive film bring itself to make her look as grubby as the script wants of her). The film tries to be about everything: the drive of American history, the American need for heroes, the fraudulence and hope of the frontier spirit. Well acted, but sometimes afflicted by an organ-loft cast of mind. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 30.)

Don't Look Now (1973)—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland team up wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicolas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture is an example of high-fashion gothic sensibility. (Thalia; Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; Sept. 28-29.)

Dressed to Kill—One of the most sheerly enjoyable films of recent years, this sophisticated horror comedy was written and directed by Brian De Palma. Set in Manhattan, it's about sex and fear; De Palma presents extreme fantasies and pulls the audience into them with such apparent ease that the pleasure of the suspense becomes aphrodisiacal. With Angie Dickinson as a beautiful, aging, golden blonde, Michael Caine as her analyst, the breezy comedienne Nancy Allen as a pretty investment-minded hooker, and Dennis Franz as a brash police detective. (8/4/80) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Beekman, and Embassy 5; through Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Olympia; Sept. 26-Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Oct. 3.)

The Elephant Man—With Anthony Hopkins as Dr. Frederick Treves, and John Hurt as John Merrick, the Elephant Man. Directed by David Lynch. Based on an original journal by Dr. Treves, and not on the current Broadway show. (Coronet; starting Oct. 3.)

The Empire Strikes Back—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor, which is great news for kids and for us all. Directed by Irvin Kershner, produced by George Lucas. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fischer, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda) and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (5/26/80) (Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum 1; through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Oct 2.)

Escape from Alcatraz (1979)—Clint Eastwood leads the unprecedented breakout withou wasting a word or a grimace. Similar efficiency in the skillful direction, by Don Siegel *sets the movie apart from flashier productions.* (7/9/79) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 2.)

The Exterminator—With Christopher George Samantha Eggar, and Robert Ginty; directed by James Glickenhaus. (Plaza, Waverly, and National; through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum 2; through Oct. 2. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Sept. 26.)

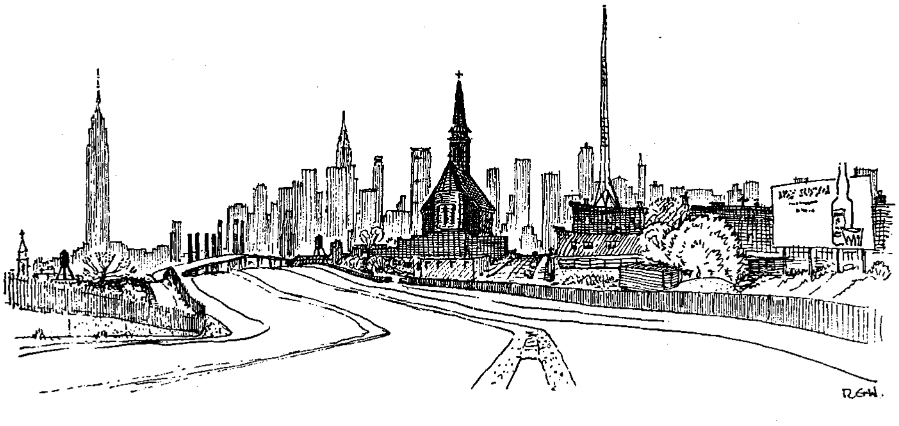
The Fallen Idol (1949)—Carol Reed and Graham Greene collaborated on this tricky highly original thriller. It's about the muddled attempt of a small boy (Bobby Henrey) an ambassador's son, to protect the butle (Ralph Richardson), *whom he idolizes, from* charge of murder. With Michèle Morgan Denis O'Dea, Jack Hawkins, Dora Bryan and Bernard Lee. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct 3-4.)

Fame—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictiona School of Performing Arts—is just abou ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstag drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. Directed by Alan Parker; with Maureen Teefy Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Ann Meara, and Jim Moody. The music is by Michael Gore. (5/26/80) (New Yorker 2, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhous 1; through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ Gemini 2; throug Oct. 2.)

Fatso—Is there something funny about th sight of three compulsive eaters wrecking kitchen in an orgy of gluttony? Is there pathos in a fat man who devours forty dollars worth of takeout Chinese food in a parke car? Possibly, but not as presented in thi queasy comedy, which is far more self-indulgent than its weepy victim-hero, Dominic DiNapoli (Dom DeLuise). Many closeups c food. With Anne Bancroft, who cooked up th whole thing in this, her first effort as a write and director. (Olympia; through Sept. 25.)

The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu—With Pete Sellers, directed by Piers Haggard. (72n Street East; through Sept. 25.)

The Getting of Wisdom (1977)—A minor post Victorian autobiographical novel about a Australian girl's coming of age, re-created fc the screen in its own terms—or, rather, i what the re-creators think are its own terms At thirteen, an impoverished girl (Susanna Fowle) from the back country who is highl precocious and a gifted musician comes t Melbourne, and she spends five years there a the Presbyterian Ladies College, a selec school for the daughters of the wealthy where the teachers sneer at her because he mother runs a post office in the bush, and th girls are harpies. She almost succumbs t snobbery, but she has her brains and he talent and her intrepid nature to see he through. This self-infatuated fantasy is presented in the guise of harsh realism, and th faithful, meticulous period re-creation make *it hard for us to connect with the heroine* with anything else. Directed by Bruce Bere ford, whose attitude toward the material cold and literal, as if we were in need of muckraking exposé of the Victorian educatio of ladies. From a script by Eleanor Wi combe; cinematography by Don McAlpin



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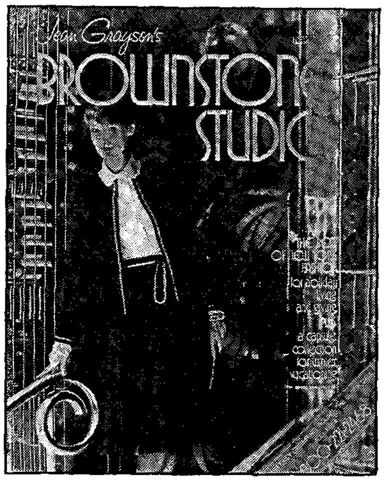

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(9/15/80) (Coronet; through Oct. 1.... ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 3.)

Girl of the Golden West (1938)—Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and Walter Pidgeon—MacDonald being the good girl and Eddy the *bandit in this hoary old tale*, here produced as a fairly boring muscial with a score by Gus Kahn and Sigmund Romberg. (Regency; Sept. 28-29.)

Gloria—With Gena Rowlands, John Adames, and Buck Henry; directed by John Cassavetes. (Cinema I; starting Oct. 1.)

The Great Santini (called "The Ace" on Home Box Office)—This slice-of-family-life melodrama features Robert Duvall in the Bruce Dern role (the military-psychopath father) and Michael O'Keefe in the Richard Thomas role (the sensitive, thoughtful teen-age son). There's a sequence that is a strong metaphor for the ugly competitiveness inside a father's determination to toughen up a son: a one-on-one basketball game between them. Refusing to accept his defeat, the father follows the boy inside the house and demands another game; walking up the stairs right behind the boy, he tries to goad him by bouncing the ball, hard, off the boy's head and calling him "my sweetest little girl." This is the only sequence that hits home, though. Adapted *from Pat Conroy's autobiographical novel* "The Great Santini," the movie is set in 1962 in Beaufort, South Carolina, where Conroy grew up, but (as written for the screen and directed by Lewis John Carlino) it takes place in the TV land of predictability—that plain of dowdy realism where a boy finds his manhood by developing the courage to stick to his principles and stand up to his father. Almost inevitably, since this is the South, the principles involve friendship with a saintly black (Stan Shaw), who is crippled and has a stammer, or at least a hesitation, and is martyred by redneck stupidity and cruelty. With Blythe Danner, who comes close to creating a believable woman out of an idealized mother figure, and brings in shadings that help to suggest a real family, though she doesn't have a single scene that is really hers. Also with Lisa Jane Persky as the family comic, Theresa Merritt as the housekeeper, David Keefe as the redneck so mean he shoots the saintly black's dawg, and Paul Mantee. (9/1/80) (Guild.... ¶ Greenwich Playhouse 1, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 26.)

The Harvey Girls (1946)—In this lavish, high-spirited M-G-M period musical, Judy Garland leads the forces of respectability (the clean, starched waitresses who serve travellers food only), and Angela Lansbury is the wicked, glittering dance-hall queen whose girls provide God-knows-what illicit pleasures. The central conceit of glorifying progress and moral uplift in a musical comedy set in New Mexico in the eighteen-eighties is certainly a strange one, but it worked out surprisingly well—though the charm is mostly heavy. With John Hodiak (an ill-chosen romantic partner for Judy Garland) and Ray Bolger, Cyd Charisse, Marjorie Main, Kenny Baker, Virginia O'Brien, Chill Wills, Selena Royle, and Preston Foster. There is, of course, the deservedly famous classic number "On the Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe"—it's one of the triumphant sequences in screen-musical history—as well as a batch of other Johnny Mercer and Harry Warren songs, including "The Wild, Wild West" and "It's a Great Big World." George Sidney directed. (Regency; Oct. 2-4.)

The Haunting (1963)—An elegantly sinister scare movie, literate and expensive (though basically a traditional ghost story), with those two fine actresses Claire Bloom and Julie Harris. As a Greenwich Village lesbian, Bloom plays a female variant of the role that would once have been assigned to Dwight Frye; Julie Harris *is the chaste heroine, a post-Freudian* version of those anemic virgins Helen Chandler used to play. This "old dark house" movie is set in a marvellous Victorian Gothic pile in New England, and it's good fun. With Richard Johnson, Russ Tamblyn, Fay Compton, Valentine Dyall, Rosalie Crutchley, and Lois Maxwell. The director, Robert Wise, hadn't done a simple amusement like this since his youth; Nelson Gidding did the adaptation of the Shirley Jackson novel "The Haunting of Hill House." (Mini Cinema; Sept. 29-30.)

Hearts of the West (1975)—Jeff Bridges is just the right actor to play Lewis Tater, an Iowa farm boy who writes Western stories and aspires to be like his idol, Zane Grey. Lewis leaves home in 1929, heads toward the land of his purple-prose dreams, and stumbles into a job as a stuntman in Western pictures directed by a penny-pinching hysteric played by Alan Arkin. This nostalgia comedy has an eccentric enchantment to it. The troupe of cowboy actors, headed by Andy Griffith, is the most engaging ensemble since the Dead End Kids, and the heroine, a script girl, is played by wide-eyed Blythe Danner, who is reminiscent of both Margaret Sullavan and Jean Arthur. The people and the atmosphere are so good that one wants more of them; the rinky-dink chase plot isn't needed at all, and there are also unnecessary complications involving Herbert Edelman, as a movie producer, and Donald Pleasence, as a Western-pulp publisher. But it's a film that plays on in the mind. Howard Zieff directed, from Rob Thompson's script. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 30.)

He Knows You're Alone—With Don Scardino and Caitlin O'Heaney, directed by Armand Mastroianni. (86th St. East, and National; starting Sept. 26.)

Herbie Goes Bananas—The further adventures of Disney's precocious VW Beetle. With Cloris Leachman, Charles Martin Smith, and John Vernon; directed by Vincent McEveety. (Eastside Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 25.... ¶ Embassy; through Oct. 2.)

Hopscotch—With Walter Matthau, Glenda Jackson, and Ned Beatty; directed by Ronald Neame. (Loews New York 1, and Loews State 2; starting Sept. 26.)

Hullabaloo Over Georgie and Bonnie's Pictures—With Peggy Ashcroft, Larry Pine, Victor Banerjee, and Aparna Sen; directed by James Ivory. (New Yorker 1.)

In God We Trust—With Marty Feldman, Louise Lasser, Peter Boyle, and Andy Kaufman; directed by Feldman. (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli; starting Sept. 26.)

Intermezzo (1939)—David O. Selznick, who arranged this début for Ingrid Bergman in English-speaking films, wasn't going to take any chances; it's a remake of a picture she'd already had a hit with in Sweden, in 1936. *Selznick even retained the same slurpy* "haunting" theme music. Leslie Howard is the wan and renowned violin virtuoso, afflicted with the boredom of fame and of domestic bliss with his beloved, understanding wife (Edna Best). He falls in love with Bergman, his daughter's piano teacher. Handsome and eager, she's a brilliant young pianist who becomes his accompanist. On a tour of the concert halls of Europe, the two combine business with passion, though at last the finer overtones of conscience separate them. The crisis occurs in a picturesque Mediterranean village—Selznick saw to it that the romantic upheavals of such artistic people got the smartest settings—and there are snacks of Brahms, Liszt, and Grieg to buoy up the cultural tone. The film's only real claim on anyone's attention is Bergman, whose natural look (full eyebrows, and even a shine on her nose) then seemed revolutionary. Gregory Ratoff directed; Gregg Toland was the cinematographer. With John Halliday. (This drippy thing was remade again just a few years ago with Oskar Werner, and more recently it was loosely adapted for the film "Honeysuckle Rose.") (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 29.)

Lady and the Tramp (1955)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Eastside Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 25.... ¶ Embassy through Oct. 2.)

The Landlord (1970)—About New York real estate and racism. A rich white (Beau Bridges) ridden by a wildly overdrawn boozing mothe (Lee Grant), buys a tenement to learn wha it's like to be poor. With Pearl Bailey. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Carnegie Hall Cinema Sept. 30.)

Make Room for Tomorrow—*With Victor Lanou* and Jane Birkin, directed by Peter Kassovitz In French. (Paris.)

A Man's Castle (1933)—Spencer Tracy and th lovely, big-eyed Loretta Young in a Depression idyll about an independent-minded ma who takes in a homeless waif and falls in lov with her—one of Frank Borzage's heavil

(*Advertisement*)

SENSE AND NONSENSE

(Some historical, functional, useful, and useless facts about the tie.)

PRACTICALLY speaking, a tie makes no sense. It doesn't hold things together, or up, or even add much warmth. It never did. But nowadays it does at least please the senses, giving pleasure to both the touch and the eye.

Not so its earliest ancestor. That was just a string threaded through the top of the kind of shirt men wore at the beginning of the sixteenth century. All it did, if anything, was to control the decollete, keeping it decorously about where you now find the neckline of a woman's low-cut gown.

From there it rose to the tie's present position when Henry VIII–perhaps mindful of his neck, considering the way he treated his wives'–pulled the string tight, causing the hem above it to rise up in a protective frill.

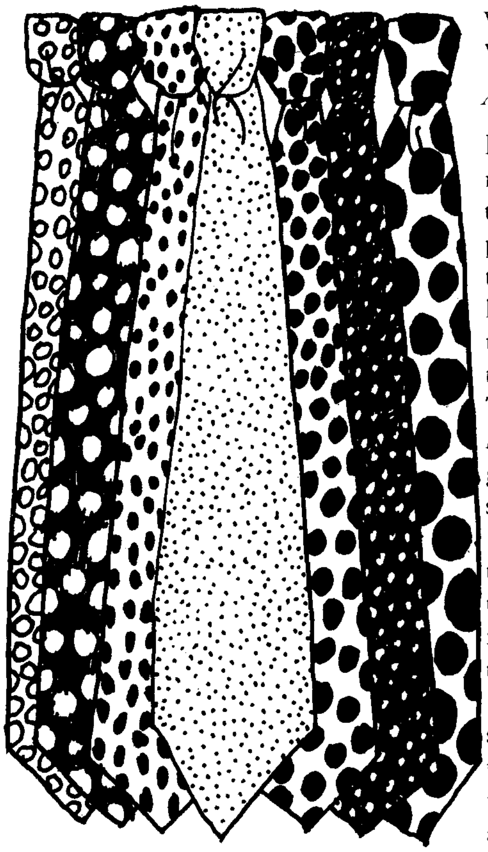
Thereafter it evolved through form after form–including the stock, whose only function seemed to be to make its wearer most uncomfortable, and the elaborate neckcloth that could take Beau Brummel and his valet a whole morning to tie.

But by the middle of the nineteenth century the tie, although it still did nothing, began to say something. Through its stripes and–with the adaptation of the jacquard loom–its motifs, it said: the man who wears me went to such and such a school, or belongs to such and such a regiment or club.

From such derive our club ties and regimental stripes. But all they usually say these days is that the man who wears them has taste.

A Regimental Canard

This is not, however, all that is said about the regimentals. To hear some people talk, you'd think there was a mystery to weaving a stripe, one only the English have mastered. Perhaps we ought not argue since we do have fine English examples that are ours alone. But a glance at the ones we had woven in Italy–of superb silk repp in exclusive colorings–should disabuse any but the most obdurate Anglophile of that nonsense, while their price should provide a small but pleasant surprise.



A Useful Tip

We ourselves were surprised the other day when a customer remarked that the people who make knitted ties must be a stubborn lot since they refuse to abide by a standard width. We hate to dispel this notion of an independent tribe of tiemen knitting away in defiance of convention. But the truth, of course, is that the width of a knitted tie must be adjusted to the substance to prevent too much bulk at the knot.

You can readily see this if you examine our collection. Particularly extensive this year, it includes ties knitted of wools and silk, alone and in combination. Some of the most interesting come from Italy–among them, a honeycomb that combines three colors to create a single-color three-dimensional effect.

Knitted ties, like people, have a fault that is the obverse of their virture. The ability to give, that makes them easy to tie without hurting the fabric, will make them stretch if hung too long in your closet. We roll ours–a compact way to store them that keeps them visible for easy selection.

A Loose End That Shouldn't Be Tied

But if knitted ties give, woven ones do not. You have to abuse them to use them. And all that wrenching and pulling can sometimes distort the pattern. Hence the loose end of thread that hangs inside a hand-made tie. This thread is slip-stitched so that the whole tie can ride on it, moving as it's tied. Thus the pattern is seldom disturbed. And, should it be, you have only to gather the tie up the thread, then pull it straight again, to set everything right.

If you're not quite sure how to do this, ask one of our salesmen to illustrate. He won't have any trouble finding an example: almost all our woven ties are hand-made.

You may have trouble, however, should you wish to select some ties at the same time. Our selection can be truly bewildering. Among dotted ties alone we have space dots, pin dots, and polka dots–printed and woven, light on dark and dark on light. Then there are all our other patterns and solids, many made up exclusively for us from yardage we've culled from all the world. Therefore many of our customers bring their new suits and shirts to our counter, even if they didn't buy them in our store. There they find not clerks but trained salesmen who can quickly assemble the ties that will best harmonize.

Madder

Among those he shows you, you may spot a madder tie–remarkable both for its subtle colors and its name, which regrettably inspires puns. Know-it-alls claim that easy-to-use synthetics have now replaced real madder. Not so with our ties. They still get their colors from the natural dye-stuff prepared from the madder. And that's the truth of the madder.

Paul Stuart

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sentimental yet magically romantic movies. With Glenda Farrell, Marjorie Rambeau, Walter Connolly, Arthur Hohl, and Dickie Moore. The script is by Jo Swerling, the cinematography by Joseph August. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 1.)

THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH (1976)—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (Art.)

THE MARRIAGE OF MARIA BRAUN—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 2.)

MINISTRY OF FEAR (1945)—Very little of Graham Greene's mystery novel survives in this unmemorable Paramount picture, directed by Fritz Lang. As melodramas of the period go, however, this one is better made than most. Ray Milland has just been released from an insane asylum, where he was confined for murdering his wife, when he is drawn into a plot by a gang of German spies who are after defense plans. The heroine is the unimposing Marjorie Reynolds; the villain is that falsetto cutthroat Dan Duryea. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 3-4.)

MOTHER'S DAY—With Nancy Hendrickson and Deborah Luce, directed by Charles Kaufman. (U. A. East. . . . ¶ Rivoli; through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; through Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting Sept. 26.)

MY BODYGUARD—With Chris Makepeace, Ruth Gordon, Matt Dillon, John Houseman, and Martin Mull, directed by Tony Bill. (Manhattan 1, Trans-Lux 85th St., Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse 2, and Olympia; through Sept. 25.)

MY BRILLIANT CAREER—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated Down Under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (D. W. Griffith, and Quad Cinema; through Sept. 25.)

1900 (1977)—Bernardo Bertolucci's utopian folly is about two boys born in the North Italian region of Emilia-Romagna on the same day in 1901. Alfredo (Robert De Niro) is the heir to the vast landholdings of his grandfather (Burt Lancaster), and Olmo (Gérard Depardieu) is the bastard grandson of the patriarch (Sterling Hayden) of the peasant clan that lives on those holdings and labors for a share of the crop. "1900" is a romantic moviegoer's vision of the class struggle—a love poem for the movies as well as for the life of those who live communally on the land. (The belief that permeates the movie is that Communism will preserve the folk culture of the peasants.) It has all of Bertolucci's themes and motifs; one could call it the Portable Bertolucci, though it isn't portable. It's like a course to be enrolled in, with a guaranteed horror every hour. The cast includes Dominique Sanda, Alida Valli, Donald Sutherland, Stefania Sandrelli, and Laura Betti. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; music by Ennio Morricone. The European version ran over five hours; the version that Bertolucci (under duress) prepared for the U.S. runs four hours and five minutes, plus intermission. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 4.)

OH, GOD! BOOK II—With George Burns, Suzanne Pleshette, and David Birney; directed by Gilbert Cates. (Murray Hill, and Beekman; starting Oct. 3.)

ONE-TRICK PONY—With Paul Simon, Blair Brown, Rip Torn, Joan Hackett, and Allen Goorwitz; directed by Robert M. Young. (Gemini 2; starting Oct. 3.)

ORDINARY PEOPLE—With Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, Timothy Hutton, and Judd Hirsch; directed by Robert Redford. (Loews Tower East.)

PADRE PADRONE (1977)—The Taviani brothers who wrote and directed this film version o Gavino Ledda's 1974 autobiography, have learned to fuse political commitment and artistic commitment into stylized passion. Ledda's story is about how he was enslaved as child, imprisoned in a sheepfold, and force to tend the family flock, and of how he fought his way out of the isolation and silence—hov he struggled for words. The spirit of the filn isn't naturalistic—it's animistic. And th Tavianis' technique is deliberately barbaric their vision is on the nightmare side of primitivism, where the elements themselves ar the boy's enemies. The grotesquely natura cruelty is mythological—almost rhapsodic Though made in 16 mm. for Italian television, this extraordinary work—pungent an carnal, and in faintly psychedelic Romanesque color—took the two top prizes a Cannes—the Golden Palm and the International Critics' Prize. With Saverio Marconi Omero Antonutti, Marcella Michelangeli, an Ledda, as himself at the beginning and th end. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct 2.)

THE PINK PANTHER (1964)—There are some first-rate slapstick sequences in Blake Edwards derivative but entertaining comedy, wit Peter Sellers, David Niven, and Capucine (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 1.)

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT—With Jean Rochefort Danielle Darrieux, and Annie Girardot; directed by Philippe de Broca. In French (Quad Cinema; starting Sept. 26.)

RAISE THE TITANIC—With Jason Robards, Richar Jordan, David Selby, Anne Archer, and Ale Guinness; directed by Jerry Jameson. (Ziegfeld.)

REPULSION (1965)—Roman Polanski's British made, London-set horror film records the deterioration of a murderous, terrified Belgia girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. Th script, by Polanski and Gerard Brach, seem completely shaped for the camera; the approach is so objective, so external, that th film doesn't raise questions about this foreig girl's estrangement and loneliness, doesn' offer explanations of her madness. It jus stays on her—on her hallucinations and he fantasies of being in danger, and on the actual reprisals she takes against anyone wh comes her way. It's clinical Grand Guignol and the camera fondles the horrors: the hig spot is a man being slashed in the face with straight razor—until he's cut to death. (I you're too scared to look, you still hear th slashing sounds.) Undeniably skillful an effective, all right—excruciatingly tense an frightening. But is it entertaining? You hav to be a hard-core horror-movie lover to enjo this one. With Yvonne Furneaux, Joh Fraser, Ian Hendry, Patrick Wymark, Rene Houston, James Villiers, and Polanski in bit. Music by Chico Hamilton; cinematography by Gilbert Taylor. (Thalia; Oct. 3-4.)

RETURN OF THE SECAUCUS 7—With Mark Arnott directed by John Sayles. (57th St. Playhouse.)

THE REVOLUTIONARY (1970)—A good film by Pau Williams, aged twenty-five, about the progression of a middle-class student from a bookis left-winger into a radical agitator. The film set vaguely in present-day America, bu there is also a tang of Europe and the Ol Left, and the casting mixes yippies with pe ple who look authentically like the C. members of the thirties. (Carnegie Hall Cir ema; Sept. 30.)

ROCKY (1976)—A low-budget winner—a r mantic fable about a Philadelphia palook who gains his manhood, written by and sta ring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who repulsive one moment, noble the next. He amazing to watch: there's bull-necked energ in him, smoldering, and in his deep cav man's voice he gives the most surprisin sharp, fresh shadings to his lines. The pictu is poorly made, yet its naïve, emotion shamelessness is funny and engaging. John Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Ca

Woody Allen

Charlotte Rampling

Jessica Harper

Marie-Christine Barrault

Tony Roberts

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Written and Directed by
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Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (86th St. East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through Sept. 25.)

Rocky II (1979)—As the ads say, "the story continues . . ." Practically repeats itself, in fact. Rocky Balboa retires from boxing after going the distance against the heavyweight champion, marries, becomes a father, loses a couple of jobs, and, finally, agrees to a rematch with Apollo Creed. Sylvester Stallone is the writer, director, and star, and he seems to be the best man for the jobs. Same basic cast: Talia Shire, Burgess Meredith, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers. Same location (Philadelphia). Different ending. "Rocky III" is in the works. (7/2/79) (86th St. East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through Sept. 25.)

Rough Cut—With Burt Reynolds, Lesley-Ann Down, and David Niven; directed by Don Siegel. (Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 25.)

Running—A film about a thirty-four-year-old quitter (Michael Douglas), who finds himself, and resumes his responsibilities as husband and father, by running in an Olympic marathon. The story seems constantly on the verge of being persuasive; on account of weaknesses in acting, screenplay, and direction, it never quite is. (11/5/79) (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 25.)

Sam Marlowe Private Eye—With Robert Sacchi, Franco Nero, Michelle Phillips, and Olivia Hussey; directed by Robert Day. (Gramercy, Cinema II, and Paramount; starting Oct. 3.)

Somewhere in Time—With Christopher Reeve, Jane Seymour, and Christopher Plummer; directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (Gemini 1, and Waverly; starting Oct. 3.)

Stardust Memories—With Woody Allen, Charlotte Rampling, Jessica Harper, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Tony Roberts; directed by Allen. (Bay Cinema, Baronet, and Little Carnegie; starting Sept. 26.)

Studs Lonigan (1960)—Irving Lerner directed this small-scale version of the James T. Farrell material, set among the Chicago Irish in the twenties; clearly, Lerner didn't have the resources to do Farrell's characters and milieu justice, but it's an honorable low-budget try by a group of people trying to break the Hollywood molds, and there are a few passages of daring editing that indicate what the film was aiming for. It's an underfinanced American attempt at an "I Vitelloni." Christopher Knight was miscast as Studs, and even at the time the picture came out audience interest centered on his teen-age pals—Frank Gorshin as Kenny, and the very young Jack Nicholson as Weary Reilly, who is arrested for rape. With Mme. Spivy as Mother Josephine, Jack Kruschen as Charlie the Greek, and Jay C. Flippen as Father Gilhooey. Also with Helen Westcott, Dick Foran, Robert Casper, Snub Pollard, Carolyn Craig, and Venetia Stevenson as Lucy, the girl Studs dreams about. Among the people who worked on the production were Haskell Wexler and, in the editing, Verna Fields and Melvin Shapiro. The music was by Gerrald Goldsmith; the adaptation (not inspired) was by Philip Yordan, who also produced. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 30.)

The Tempest—With Heathcote Williams and Karl Johnson, directed by Derek Jarman. (Cinema 3; starting Sept. 26.)

Terror Train—With Ben Johnson, Jamie Lee Curtis, and Hart Bochner; directed by Roger Spottiswoode. (Loews Orpheum 1, and Embassy 5; starting Oct. 3.)

The Third Generation—With Eddie Constantine, Hanna Schygulla, Volker Spengler, and Harry Baer; directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, Sept. 29.)

The Tin Drum—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (4/21/80) (Cinema II, and Quad Cinema; through Oct. 2.)

The Turning Point (1977)—This is a forties women's picture (like "Old Acquaintance," in which a noble Bette Davis and a catty Miriam Hopkins played scrapping lifelong friends) transferred to a backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. In his screen-acting début, Baryshnikov plays a Russian dancer with whom MacLaine's young aspiring-ballerina daughter (Leslie Browne) falls in love; this swoony romance helped to make the film a box-office hit. Herbert Ross directed, unexcitingly; there's no visual sweep, no lift. The effort here is to domesticate ballet—to remove the taint of European decadence; most of the characters are so heartland ordinary that they disinfect one's imagination. With Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, Martha Scott, Lisa Lucas, Phillip Saunders, James Mitchell, Marshall Thompson, Daniel Levans, Starr Danias, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, Antoinette Sibley, Marcia Haydée, Richard Cragun, Lucette Aldous, Martine Van Hamel, and other dancers. Nora Kaye was the executive producer; Robert Surtees was the cinematographer. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 28.)

The Wanderers (1979)—The Bronx, 1963: dead-end kids vs. adolescent nightmares, to the music of Dion, the Shirelles, etc. A good adaptation, somewhat more upbeat, of the lurid novel by Richard Price. Directed by Philip Kaufman, who wrote the screenplay with Rose Kaufman. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 1.)

Wedding in White (1973)—A sad Canadian film about prurience, directed by William Fruet, who also wrote the script. With Donald Pleasence, who acts technically but well, and Carol Kane, who looks like an expressionless, beautiful Pre-Raphaelite. The older women in this story of an authoritarian militarist outraged by the rape of his poor Rossetti-looking sixteen-year-old are all oddly proud, embattled, and splendid. To be gone to in a strong mood; it's truly and interestingly done. (Thalia; Oct. 2.)

When a Stranger Calls—With Carol Kane, Charles Durning, and Colleen Dewhurst; directed by Fred Walton. (Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews State 1; Sept. 26-Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting Sept. 26. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Oct. 3, tentative.)

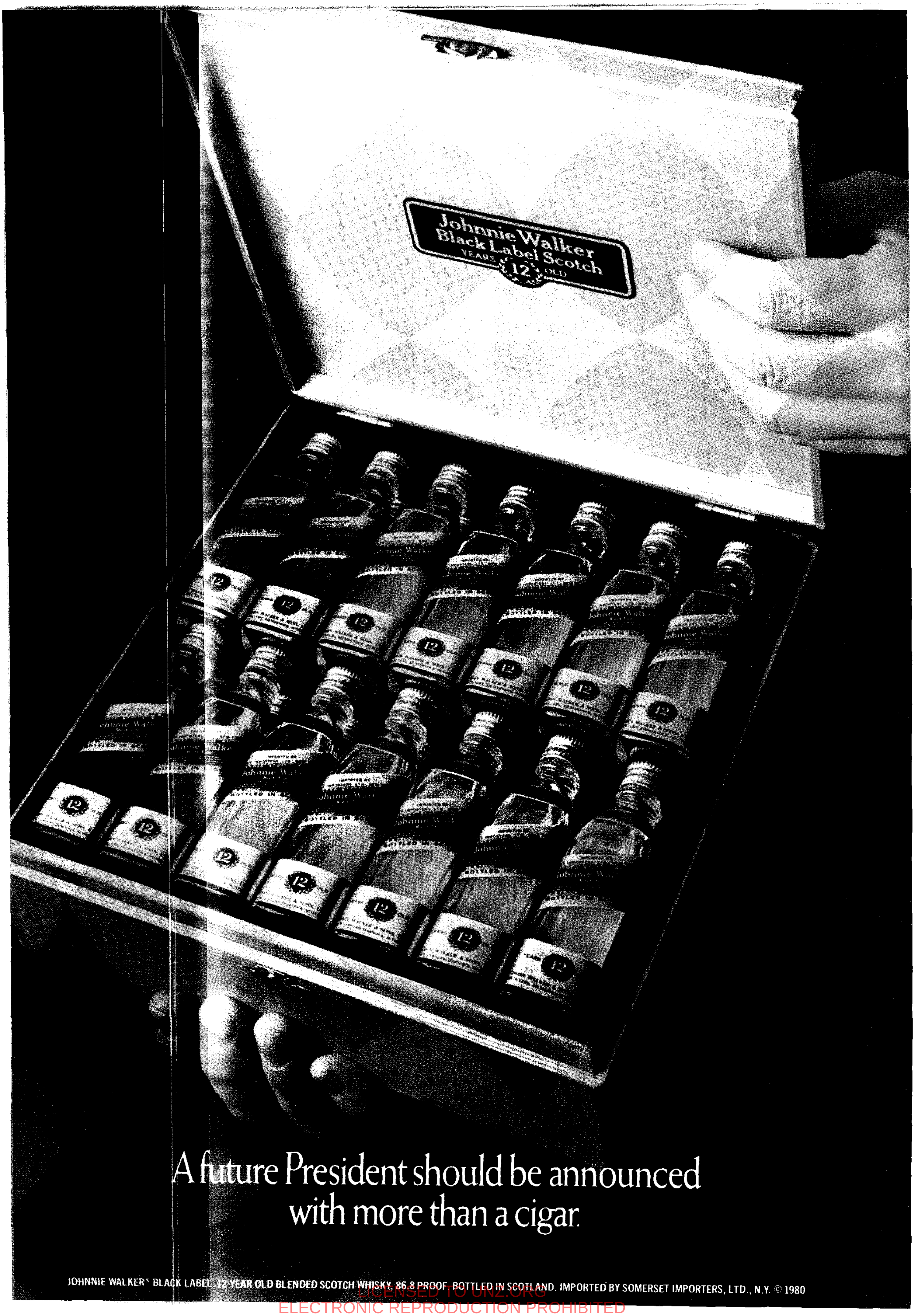
The Wild One (1954)—Despite its naïveté and clumsiness, a key movie that affected the life styles of the fifties and sixties. With Marlon Brando—in his magnetic, soft-eyed youth—as the leader of a rebel motorcycle gang, and Lee Marvin and Mary Murphy. Directed by Laslo Benedek. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 1.)

Willie & Phil—Writer-director Paul Mazursky's homage to "Jules and Jim" is also an overview of the psychosocial fashions of the seventies, but there's no texture to the lives of the characters. We have no idea why Willie, a high-school teacher (Michael Ontkean), and Phil, a go-getting fashion photographer (Ray Sharkey), who meet at a revival showing of "Jules and Jim" in Greenwich Village, become inseparable friends, or why they both fall in love with Jeannette (Margot Kidder), rather than with any other stray pretty girl in Washington Square. The liveliest, funniest performance—it's just a small one—is by Kaki Hunter as Jeannette's cutie younger sister. With Helen Hanft as a used-car saleswoman, Julie Bovasso as Phil's mother, Jan Miner as Willie's mother, Kathleen Maguire as Jeannette's mother, Hubert J. Edwards as the student who recites "To Be or Not to Be," and Kristine DeBell as Rena. (9/1/80) (Baronet, and Little Carnegie; through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith, Greenwich Playhouse 2, and Criterion Center; starting Sept. 26.)

Without Warning—With Jack Palance and Martin Landau, directed by Greydon Clark (R.K.O. 86th St., Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting Sept. 26.)

The World of Henry Orient (1964)—Odd and erratic but often touching film about two young New York girls who go celebrity hunting. With Peter Sellers, Angela Lansbury, Paula Prentiss, and Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth. (Cinema Village; Sept. 30.)

Xanadu—A musical, with Olivia Newton-John, Gene Kelly, and Michael Beck, directed by Robert Greenwald. (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 25.)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"Here's what happened, Janet. Last spring I started a garden. But it was late. I could only find this flat of twelve spindly little tomato plants. I thought they'd die. By last week they were six-foot bushes, with giant tomatoes turning ripe so fast there was only one thing to do. So, since I know you love spaghetti, I thought I'd give you a call." Friends or family may be far away. But with a call you can reach out. And add a little sauce to your life.

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A CHESS-PLAYING friend of ours has sent along the following communication:

Until a few days ago, I had successfully resisted the temptation to buy a machine that plays chess. Part of the reason was apprehension at the thought of being beaten, intellectually, by a machine and part had to do with the fact that the machines I had seen, and experimented with, in stores required one to type data into them—and that seemed too much like work. However, Fidelity Electronics has just come out with something called the Sensory Chess Challenger, which at least meets the latter objection. I bought one, and here—in outline—is how it works. Each square of the board has a little red light bulb on it. When you want to move, you first press your piece down on the square it is occupying, and the little light goes on. Then you move your piece and press it down on the new square. Next, a little red light goes on in a corner, indicating that the machine is thinking, or "thinking"—whatever machines like this do. After a while, the light goes off, and a light goes on at the square that the piece the machine wants to move is occupying. You thereupon press this down, and a light goes on at the square that the piece is to be moved to. And so on. All this is accompanied by beeps that signify various things. The whole setup is incredibly clever, and rather intimidating when you first address it.

In fact, I started it out at its "Beginner" level, where it thinks, on the average, for only five seconds. After a few close calls, I managed to beat it at that level. (When you have it in checkmate, *all* the lights go on and blink—a marvellously satisfying experience.) I next moved it up two levels—past "Intermediate" to "Experienced," where it thinks, on the average, for a minute and twenty seconds. It has eight levels, which range from those five seconds to something called "Postal Chess," where it thinks for *twenty-four hours*. Good God! I wonder if there are people here and there playing each other's machines by postcard. In any case, while I was playing it at "Experienced" I made a remarkable discovery. The machine is programmed to follow the book during the openings. There is some sort of random mechanism built into its program—I told you it was clever—which allows it to vary both its openings and its defenses. Well, I took white (you can get the machine to play either white or black, and, by various button-pressing maneuvers, you can even get it to play both in a single game), and when the machine made the appropriate move I decided to try the Morphy-exchange variation of the Ruy Lopez on it—I won't trouble you with what *that* is. I had forgotten some of its intricacies myself, so when I came to a place where I could castle, I just did it. Later on, I looked this move up in my ancient edition of "Modern Chess Openings"—the standard work—and found that it was actually a bad mistake, albeit a somewhat subtle one. Under footnote "g" on page 312, my "M.C.O." points out that black has a strong counter to this which can pretty much insure a win. But the machine didn't find it. Instead, it proceeded to lose its queen. I then stepped it up to "Tournament" level, where it thinks, on the average, for three minutes, and went through the same series of moves, and again it gave away its queen. It seems to be somehow programmed so that, at least at the two levels of play I've tried it on, it loses its queen in this opening. It is like watching a Greek tragedy. I was so amazed that I called up a friend of mine who has a machine that you type into, and suggested that he try the same set of moves on his machine. He has just called me back to say that his machine also loses its queen. It seems to be genetic. Now I have got used to this and simply avoid playing the Morphy-exchange variation of the Ruy Lopez. I

Roxie Munro

find that, in any case—at least at "Tournament" level—I can usually beat my machine. The trick is not to make any obvious mistakes. If you do, it mops you up in short order. But if you keep your wits about you, it sooner or later makes some truly weird move. If you were playing a good human being in a tournament who made a move like this, you would think twice, on the ground that the guy might have seen something. But, at least at "Tournament" level, when the machine makes one of these potzerish moves it seems to have temporarily gone off its head. And I have got so fond of it that when it does this it makes me sort of sad. There are two higher levels where, as nearly as I can determine, it does manage to keep its queen intact in that Morphy-exchange variation. But it is so slow. If I can ever get myself to sit there watching it think for several hours, I will let you know how I make out.

• •

Looking at the Cathedral

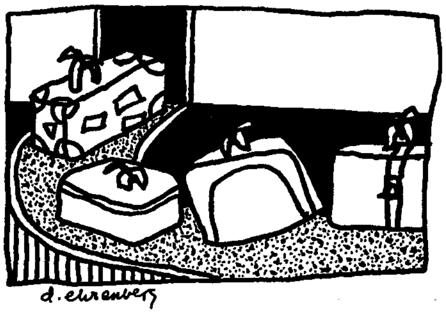
WHAT used to be a playing field at 113th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, just north of the Cathedral Church of Saint John the Divine, now looks convincingly like a working stoneyard. Seven hundred planed, carved, and finished pieces of limestone masonry have been numbered and stacked near the north wall of the cathedral. They were moved there by a crane from the stoneyard's machine building, a block-long one-story steel shed. It's a short trip from the shed to the stacking area—less than a hundred yards—but each stone weighs several hundred pounds. This makes a crane useful. Inside the machine building, near the frame saw, there stands a mockup—ten stones in all, including weathered sills, bases for columns, a pier-stone-and-column-base combination, and a parapet stone with blank tracery—of a small portion of the Tower of Saint Paul. Twenty-three thousand five hundred stones from now, all the pieces of the Towers of Saint Paul and Saint Peter will be cut, numbered, and stacked in the stoneyard, ready to be set in their designated places in the sky. Construction of the cathedral began in 1892, halted in 1911, resumed in 1916, halted in 1941, and resumed again sixteen months ago. The Towers of Saint Paul and Saint Peter will someday rise a hundred and fifty-three feet above the existing roofline cornice at the west end of the cathedral, which is at a height of a hundred and thirty-nine feet. Someday. No one at the stoneyard would really care to predict when this might take place; it's not the sort of thought that a cathedral builder dwells upon.

The man best qualified but least inclined to consider the question is James Bambridge, the master builder of the cathedral. Early one recent morning, we went to the cathedral to visit Mr. Bambridge, whom we hadn't seen since the stoneyard was officially dedicated, on the first day of summer last year. In the meantime, he has been commuting between New York and his home in England. He lives in Dorset, near Somerset, where since 1977 he has supervised the restoration of masonry on the west end of Wells Cathedral. As a rule, he spends two weeks in New York every two months. When Mr. Bambridge is in England, Christopher Hannaway, the master mason, supervises the eight apprentice stonecutters and the two sawyers who work in the stoneyard. On this particular morning, Mr. Hannaway was on vacation, and, inside the stoneyard office, Mr. Bambridge was talking business with Alan Bird, a young mason from Somerset who spent thirteen years at Wells and recently began working at Saint John the Divine, where he hopes to spend the rest of his life.

Introducing himself, Mr. Bird said, "I'm assistant to Chris Hannaway, assistant to James Bambridge, stonecutter, mold cutter, setter-out, and general dogsbody."

"If I'm not here, he can run the show," said Mr. Bambridge.

We toured the premises. The planing machine and two circular-blade saws were all manned and operating. The frame saw, a red-yellow-and-blue monster with a blade almost eight feet long, worked steadily through a three-ton block of Indiana limestone. Two parallel steel arms descending from overhead and attached to the ends of the blade moved like the tie-rods of a slow-moving locomotive. A constant stream of water was aimed at the blade, and a gray limestone slurry washed over the floor toward a drain. The frame saw labored alone, without supervision.



"It's a silent slave," said Mr. Bambridge. "Right now, it's cutting about ten or twelve inches per hour. It just carries on, and when it has cut through this stone it will turn itself off."

An architect's sketch of the Tower of Saint Paul was perched on a nearby easel. Mr. Bambridge pointed out the section of the tower that is now being fabricated. His description was filled with terms of art—gablets, mullions, colonnettes, quoins, and springing lines. As master builder, he has the task of producing a separate working drawing, known as a job ticket, for every stone that must be cut. A bed mold—a pattern that corresponds to the shape and dimensions of the stone—is then cut from a sheet of zinc. With the aid of the bed mold and the job ticket, an experienced stonecutter should be able to look at a raw limestone slab and envision it as a carved, finished piece of masonry. Mr. Bambridge, who began his apprenticeship shortly after the Second World War, and who is now fifty-two years old, is able to look at a random finished stone sitting in the machine building and envision its exact spot in one of the cathedral towers.

Most of the apprentices spend their days now in an annex to the main machine room, where there are seven workbenches, or bankers, for carving individual stones. They employ a poetic assortment of hand implements: boasters, drafting chisels, quirks, bullnose tools, crank tools, squares, sinking squares, shift stocks, compasses, and trammels. The most impressive is a wooden mallet that looks like a medieval blackjack. The mallet head is made of hickory or beech or apple and shaped like a large plastic margarine tub. At one of the bankers, Timothy Smith used a mallet while boasting a sill stone—Job Ticket No. WBA29. He had already spent a week carving the stone, and this was the day he would complete it. To boast is to indent the entire surface of a stone with faint chisel marks, fixing it with the mason's imprimatur and giving it texture. "It's a very old tradition," Timothy Smith said. "They don't

"Let's just sit here while Edgar scrounges around for a conversation piece."

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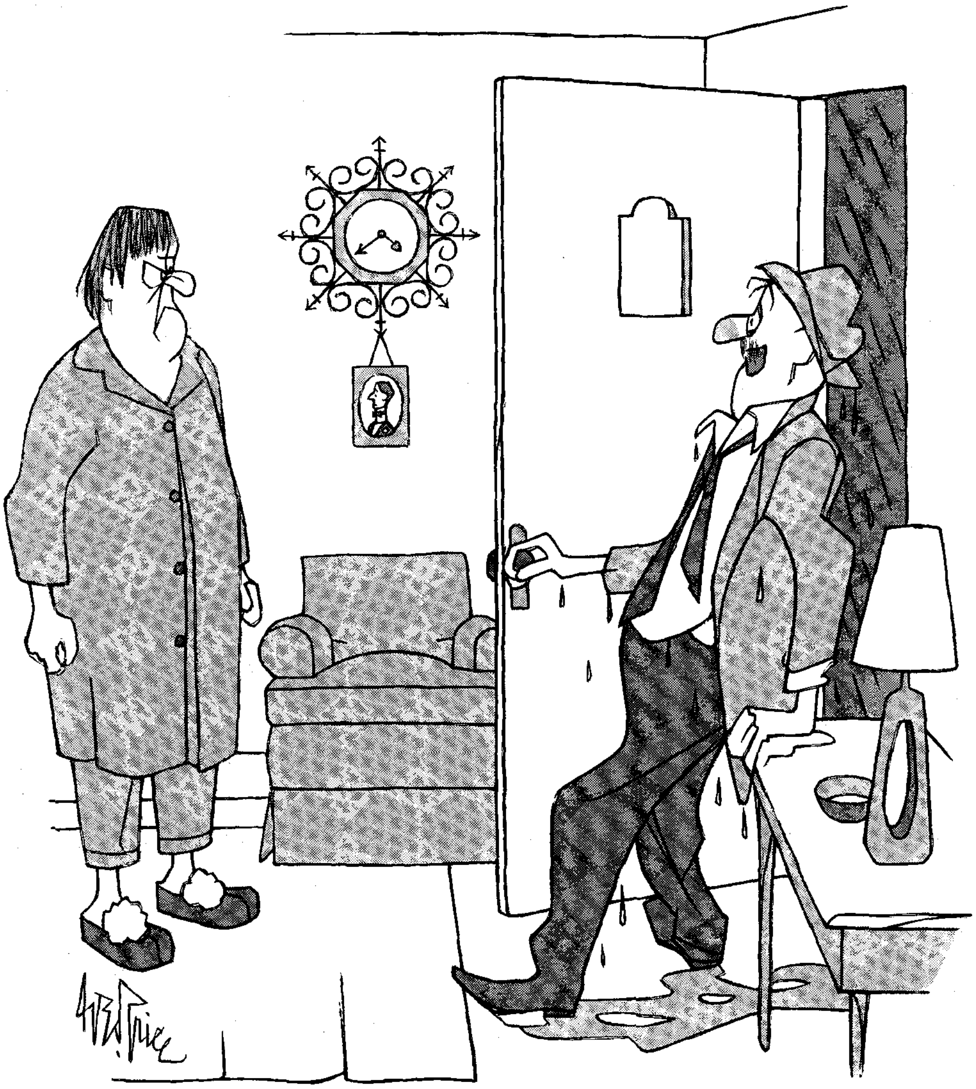
hover over us while we boast. We guide ourselves. We're supposed to leave our own marks of distinction."

At the opposite end of the annex, Jose Tapia had a wooden mallet in his hand and was nearing the final stages of transforming a one-ton cube of limestone into a section of a windowsill and column base. His job ticket, No. SA23, said, "Base as bed mould, skeleton section, true base section and reverses." As he worked, Jose Tapia told us that he started out as a bricklayer when he was sixteen years old and that he began his stonemason apprenticeship last year, when he was twenty. The first windowsill-and-column-base stone that he tried took him three weeks, and he guessed that his present stone, which was identical, could be done in two and a half. Mr. Bambridge had already told us that Jose Tapia happens to be one of the more adept carvers in the stoneyard. Jose Tapia now said that he could possibly work even faster—that he could finish a windowsill and column base in, say, two weeks—but that doing so would mean that he would have to spend less time looking at the cathedral. It seems that regularly, almost ritually, he circumnavigates the building and passes through the interior. Along the way, he pauses frequently to focus his attention upon individual stones; he wonders who carved and boasted them, and he thinks about how they got where they are.

Music

RUDY, a middle-aged messenger of our acquaintance, has told us about his musical career:

I got started musically because I was sick and tired of all the honking and noise in the street. You walk around all day like I do, you got yourself a migraine by 10 A.M. So I decided to counteract all the racket and strike back, and I started making my own music as I went around. I usually have one free hand. I started with one of those little white plastic coffee spoons, and I'd whack stuff as I went by. Originally, sides of trucks, fire hydrants—things like that. I broke my first spoon on a yellow Ryder. Then I got and used a Flair pen. But when I went for a big note the top fell off, so I switched to a seventy-nine-cent ball-point, without a top. It works fine; if my musical taste changes, I'll move up to something else. Currently, the music I play is one of two kinds: the simple plink-a-plink-a-plonk, where you hit everything you see as you walk along and you see if you like it, and the other kind, which is where you start with something like, say, an awning frame, or the metal alongside the plate-glass window of a coffee shop. Ping! You got your first note. Then I select some song or tune that comes to mind, like "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise," and I see if I can pick up the next note somewhere down the block. You have to keep the song firmly in mind. If you don't cheat, it might take twenty blocks. I usually give up, but it's a challenge. I once got all the way to the last "baby" before "now" in "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby," but I was in a very good area—lots of garbage cans. Some areas are lousy, like Fifth Avenue. You're very restricted—to hydrants, signs. No garbage cans. You have to know what you're doing—like there are two different kinds of "No Parking" signposts. There is your basic round one, which is hollow, and then you got your solid post, which is basically bent metal with holes in it. Now, these two types make an altogether different note. You learn these things. A nice big mailbox will give you a tremendous bass note, you probably think. It depends. Hit it at the bottom, you'll get a bass note, but hit it at the top, you'll get a *tink*. A street light will give you a tink, too. For resonance, go for a bus-stop sign, but give it a belt. If it's loose, you got something. Clang! You can get a nice arpeggio off a wire trash basket; concrete ones give nothing. The metal bars in those gratings in the sidewalk that make you sick when you look down and it's a thirty-foot drop under there? You can get music from them, but people are going to stare at you. Sometimes it's better to do without. A store that's closed and has a metal fence over it is good, especially if you do it at a dead run. *Brnnnnng!* The best time I ever had was a truck carrying bottled water. High, sweet notes. I just stood there about ten minutes and improvised.



"*Ah! The eye of the storm, I presume.*"

Work

THE work of Mme. Alix Grès, couturière of Paris, has continued for some time. Her house bore the name of Alix until the period of the German occupation of Paris, when, in circumstances that Mme. Grès describes as serious and dangerous, she left that house and that name and the backers of that house and name, and set out again as Mme. Grès. To complicate the issue of name a little more, it should be noted that Mme. Grès is known in comfortable conversation as Mademoiselle to those who work most closely with her. Mme. Grès is a small woman, like a small star: a discrete source of pure white light, powerful and distant, however close you come. There can be no question of boredom or fatigue as far as Mme. Grès is concerned, but still there are many things in which she is not interested. She has no interest in those capes so circular they looked as though they had been cut from a great round of fabric, which were designed by her in 1947; she has no interest in the lamé coat with hip ruff she designed in 1937 or the fluid oyster-shell-colored wool jersey dress she showed later that year. We know because we brought these things up. We said, "The year 1937 was an extraordinary year for you," and so forth, and Mme. Grès looked up in the nicest way, as though to say, "The grass is green, the sun is so strong; what do I know?"

Her great friend and associate Count Jean-Vincent de Saint-Phalle was explicit: "For Mme. Grès, all that is *terminé*."

Mme. Grès nodded sweetly.

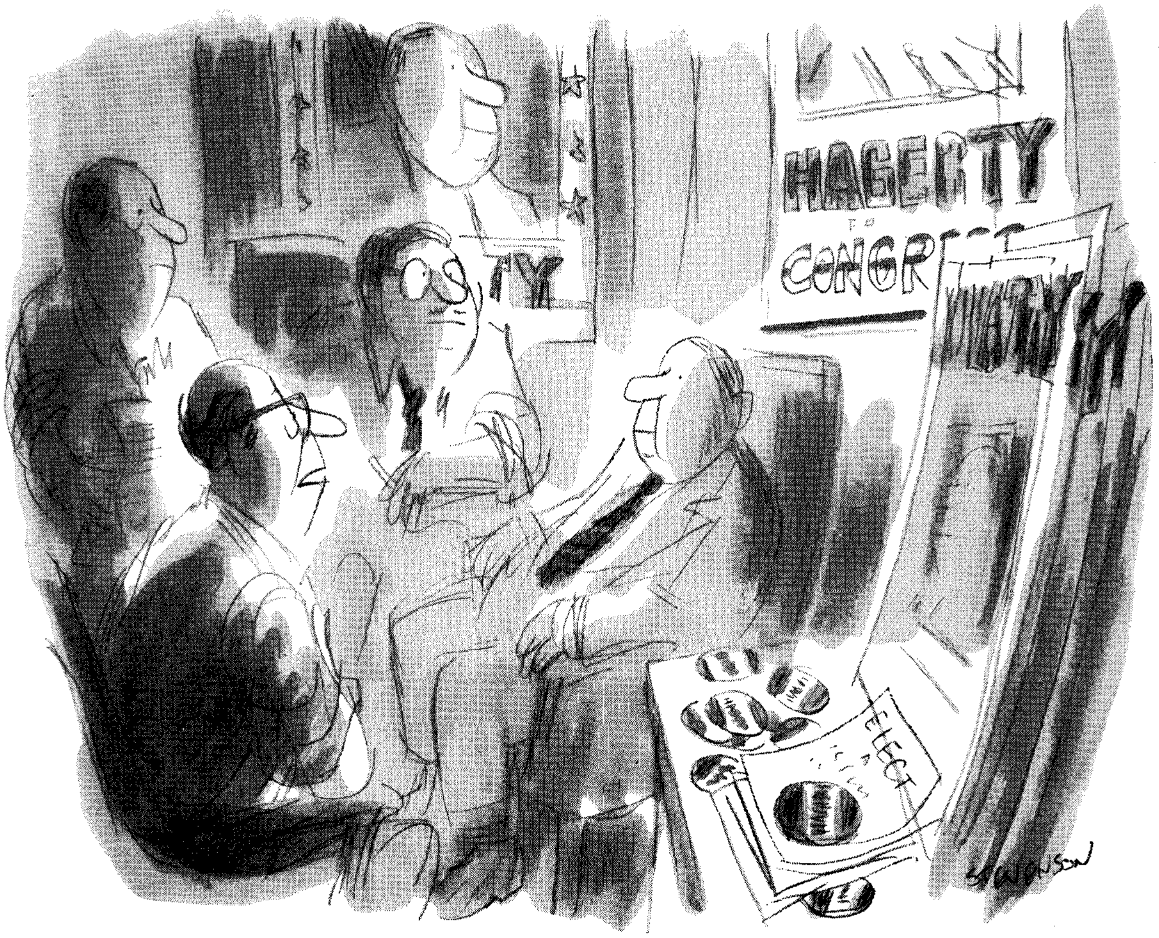
The daughter of Mme. Grès, Mlle. Anne Grès, said, "It is not possible for her to remember what she did last year."

Mme. Grès nodded.

The Count de Saint-Phalle said, "For her, it is *terminé, fini*."

Mme. Grès, who speaks no English, said, "*Oui, terminé*." She turned her attention to a piece of cheese on a plate before her. She was eating lunch at the house of Mrs. Robert McKinney. Mrs. McKinney is the president of the Musicians Emergency Fund. The Musicians Emergency Fund holds, each year, a benefit at which is shown the current collection of Mme. Grès—the collection that comprises those clothes at which Mme. Grès has been most recently at work, those clothes which she has not yet forgotten.

The Count de Saint-Phalle said, "But, sadly, though Madame forgets, others do not." This was a reference to other dressmakers, who use to profitable



"Would you consider just a little bit of demagoguery?"

effect the motifs of drapery and easy form which have been associated with Mme. Grès's work.

Mme. Grès sighed. Her sigh said, "The grass is green; nothing can be done."

"But now, you see," the Count de Saint-Phalle continued, "we will have our own *prêt-à-porter*, so that Madame will have some of the benefits."

Mme. Grès said, in French, that she thought the cheese before her was very remarkable cheese.

"We will have twenty-eight exclusive dress shops in Japan and others elsewhere," the Count de Saint-Phalle said. "But Madame has to modify her manner of work somewhat, which she has consented to do."

We asked Mme. Grès if it would be difficult to work for many people, when she had grown used, over so long a period, to working for a very few.

Mme. Grès said, "To work is to work."

Mme. Grès was dressed in a pleated plaid skirt, but she didn't know the tartan. She wore a short wool jacket with narrow lapels, rings containing large semiprecious stones, and a small watch with two dials, showing the time in Paris and in New York. Diana Vreeland says she has the best address in Paris. It is No. 1 Rue de la Paix.

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Unaffiliated

AT the Thirty-sixth Annual Chinese-American Invitational Volleyball Tournament, in Columbus Park, in Chinatown, there were people all over the place. There were people sitting in small grandstands, people sitting in the hoops up on the basketball poles, people standing on top of the high, spiked iron fence running around the park, people going back to their apartments for stools and boxes and tables to stand on. Everybody was speaking Chinese. An old man with long white hair and with a scarf knotted around his neck was making remarks that drew loud laughs from the people standing near him. And he *was* very funny; we laughed, too, and we don't speak Chinese. Then a woman from the San Francisco women's volleyball team walked by. Her team had just won a tough point, and a game. She slapped two of her teammates on the back and said, "Way to generate an offense, you guys!"

During the match for the championship in the women's division, one of the players hurt her ankle. She lay on the pavement and cried. All the players from both teams surrounded her. Then each of the players from both teams brought her something. One brought her an equipment bag for a pillow. One brought her a wet towel. One brought her an ice bag for her ankle. One brought her a can of Lipton Iced Tea. About twelve people brought her their warmup jackets.

The tournament was not sponsored by Pepsi-Cola. Wilson Sporting Goods Company did not provide free nets and volleyballs. The headbands that several of the players wore were innocent of the name of Kirin Beer or Tuborg Beer or Asahi Lager Beer. The handsome uniforms were unadorned with the trademark of the Adidas company. The water bottles that each team's manager brought onto the court to refresh the players during time-outs were not courtesy of Perrier. The officials did not wear hats that said "Holiday Inn—Chosen #1 in People Pleasin'." Neither McDonald's nor Burger King was involved in the tournament in any way. The tournament was not made possible by a grant from the Chubb Corporation. The Chinese food on paper plates which the spectators passed around in the stands was not purchased with funding. The chartered buses that brought teams from Boston, Toronto, Montreal, and Washington, D.C., were not paid for by the John Simon Guggenheim Foundation.

THE RIDDLE OF MATTHEW ARNOLD

MATTHEW ARNOLD was not what he seemed. In the evenings after dinner he went down in the cellar to his workshop. And there he hammered and sawed, hammered and sawed, well into the early morning. He made all kinds of things—once he made a hammock for his wife, once a toy cabinet for his kids. "I want you to be happy," he would tell them.

But the life of this determined little family was darkened by a certain event which took place toward the close of their first year at Bursley. Helping Patty and Brian onto a school bus, the Arnolds were met by a blast of rude catcalls.

> We had just gotten onto the bus. Ida, my wife, had our youngest, Patty, by the hand; Brian was in front of me. Suddenly it seemed all Hell had broken loose. They . . . threw all kinds of fruit and other débris in our faces, and called out the most horrible names—"You dumbbell!" and the like. Some of them even left their seats along the sides of the bus and rushed down the aisles. I seem to remember one small girl, prancing immodestly. We . . . got down out of the bus.—*Matthew Arnold, "Early Years."*

Frightened and dismayed by the apparently gratuitous hostility, the Arnold couple thought long and hard about their future, and the future of all poets, in a barbarous world. Arnold offered to give up poetry for good. "I may be able to get work teaching," he reasoned, "or in industry." But his wife, Ida, hated to see him take such a step, for she knew that poetry was both his "father and my child" ("Early Years").

Then, life settled down. Ida joined the Parents' Council, and, to the Arnolds' great delight, Brian became the co-editor of a literary magazine at school, called *Icarus*. Some friends arranged for their removal to a larger house, this time on the banks of the Trent, and yet still close enough that the children did not have to change schools.

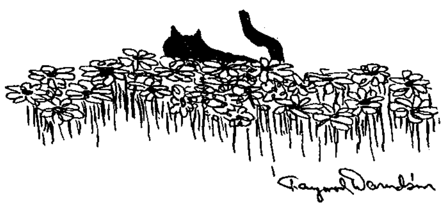
Arnold's work from this period is characterized by a brooding calm, as if he feared to trust the present, in appearance so sunny—as if some danger lay around the next corner for his family. Poems from this time include "The Rape of the Nereid" and the haunting "El Paso Afternoon."

Less than ten months after the school-bus incident—that is, in April of 1914—Ida was knocked over in the street. A beggar boy ran into the dry-goods store to alert Matthew Arnold, but by the time he had hurried to Ida's side, she had already been put to rights by the vegetable man. Arnold described, in a letter to Babs Cunningham, his impressions of those terrible moments, and their surprising sequel.

> [I] was waiting for my change when I heard the shouts. I glanced out carelessly, never dreaming—I was in fact turning over some poetic questions in my mind (you used to say even my red ears were poetic) when I had a glimpse of her pale hair. Mercifully, all that remains for me of those few moments is a nightmarish blur, until I had her seated on some straw, her back against a vegetable cart. Babs, you know Ida—if you could have seen how her head rolled from side to side. A terribly officious little man, a stranger (who had actually probably saved Ida's life, though I didn't know that then), was bobbing around us, keeping back the crowd, patting Ida's hand (happily she was not conscious of this).
>
> Babs, I am so tired. I'm afraid I shall have to call it quits, for today at least. Keep the letters coming, you know how they cheer us up. Meantime, come and see us. M.A.

The outcome of the strange meeting here described, the identity of Arnold's "officious little man" are stories too well known to be gone into here. As Ida herself put it, "From that day on, Eddie was like a guardian angel, or like the old father we had wanted, and never had" ("My Life in Art").

THEN, war. Though in no direct danger themselves, yet the Matthew Arnolds had many friends and loved ones at the front—among these, some of Arnold's colleagues from his journalist days, old nursing friends of Ida's, and, what is little known, that branch of the family which had clung to a farming tradition in the Polish Corridor. From March to December of that year—that is, the weeks prior to the Armory Show—was a most trying time for the poet and his family. Reports came in from everywhere—famine in the Urals, fascism cropping up in the Jura like an ugly spotted mushroom, and, of course, the loss of a cherished next-door neighbor, who had sailed hopefully on the Titanic. The poet finally expressed some of these feelings in a letter dated August 1st: "*We can do nothing now but wait,* Charlene. The time of quick solutions or that devil-may-care attitude is over."



It was at about this time that Matthew Arnold's humanitarian essay on the Boche first appeared, demonstrating once and for all his mastery of the journalist's craft.

> ### Our "Enemy," the Boche
>
> Picture this scene. It is 1900, the Tyrol. High peaks brood over the flimsy human towns that nestle trustingly on the rude rock. Here and there on the green meadows, flocks of sheep roam like clouds. The dwellers are not a coddled people; scathing winters, high altitudes, and rockslides have given them a primitive but dignified religious awe.
>
> For these are a mountain people, adapted by time and necessity to the rigors of thin air and the isolation. These mountains are their home. But their allegiance is to Germany, too—perhaps some of them have a cousin Klaus or an Annemarie out on the plains or in the forests! These are not a people to abandon the nation, just because the going gets a little rough.
>
> From just such settings as this comes the blond, dreaded German soldier. He is no beast! And then, too, are we to judge this boy because his language sounds to us like a harsh barking? I don't think so. He wants to win, or—let's admit it—he wants to beat us. But, we would like to beat him, too. So let's not stir up trouble, please, by breathing hateful tales about him, by throwing out our amusing trick bottle corks carved in the Black Forest. Remember that after the War we may want to visit Germany. We might like to show our children Weimar, where Goethe lived. It would be a pity if we closed these doors forever, just because of wartime insolence. . . .
>
> *Britons! Come! Let us see the German* as he is—a blond, sincere youth, who deserves, if not our good will, then at least Understanding, of which—look into your hearts—the Modern World cannot get too much!—*Tatler, September.*

There was little relief in the months to come for this weary family. Patty, who was seven years old at this time, caught the lazy eye and had to be put in the hospital. Ida went to see her every day—a distance of four miles, which, however, involved three separate tram lines.

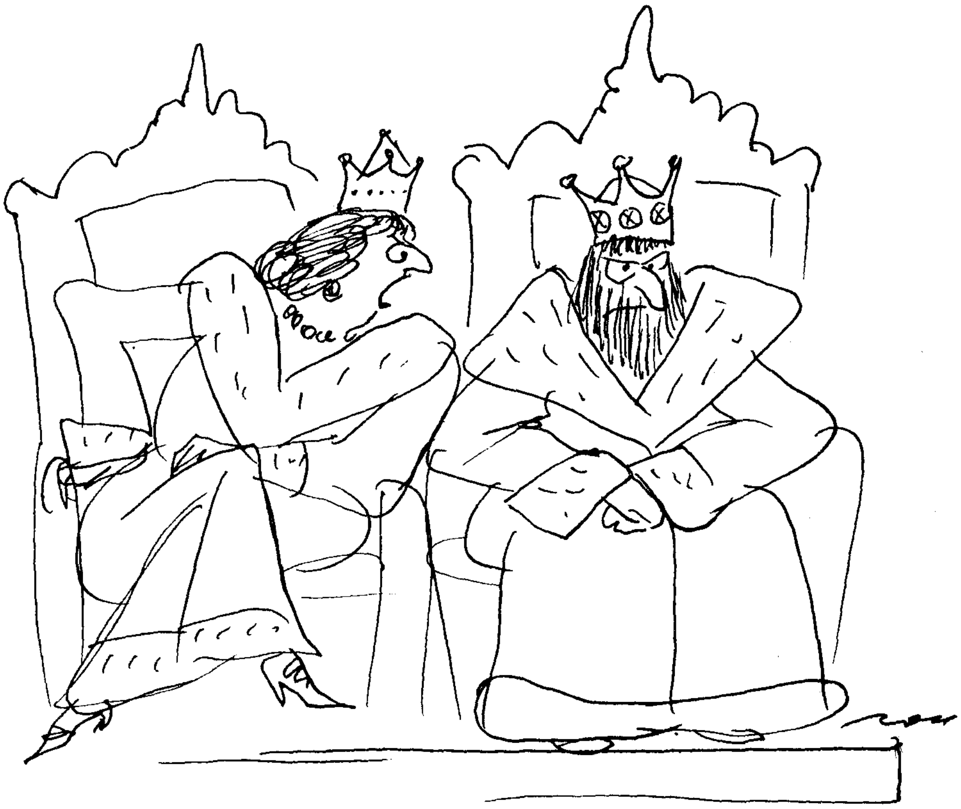
Arnold was a regular contributor to the *New World Spectator* during this period, just as Klimsky, Kroons, and Sheffield were making their débuts in its pages. Arnold did not mix with them.

> They seem to me to be a group of mad young men—neither Classic nor Roman-

> tic—who, like the flock of sheep in the fable, rush on the barnyard and overturn even the crib which contains their own food. As young men, they are sincere, they believe they are honest, and yet one trembles; for they seek to tear down, and not to build up afterwards.

For this and other reasons, Arnold did not go to the office, but worked beside his own hearth, sending in his critical articles by parcel post under the code name Mr. Valera Parnell, which was perhaps the greatest mistake of his life.

Some commentators have remarked that Mr. Arnold never was able to explain his motives in this. They pooh-pooh the "I.R.A. Consideration" theory—namely, that Arnold aimed to mystify the British authorities and attract an investigation by the Postal Service, which could only prove a waste of time for them, and might "take the heat off" the actual Irish. Others think it may have been a joke between Arnold and his editor, a rabid Ulsterist. The psychoanalytic critics have, of course, their own peevish opinions. In our view, it is not the biographer's position to speak where his subject is silent.



"Why is it so damn important for you to be in the Yellow Pages?"

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IT is 1922. At last, for the weary poet, a vacation to Bermuda to celebrate the peace and, perhaps, the passing of that most dangerous year in the life of any poet, the thirty-second. Ida had hoped that they just might get away alone. But war-torn Britain was no place to leave two little children, and so it was decided that she should stay behind.

> The sea, deep home of many souls
> Yet you remain ever the same
> withal
> With the modest "pudeur" of a
> girl . . .

These lines, written in a hotel the night before his departure, evoke the excitement of a spirit, essentially lawless and vagabond, which longs to try itself after too much constraint.

Atlantic crossings of today can give little idea of the uncertainties of ship life in those times. For if the sea does not change, yet men change, and the headlong events that shape them. Arnold sailed September 12th on H.M.S. Lysander. The Lysander had a hundred and twenty pounds of ballast and an up-to-date inboard Rolls-Royce 1050.

> She is a pearl [wrote Arnold to Cornelia Hutchens]. We fly along and I must ask myself whether man was ever really meant to walk. For the wonders unfold themselves so smoothly on a ship—even seabirds envy us. Oh Cornelia, I feel—paradoxically—as if I were actually drawing nearer to all that is dear to me. Yet how can that be? For I have never set foot in the New World (do you think it is truly wild?) and I know not one of the tawny dwellers on the islands I am speeding toward! You'll say, "That boy . . ." But Cornelia, forgive me, for I *feel* it!
>
> Yours on shipboard,
> M.

The slow, almost sensual rhythm of life in that tropical place did much to refresh and revive him. To E. D. Withy:

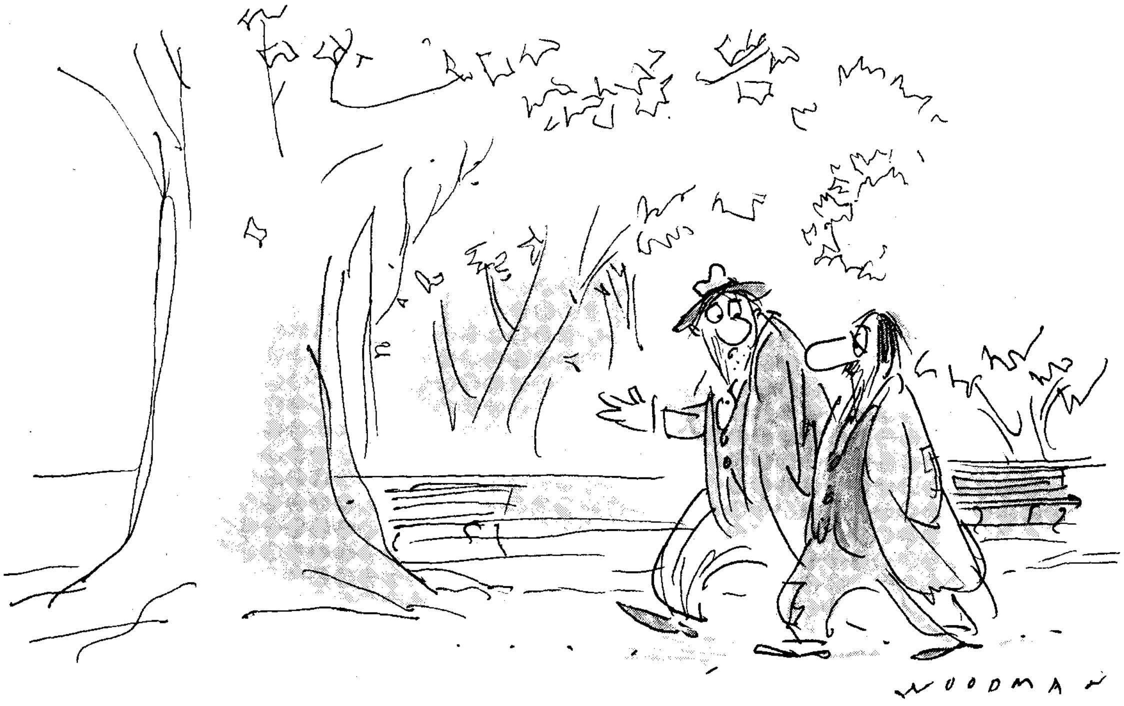
> I walked all day in the streets of this charming town. Everywhere you see the native people in their colorful dress, carrying baskets on their woolly heads, and see the smiles light up their dusky faces. We in Europe speak of the poverty of these regions, but if balmy weather and continuous sunshine, freedom from stuffy moral strictures, fresh fruit growing on every tree, cozy homes open to light and breeze—if this can be called poverty, we need more of it. Yes, I think many of our so-called reformers, whose high-mindedness robs them of the elementary feelings of the human, should witness what I have just witnessed: a lovely girl of thirteen or so with a baby on each hip, her body unfettered by any garment save a sort of nightgown, going to the market.
>
> I've had a cheery letter from Ida—she's as busy as a bee, of course. Patty and Brian are both well, though Brian is still fighting off his old demon—asthma. Well, I guess I'll close for now. Don't be too harsh on me.
>
> Yours,
> M. Arnold

On October 3rd, Arnold recrossed the Atlantic, this time on the fashionable Tecumseh. Here for the first time, amid actresses and beautiful socialites, well-to-do Texans and influential New Yorkers, Arnold savored the high life. They made much of him as a young poet, and there is even the apocryphal story of a fistfight between two svelte passengers, each of whom wanted "Mopsy" at his table.

> I have been Fortune's toy
> And the singing bird an emperor
> dreamed of.
> But my boyish heart
> Knows what it knows.

"I would be an exhausted man," remarked Arnold humorously in 1930, "if I'd said even 'Hello' to half the women who've worked me into their memoirs. Ha-ha." Let us sample one of those extravagant accounts.

> "Face it, girls," said Network one evening. "It's the end of an era. The war's



"What more can I tell you, pal? You've got your springs, your summers, your falls, and your winters. What more can I tell you?"

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> over—New York's off the map! Europe's the place to be now! Paris, Clichy, Vichy . . . Phew! That's where I'd go."
>
> I booked on the Tecumseh with a lot of other weary New Yorkers, anxious like me to escape another New York winter. Matthew Arnold was on board and everybody made a great fuss over him which is always the way with poets though I've never understood why. This one was less noticeable than most of them are, being small. He wore a corduroy suit. Nevertheless, his appearance was greeted with shouts.
>
> It seems to me that when we were introduced he just touched the visor of his cap a little bit, and looked at my shoes. But on our last day, as I was standing at the rail, he broke away from Josephine Baker, and he came to stand at my side. He took my hand and looking straight ahead of him he said, "Why? Why this heartbreaking cynicism, Diana?"—*Crimson Blackstone, "Give 'Em an Inch."*

But Life is not a game, my son.
The fig tree doesn't leave its roots
  there in the ground.

I was a family man, I did my best
to serve the land, the family,
  and the pen.
I voyaged to the hot, sweet
  regions.
I was tempted
And though I am a man
I hope that I may
yet deserve my Ida!
—*"A Christmas Prayer."*

ONE evening, Ida switched on the wireless. Suddenly the room was filled with the dark, melodious voice of Jean Cocteau, giving one of his famous descriptions of Colette.

> We lived near each other in Paris, France. . . . I could see her curtains. Cats, dogs. Colette had a lot of the shrewd peasant in her, mixed with the conscientious Olympian artist.

When the broadcast was finally over, the couple spoke of Paris, of how much they desired to go and see it for themselves. They spoke of the wide boulevards, the tapestries, the freedom of speech which they knew was the right of every citizen. It was pleasant to dream.

But both were astonished when, after a moment, Ida said, "Why not migrate?"

Like two newlyweds they laughed together and clasped hands. All evening and right into the night they packed, while Patty and Brian phoned for ferry reservations and for inexpensive family lodgings in the French capital. At quarter of nine, Matthew Arnold called Eddie, their guardian angel, to see if he wanted to go, too. The old man had been asleep.

"No, you go on ahead, though," he said. "Have a great trip. Now put the kids on so they can say goodbye to their old playmate. Put Patty on."

Patrice Arnold:

> Oh, yeah, I remember that telephone call. Papa and Mama was upset and I was supposed to talk to Eddie. . . . He says, "So you're goin' on a big boat?" And I says, "Yes, Eddie. We're goin' ta France." "Well, be a good little gal," he says, and I says, "I will, Eddie," and then he talks to my brother Brian.

Who knows? The trip across the Manche may have reminded Matthew Arnold of another ocean voyage not so very long before. Then he had been the petted ornament of high society. Perhaps he thought of it, perhaps not. But we do know that during his twenty years' sojourn in France, Arnold came at last into his full powers.

Honored by the presence of a real English poet, the admiring peasants in the *faubourg* did everything they could to ease his pecuniary and other cares.

> Not a day passes without some little attention from Monsieur Rigolade (the butcher), the Boyers (our neighbors), or the Widow Cauchemar. It's a basket of grapes one day, a box of handmade aprons the next. Yesterday, a luscious lobster Thermidor. Really, the peasants here couldn't be nicer. I'm only afraid we can never repay their kindness.

And in that same letter we have for the first time a clear statement of Arnold's conception of the artist's role.

> I'm thinking of trying my hand at a play—something on the theme of corruption. Don't waggle your finger at me, Eileen. I know you think that love is the sole province where a poet may speak his mind. But I've been thinking . . . as a poet, why turn my back on *any* figment of humanity? Are we not, all of us, the fragile forked creature? Were we not put here for some reason we can't imagine, and condemned to thrash around?
>
> Nay, Eileen, I shall write it! Bless me, dear, please.

—LYNN CARAGANIS

•

NEW CARS, TRUCKS LICENSED
IN BENTON COUNTY

> David John Wrage, Dysart, 1980 silver Ford Fairmont.
>
> Theresa C. Smith, Norway, 1980 blue Dodge Aspirin.—*Vinton (Iowa) Cedar Valley Times.*

That one's a lemon, Theresa.

AN UNSCHEDULED STOP

SUDDENLY, on a routine flight between Atlanta and Washington, D.C., a young woman who has been staring intently out of her window bursts into violent tears. No turbulence can have upset her—the air is clear and blue and calm—but in an instant her eyes clench shut, her hands fly up to cover her face, and her shoulders convulse in spasms.

She is seated near the front of the plane and the seat next to hers has not been taken. No one is aware of this outburst but the two men across the aisle from her. Because she is good-looking, in a dark, rather stylish way, these men have been observing her since she got on the plane with them in Atlanta; they like the somewhat old-fashioned smooth way her hair is knotted, although, good old Southern boys at heart, they are not so sure about the look on her face, what they could see of it, before she began to cry: wide-eyed and serious, she hardly smiled. One of those women too smart for their own good, they think.

The attention of the men has in fact been divided between the young woman and the landscape below, at which they, like her, have been intently peering: pinewoods, mostly; some exposed red clay, along winding white highways; a brown river; red fall leaves. Just before the woman began to cry, one of the men observed to the other, "Say, aren't we passing over Hilton right about now?"

"Sure looks like it. Yep, I bet you're right."

At that moment the woman's tears begin, and after a startled minute or two they start to whisper. "Say, whatever's eating her, do you reckon?" one of them asks.

"Haven't got the foggiest notion, she sure don't look drunk. Maybe some kind of a drug she took."

THE young woman, Claire Williston, who is not on drugs, or drunk, has been deeply mortified by those tears, which came on her like a fit, a seizure. Generally she is a disciplined person; she behaves well, even under emotional stress. She does not make scenes, does not cry in public, and rarely cries alone. *Maudlin*, she is censoriously thinking, and, How could I have done this to myself? How could I take a flight that would go right over Hilton?

Vague about the specifics of geography, she had simply not realized what any map could have told her: flying from Atlanta to Washington of course you go right over Hilton, the small mid-Southern town where Claire was born and lived for the years until she went away to school up North. To which, except for one fatal summer and her father's funeral, she has not been back for years, and where, as she sees it, she cannot ever now go back. But here she is, directly overhead.

At last, gaining some control over the tears, she continues silently to castigate herself: for not having thought through the implications, geographic and otherwise, of flying all over the South except to Hilton. It is precisely the sort of "unconscious" mistake that people who pride themselves on rationality, on control, are most prone to make, she tells herself; it is how they do themselves in, finally.

In a professional way her own life is indeed rational, is even a moderate success. Based in San Francisco, she is the West Coast editor of a national magazine; she likes the work, and is paid fairly well. (A less successful side of her life, containing the unconscious mistakes of which she accuses herself, has to do with intemperate love affairs, occasional poor judgment as to friends. Flying right over the place you don't want to see or think about.) This is the last leg of a fact-finding trip in which she has thought in an abstract way about "the South," or "the new South," and has not thought about Hilton, or her on-the-whole painful upbringing there, or the searing love affair which took place on that last summer visit. Now, as a treat, she is on her way to see Susan, an old friend in Washington; she has filled a notebook with observations for the article she will write, but she has reserved some lighter conversational notes for Susan: her fantasy that all the food in New Orleans comes from a single subterranean kitchen with a gigantic black vat of béchamel; her dislike of the self-conscious, daily-manicured prettiness of Charleston; her encounter with the awful loudmouthed racist (*still*) cabdriver in Atlanta: "On Fridays, once they's had they lunch, they's no holding them till midnight, with they singing and they dancing and they razor fights." It was Susan who occupied her thoughts, until the land below began to look so overwhelmingly familiar, and she heard the man across from her: "Say, aren't we passing over Hilton?"

At this altitude actual landmarks are impossible to recognize, but as she continues to look down, Claire feels the most power-

City Slicker

ful pull toward that land, as if there were some special gravity into whose range she has flown. And then a remarkable event occurs; over the loudspeaker comes this announcement: "Well, folks, we're going to be making a little unscheduled stopover right about now. Be landing down at Raleigh-Durham for a little adjustment in the oil-filter system. Won't take no more'n a minute."

Dear God, I do not deserve this, Claire thinks, and at the same time, crazily, she wonders if the plane has been compelled by the same pull that she felt, like an event in science fiction. Dabbing at her face, making a few cosmetic repairs (at which the men across from her sigh with relief: when a woman can tend to her face, she's pretty much all right, they think), she watches as the descending plane approaches the familiar pine-lined, long gray grass field. It bumps down; a few passengers applaud. The plane moves toward the bright beige terminal building.

Passengers get up and move along the aisle, murmuring to each other that they might as well get some air, maybe coffee; the men across from Claire, with a short glance at her, go out with new just-unwrapped cigars in their hands. She remains fixed in her seat; she watches as almost everyone else leaves, and then she turns to the window again. No longer crying, she has just realized that she is deeply afraid to go into the terminal; she might see someone she knows, or once knew. Maybe even Spencer Goddard, that summer's fatal lover, still living in nearby Hilton, presumably with his wife.

She looks toward the pinewoods, the lacing of bright fall leaves, and she thinks of something else that she will say to Susan, describing this last leg of her trip, her South revisited: "Seeing those woods made me actually burst into tears," she will say. "But you know how I always loved the woods down there. When I was a kid there I spent all my time outdoors."

Or maybe she won't tell anyone, ever, about crying in that awful way, at the sight of familiar woods.

THE great thing about the woods, from a child's point of view, was that parents almost never came along; the woods were quite safe then, and there was a lot to do: you could dam up streams or build tepees, wade in the creek or swing on the heavy grapevines, or just run—race through dead leaves and overgrown corn furrows, in the smells of pine and dirt and sun.

Later, of course, the woods took on other meanings; they offered romantic shelter and privacy for kissing, touching—whatever forms early love took. Although actually (or so Claire thought) there was always something inherently sexual in that landscape: the lushness of it all, the white overflowing waterfalls and dense green caves of honeysuckle vines—and, in the fall, crimson leaves as bright as blood. The hiding and kissing, those heats and fears of love all came early for Claire, but for many years, all the years of her true childhood, she was busy with dams and Indian huts, with swinging out into the sky, wading and trying not to fall into the creek.

One afternoon, when she must have been five or six, a small dark skinny child, Claire did fall into the creek; she fell right off a log on which she and some other children had all been crossing to the other side—off, splash, into the water. Not hurt, she stood up, soaking wet, her pink dress streaked with brown. The other children, all older than Claire, began to point and laugh at her, and she laughed, too, enjoying all the attention and the drama. "Oh, my mother will kill me!" she cried out, as the other kids went on laughing. And then one by one, accidentally on purpose, they all fell in, and stood around in their soaking wet clothes, in the hot, hot sun. It was a wonderful day, until it was time to go home, and then Claire began to get scared. Of course no one would kill her, but they would be very mad. Her mother, Isabel, would look at her and yell, because Claire was so careless, and her father, Bayard, might do almost anything, depending on how drunk he was; he might even yell at her mother for yelling at Claire, and hug Claire, but in a way that hurt. The only safe grownup person was Lobelia, the maid, but there was no way to make sure of seeing Lobelia first, and Claire approached her parents' large stone hilltop house, cold and heavy with fear.

There were five or six cars in the driveway, and then she remembered that they were having a party: good, she could go right into the kitchen, to Lobelia, and with luck they might forget all about her; she could sneak some food up the backstairs to her room, some ham and beaten biscuits, whatever.

But there right in the middle of the kitchen, of all places for her to be was Claire's mother, with her head of wild red hair that everyone talked

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REVIVALS OF "TRISTAN"

The loving cup was poisoned.
How is it that I knew?
Its drinkers before long—
Flagstad and Melchior,
Or Fremstad and whoever,
Couple after couple
Drawn by the horseshoe magnet—
Lay quenched on the stage floor.
Small hands ached from applauding
A residue of song,
High pearly C's not wholly
Dissolved in that strong brew.

An old print: La Fenice
(The house burnt and rebuilt)
From center stage appears
Like some great bird—stalls each a
Copperplated feather;
Aisle a proud neck; the boxes
Blazing with glass and gilt,
An outspread tail in tiers.
No "gods," no mortals—only
Those bright blank quizzing tracers
Anticipation aims
At the rekindled pair

For whom aigrette and shako
Climb tonight's torchlit stair,
To fan whose flames the posters
Torn off like Tristan's bandage
In his delirium
Are pasted with fresh names.
Soon throughout Western Europe
Until the First World War
In every garret room
A highly motivated
Young would-be Isolde
Takes up the fatal score.

I wanted the cup golder,
Emptier, a grail
Quite plain within. Whoever
Lifted it would quail;
The fires of that iris
Focus and draw him down.
He now becomes *its* pupil.
I thirsted for the moment
When a parched gold abyss
Upheld amid the din
Swallows the human image
And huge wings clap in bliss.

—James Merrill

• •

"Say, I like this stuff."

• •

about (saying, "Too bad Claire didn't get your hair, Isabel honey"). She was laughing and telling Lobelia something that some new guests had said about her beaten biscuits, so that Lobelia was smiling, very happy. And Isabel had never looked so beautiful, blue eyes and white teeth flashing, wearing a yellow dress, something floating.

Claire's father, Bayard, must have thought she was beautiful, too; coming into the kitchen at just that moment, he stared at Isabel, and then a great smile broke across his red, usually melancholy face, and he went over and kissed her on the neck—a thing that Claire had never seen him do before.

Isabel must also have been surprised. 'Well really, Bayard," she said, in her rrevocably Bostonian voice, frowning a little but very pleased.

And no one scolded Claire for her lirty dress, making it a most unusual evening for all of them. Claire took ome chicken and biscuits up to her room, with the vague thought that naybe from now on her whole life vould be patterned after this exraordinary day: happy hours of attenion from the older kids, and smiles nd kisses and happy getting-along-vell parents at home.

Naturally enough, things did not continue in quite that way. Sometimes the older kids were nice to Claire and sometimes not, and most of the time Isabel and Bayard got along as badly as ever, and they drank, and drank.

And, like many couples whose mainstay is sheer rage, they kept on being married. Flamboyant Isabel had a couple of flagrant affairs (Claire gathered this from local gossip, later); they separated, reconciled; they both threatened suicide and got drunk together, instead.

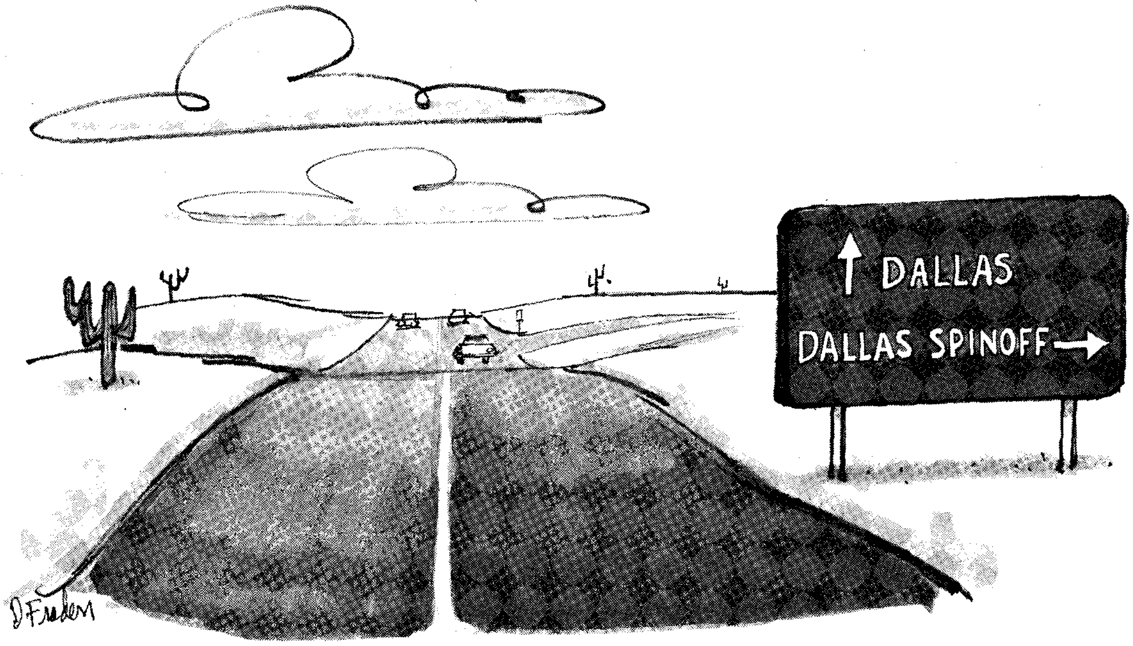
LATER, Claire escaped to a college in New England, where she was for the most part extremely happy: new friends, a turbulent emotional life, with boys—and no parents. She kept vacations at home to a minimum; often visiting New York or New England friends, instead.

And then, having graduated, she further escaped, to San Francisco, to the first of a series of impressive jobs (impressive to her friends; Isabel and Bayard always seemed a little vague as to what it was, exactly, that she did). But, writing letters back and forth, they got along quite well, Claire and her parents. Better than ever.

Which led to one of her more conspicuous errors in judgment: one June, having been told that her parents were going to Greece for a month, on an impulse Claire wrote and asked if (maybe, possibly) she could have—even rent—the house for that period; she was between jobs and had four weeks' vacation coming. She hadn't been home for so long, and she would really like to see them. Getting no answer at all to her letter, she was—well, hurt. And, characteristically, she castigated herself for that silly pain. How could she possibly, after a lifetime of evidence to the contrary, believe that her parents would behave in an ordinary "parental" way, would want to see her and maybe lend her a house?

However, at the very last minute—the week before they were to leave for Greece—Isabel wrote and said of course she could stay in the house; in fact, it would be quite helpful, since the latest maid had just quit; she was only sorry that their timing now worked out so that she and Bayard could not be there when Claire was, not even for a couple of days.

And so Claire rushed about getting tickets, packing—rushed back to Hilton and into love with Spencer Goddard, an impossible man, a local doctor, an allergist, whose wife and



children were spending the summer in Vermont. And she fell in love despite several of Claire's private rules: against affairs with men who were married, with doctors, and especially with Southern men, to whom she was not usually drawn (an unreliable lot, in regard to women, as she perfectly well knew). She later excused this lapse by concluding that it was not so much Spencer she had fallen in love with as it was the countryside, the land around Hilton. And that was very likely true.

The house itself was a little depressing that summer: floors long unpolished, certain necessary repairs not made to the tiles on the bathroom floors, the pantry shelves. There was even a smashed pane of glass in the sideboard, where the china and glassware were kept. The absence of a maid could explain some of this, or maybe Bayard and Isabel were drinking even more than usual? Claire was not much bothered by the state of the house, however; once she had fallen in love with Spencer Goddard she paid little attention to anything else.

They met at a party that someone gave for Claire the first week she was back in Hilton (gave out of sheer curiosity, she believed). Spencer was tall and lean, his blond hair almost gray, maybe twenty years older than Claire. Within ten minutes of their meeting he told her that he couldn't keep his eyes off her, that something about her face was haunting—if he never saw her again he would never forget her face. (Claire to Susan, later: "Only a submoron would fall for a man who came on like that.") And the next morning he was at her door with roses, saying that this was the most beautiful day, so far, that summer; wouldn't she come for a walk?

They walked down the white dirt road that led from her house to the woods, and turned off on the path that led to the waterfall and the small meadow of broomstraw, where the children used to build Indian huts.

The waterfall tumbled, still, from a flat ledge of slick black rock, between two densely rooted giant pines, down to an almost perfectly circular pool, dark and deep and always cold. Sometimes there were wild anemones in the crevices between the surrounding rocks, and below the pool the brook ran on through wild tangles of flowering honeysuckle vines—where, naturally enough, Spencer and Claire exchanged their first kiss.

After that day, and that night, Spencer came to her house, the big stone house, for the moment entirely hers, at all hours, several times a day and every night. He couldn't get enough of her, he said. And under such a barrage of apparent adoration, in the familiar June smells of roses and flowering privet and rich earth, the high singing of summer breezes in the pines, Claire began to think that she had, indeed, fallen in love; she had come home in order to find Spencer Goddard.

Actually, San Francisco was his favorite city, Spencer told her; he had often thought he would give anything to live there, and now that he had found her, lovely Claire, whom he could not live without—well, he would have to see. And Claire thought, Well, why not? Men do divorce their wives for younger women, sometimes; it can't be much of a marriage; maybe he will.

She said very little to Spencer, along those lines. She said nothing at all until the day he took her to the airport (the airport in which she now sits, in an almost empty plane); on that last morning, sad and sleepless and slightly hung over, she said everything that she had not intended to say; she said that she did not see how she could get through the next few months without him, that if he came to Reno for a divorce she could join him there. And she cried, and for once Spencer said almost nothing at all.

He did not follow her to San Francisco, did not write or call. Once, having come in late from a party at which she had drunk too much wine, Claire called him—to hear him say, in a cold, very wide-awake voice, that she must have the wrong number.

She did hear quite a bit, however, from both Bayard and Isabel. In their version of her summer at home, she had wrecked their house and disgraced them both with her flagrant carryings-on, about which *everyone* was talking.

Almost as angry as she was wounded, Claire wrote back that they seemed to have forgotten that the house was in awful shape when she got there. Was she supposed to have waxed the floors and repaired the tiles and replaced the broken glass in the cabinet? And as for flagrant carryings-on what about theirs?

A stalemate, no more letters.

And then Bayard died.

Claire went home for the funeral dreading everything: what would hav to be a maudlin, probably drunken reunion with her mother, and the likeli hood of some glimpse or word of Spencer Goddard. And she was wrong, all around.

Isabel had stopped drinking entirely and, even more out of character, stopped dyeing her hair. What had been gloriously if artificially red was now plain and gray, and Isabel further announced that she was going back to the Catholic Church, from which, she now said, Bayard had stolen her away.

Bayard's funeral, however, was Episcopalian, and also, to Claire's even greater relief, it was not attended by Spencer; she saw and heard nothing of him on that visit.

There followed a period of friendship, or something like it, between Claire and her mother. Claire wrote letters about San Francisco and her job, never mentioning lovers; and Isabel wrote about her new happiness and peace, and her new friends, an order of nuns, cloistered nuns whom she was uniquely privileged to see.

And then quite suddenly Isabel died, and it turned out that she had left the house to the nuns. Which should not have surprised Claire in the least; it was very much an Isabel sort of gesture: attention-getting and absolute. But Claire was surprised, and hurt.

Having been left some money by her father, and being on the whole a fair-minded person, she could not object on material grounds; she could even see the appropriateness of a large stone hilltop house for a cloistered order. It was upsetting, though: the thought of those nuns, whom she envisioned as all clothed in white—white ghosts in all the rooms where Isabel and Bayard had shouted each other down, rooms where, all that summer, Claire and Spencer had violently made love; and the fact of those nuns made the house irrevocably alien, not only not hers but forbidden to her, forever.

"WELL, you do look absolutely great" is the first thing that Susan says to Claire, at Dulles Airport, in Washington. "The trip's been a success?" Trim blond Susan, who does not look great; she looks tired and strained, too pale.

They are in the baggage area, waiting for Claire's suitcase. "Oh yes, on the whole," says Claire. "I learned a lot. I've got a suitcase full of notes." As an afterthought, she adds, "One funny thing—we landed at the Raleigh-Durham airport. An unscheduled stop."

Their eyes meet as Susan asks, "Oh, how did it look?"

"Shabby as ever. You know." Claire looks away for a tiny instant, then turns back to Susan as, smiling, she says, "And I really hated the food in New Orleans. I have this theory . . ." And, still smiling, she tells about the underground kitchen that supplies all the restaurants, and the black vat of béchamel.

Susan laughs, and then Claire asks, "Well, how's Jack?"

Three years ago, Susan was planning to leave Jack, her husband; she even came out to San Francisco, to get away and talk, and to be comforted, presumably. But then she went home and apparently decided not to go through with it. And now she says, "Oh, he's fine. Working too hard. You know."

The two women exchange a reassuring, quick smile, acknowledging that this is not to be a visit for serious conversation; neither of them is up to that, just now, but surely, some other time, they will talk again.

That night Susan and Jack give a party for Claire. Although she has met several of their friends before, people who know that she comes from Hilton, she does not explain, if they ask, how come she went almost all over the South but not to Hilton, and several people do ask just that. "I just decided not to, this time," she says.

Nor does she drink too much, or urge anyone, particularly anyone's husband, to be sure to call her when he comes to San Francisco.

Nor, at this party, do Jack and Susan quarrel.

On the way to the airport with Susan, leaving Washington and heading for San Francisco, Claire remembers the story about the cabdriver in Atlanta, which she tells ("Once they's had they lunch . . ."). She and Susan laugh, and then Claire says, "It's curi-

The Lost Serenaders

ous, the ways in which it will absolutely never change."

"Yes—"

"On the whole I think I prefer the landscape to the people."

Susan laughs again. "Well, that's a good line. You could use it in your piece."

"Well, I just might."

BACK in San Francisco, in her small house on the eastern slope of Telegraph Hill, her sanctuary, Claire, who at the moment has no ongoing love affair to disturb and distract her, begins to get to work on her article; she stays home from the office, and for long periods of time she turns off her phone. But not even a good title offers itself. In fact, from the beginning, the trouble that she has with this piece is an unwelcome surprise. Seated at her broad desk, before her window that looks out to the bay, Bay Bridge, Treasure Island, and the Oakland hills—to water, boats, and birds—in a laborious and quite unfamiliar way she lists possible topics, she tries for a plausible central thesis. At the desk, where she has so often worried and suffered acutely over love affairs, and at the same time managed to work quite hard and well, she now worries and begins to suffer over her work, over what has become an impossible assignment.

After a few such days it does begin to go a little better, but it is sheer labor; at no time does she feel the pleasure that she usually experiences in work, that lively joy in her own competence.

This is all very troubling to Claire, who has prided herself, always, on functioning in a highly professional manner, who has even been somewhat critical of those who do not.

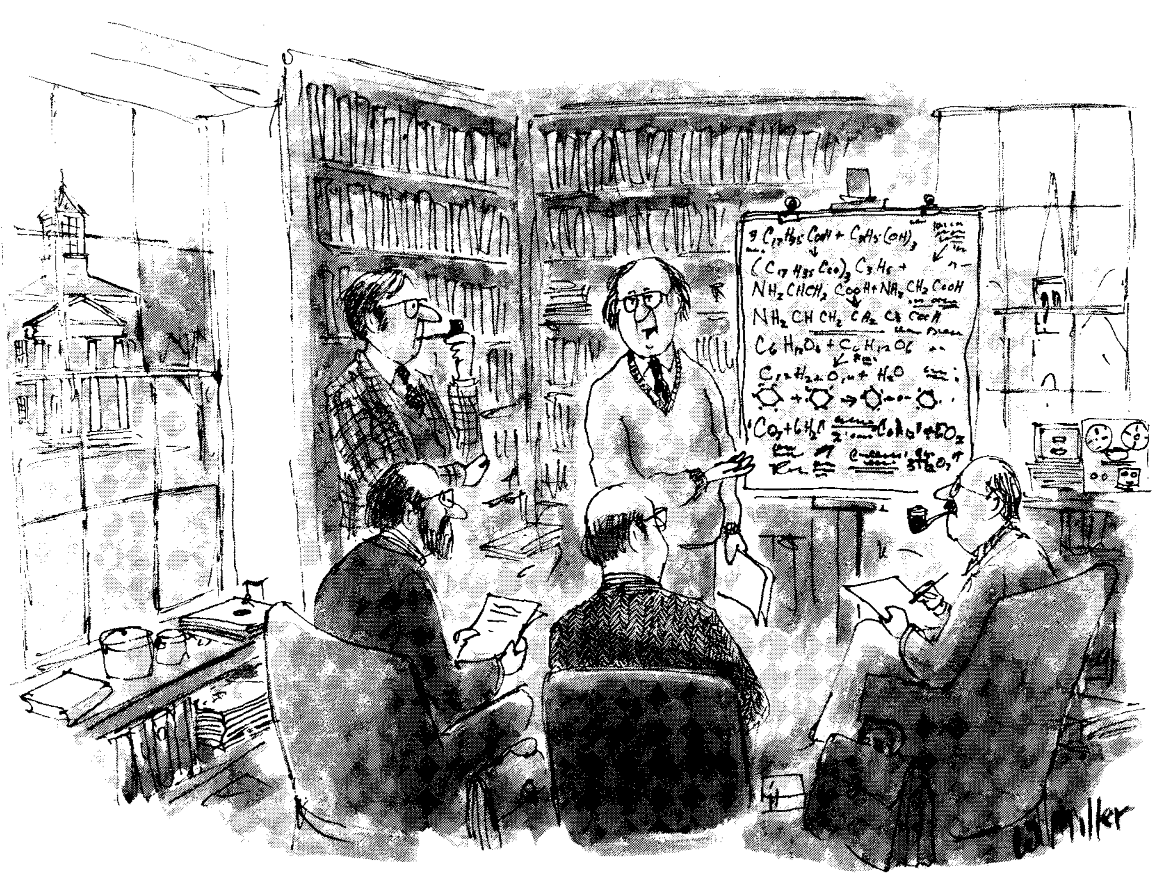
TELEGRAPH HILL is in many ways a small town, or perhaps several small towns; there are neighborhood feuds and passionate loyalties, complex and concentric circles of current and former lovers, husbands and wives, all of whom meet in the local restaurants and bars, the grocery stores and laundromats along Grant Avenue, Green Street, Vallejo Street, Columbus Avenue. Many people who, like Claire, are for one reason or another alienated from where they grew up feel very much at home on Telegraph Hill.

One of Claire's long-standing, nonlover friends is a man named Dan Breckenridge, an aging, still handsome bachelor, whose pattern with women is invariable, and unfortunate: a gambit going from heavy pursuit to a few weeks of heady love, quickly followed by elusiveness and distance—to, when he finds it necessary, downright meanness. But as a friend he is perfectly all right; he is amusing and generous and kind. From time to time he makes a semi-serious pass at Claire, a sort of sexual feint in her direction which is easy to head off, although (she has admitted to herself) she does find him attractive. They remain good friends, and their friendship is undoubtedly enhanced by this not-acted-out attraction.

Like many adoptive Californians (he is originally from Chicago), Dan is enthusiastic about California wine; he has usually just found something new and wonderful, from a small vineyard that no one else has heard of yet.

A week or so after her return from her trip, he invites Claire to dinner and he serves a nice dry Pinot Chardonnay—of which he and Claire both drink too much.

So that when he says, in his decisive Midwestern way, "There must be some reason for that article's hanging you up; I wish you'd really tell me about your trip," she does tell him.



"But enough about this for a while, gentlemen. Let's talk about real estate."

She tells him about the cloying prettiness of Charleston; the more interesting beauty of Savannah; New Orleans food, and the vat of béchamel; the new architecture of Atlanta; the racist cabdriver.

And then she tells about flying from Atlanta to Washington. "I was looking down at the woods, and they looked so familiar," she says, "and then one of the men across from me said it must be Hilton—and Dan, it was horrible. I burst into tears. I couldn't help it, God, it was awful."

Saying what she has so far said to no one, Claire feels the onset of tears, but this time she is able to control them, almost, as she hears Dan say, "Well, I don't think that's so terrible. Flying right over where you grew up, not expecting it. A lot of people would cry. And you really were exiled from there. Dispossessed."

Looking up at him, Claire sees that he is especially drawn to her, at that moment (he likes women who cry?); and his kindness and empathy so move her that she is afraid of losing control. If she begins to cry seriously he will touch her, one thing will lead to another, and the last thing she needs, at that moment, is an affair with Dan Breckenridge. And so, with all the sobriety that she can muster, she gets up and says she's sorry she's so tired, the dinner was terrific—thanks.

Customarily, although affectionate in a verbal way with each other, Claire and Dan are not physically so; they almost never touch, and they do not do so now. They do not kiss good night after Dan has walked with her the two blocks from his house to hers, in the cool, very clear starred night. But at her door, he gives her a longer, more serious look than usual.

CAN she have fallen in love with Dan? That is what some of the symptoms with which Claire wakes up the following morning suggest: a nervous lassitude, some fear of the oncoming day. However, she gets up and drinks a lot of tea; she concludes that she has a slight hangover; and she tries to get to work.

Around noon Dan telephones. That is not a usual time for him to call, and at first Claire thinks, Oh, I must have sounded terrible last night, and worried him.

He asks how things are going, and she tells him that, curiously enough, they seem to be going a little better. She is getting somewhere, at last, with whatever the problem was.

And then, in an odd, abrupt way, Dan says, "Well, how about tonight? Can we see each other?"

"Uh, sure. I'm not doing anything. Should I cook?"

"No, don't be silly. You're working. I want to take you out. Let's drive to Sausalito, O.K.?"

"Well, sure."

Claire hangs up, more puzzled than she is pleased. Nervous, apprehensive. She even thinks of calling Susan; she can hear herself saying, "Well, honestly, now I've done something really dumb, I think. I've fallen in love with an old friend, Dan Breckenridge, and I think he feels that way too. And he's just my type, mean and selfish and elusive."

And Susan will laugh and say, "Well honestly, that's really too bad."

It is true, though, that she has begun to feel considerably better. After Dan's call she goes into the kitchen and heats up a can of tomato soup, with a lot of Parmesan, for nourishment. And she makes more tea.

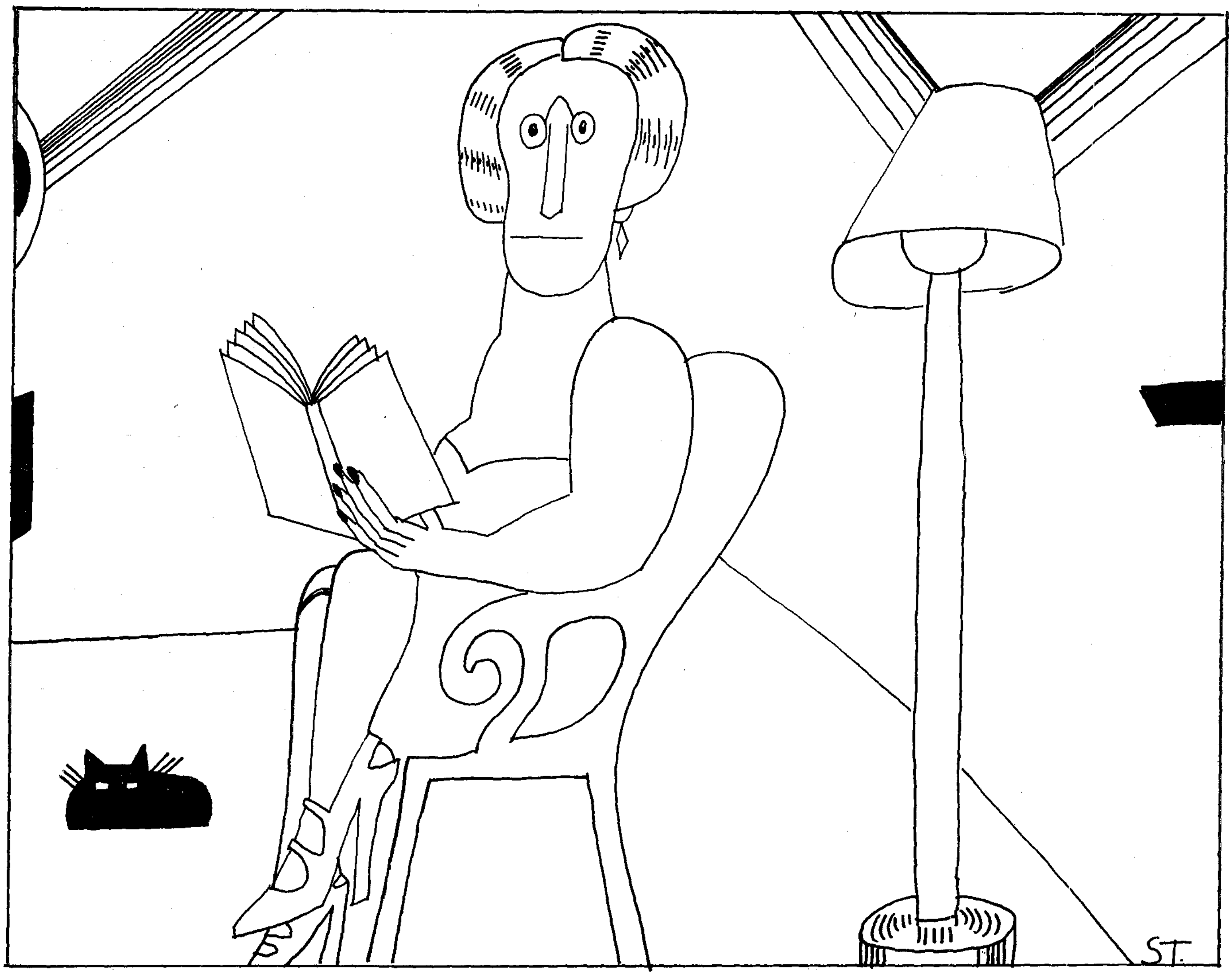
Back at her desk, the beautiful bright familiar view is reassuring; this is, after all, where she has chosen to live—at the moment it seems a good choice.

However, instead of finally getting down to work on the serious article that is her assignment, in a dreamlike way Claire sits back in her chair, and she begins, rather, to recall the particularities of her trip. She remembers certain accents, heard on streets, in restaurants, in Atlanta and Charleston, Savannah and New Orleans—and gestures observed, both unique and indigenous to that region. And she sees again the colors of earth and leaves which, at certain times of the year, in a certain place, are absolutely unmistakable.

—ALICE ADAMS

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

THE BLOCKBUSTER COMPLEX-I



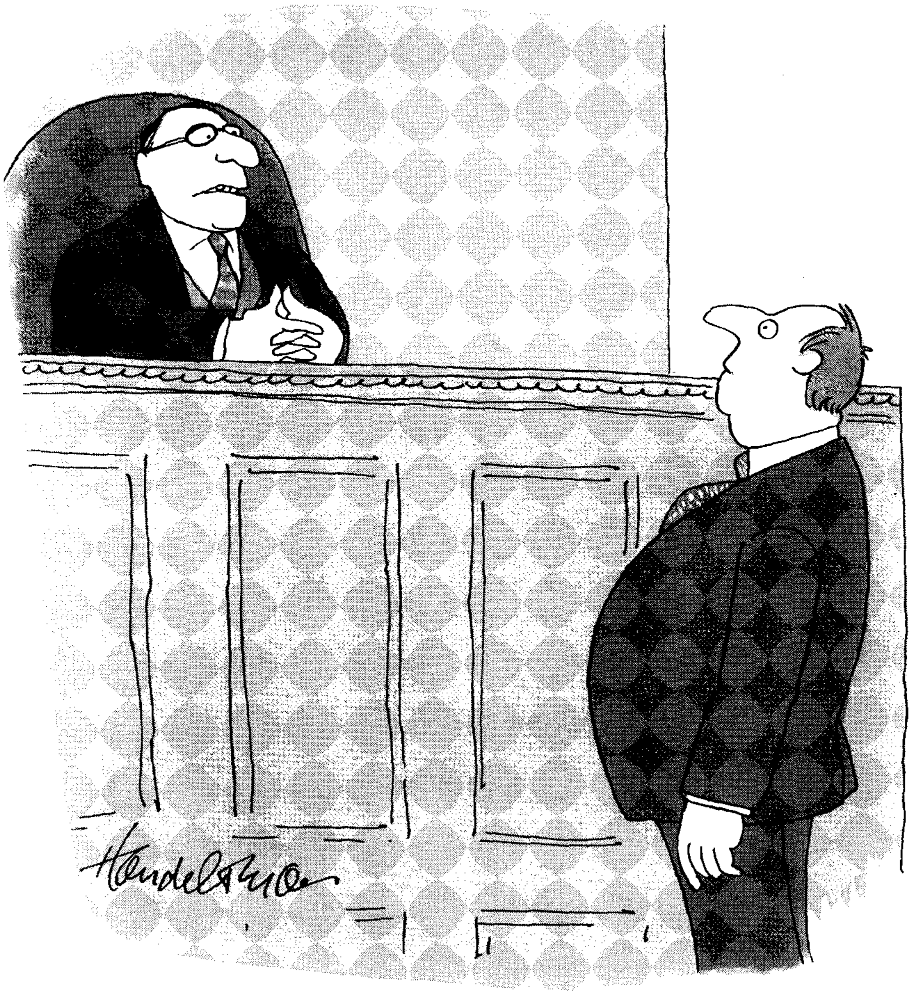
Bernard Baruch is supposed to have remarked once that when the financial news gets onto the front page the time has come for people to watch out. Perhaps the remark could now be revised to apply to the American book-publishing business. As late as the nineteen-fifties, trade-book publishing—that is, the publishing of books of general interest, as distinct from textbooks and other specialized works—was believed to offer its practitioners a rather select and gentlemanly way of life. It may not have been considered a particularly profitable business, or a notably efficient one, but it was a business in which publishers and editors could feel sustained not only by their love of books but also by their sense of professional independence, arising from the fact that most publishing houses were independently owned and run, and by a diversity of relatively stable relationships with authors, agents, and booksellers. Since the early nineteen-sixties, however, trade-book publishing has been subjected to some startling changes, which have tended to affect these attitudes and relationships, and even in some ways to affect the course of writing itself. The clearest manifestations of drastic change involve the ownership of particular houses. There has been a seemingly relentless trend toward concentrating the ownership of individual publishing houses into ever-larger corporate organizations. Privately owned publishing companies have been converted into publicly held corporations, and often these corporations have, in turn, been absorbed into huge conglomerate organizations. As part of this trend, paperback publishing houses have become merged with hardcover houses, and now nearly all the leading publishers of both kinds of books are owned by conglomerates.

In the past twenty years or so, the hardcover trade-book houses of Alfred A. Knopf and Pantheon Books were taken over by Random House, and Random House was acquired by RCA. Random House then acquired the formerly independent paperback publishing company Ballantine Books. And then RCA sold Random House to Newhouse Publications, which owns the Newhouse newspaper chain. In the last four years, Dell Publishing, one of the principal mass-market-paperback houses, was acquired by Doubleday & Company, the largest trade-book publisher in the country, which had previously acquired, among other enterprises, the Literary Guild, the nation's second-largest book club. Another mass-market-paperback publisher, Fawcett Publications, was acquired by CBS, which had already acquired yet another mass-market-paperback house, Popular Library, and the hardcover house Holt, Rinehart & Winston. The hardcover house Bobbs-Merrill was acquired by the International Telephone & Telegraph Corporation. Pocket Books, a leading paperback publisher, was acquired, as part of the hardcover house Simon & Schuster, by the conglomerate Gulf & Western, which also owned Paramount Pictures. G. P. Putnam's Sons, which had acquired the trade-book house of Coward, McCann & Geoghegan and the paperback publisher Berkley Books, was acquired by MCA, which had earlier acquired Universal Pictures and the paperback publisher New American Library. The hardcover house Viking Press became a part of Penguin Books, which, in turn, was owned by a conglomerate known as the Pearson-Longman Group. Bantam Books, another of the leading paperback publishers, wound up under the control of Bertelsmann Verlag, of Germany, probably the largest publishing concern in the world. The hardcover house E. P. Dutton was acquired by the Dutch publishing complex Elsevier. Another hardcover house, Little, Brown & Company, was acquired by Time, Inc., which subsequently acquired the largest existing book club, the Book-of-the-Month Club. And this is only a partial listing of corporate mergers in the publishing business in the recent past.

In keeping with the scale of these corporate consolidations, many other aspects of the book-publishing business appear to have grown dramatically in recent years. Things just seem to keep getting bigger and bigger. Big deals are everywhere. A payment of a million dollars for paperback rights to a single book has become commonplace, and in one instance more than three times that sum was realized for the rights to a work of popular fiction. Such transactions are front-page news, and the comings and goings of popular authors, their working lives, their wealth, their marriages, divorces, and liaisons, their intramural squabbles, and their off-the-cuff opinions on everything are the subject of such an incessant stream of publicity that in a sense such authors have been invested with the glamour once reserved for movie stars. Popular authors, agents, packagers—all these are movers and shakers in the new age of book publishing.

While this trend toward mergers did not begin in the nineteen-sixties—acquisitions of smaller publishers by bigger publishers had been taking place piecemeal since the start of the century, and even earlier—it was in 1960 that it received its first big impetus: the absorption of Alfred A. Knopf into Random House, which set the tone for what happened later. As with many subsequent mergers, prime considerations in bringing about this one were the age of the founder and active head of the acquired company and his decision to take steps to settle his personal estate and assure his company's continued stability. Knopf, which had been founded forty-five years previously, was considered the most distinguished book house in America—the publisher of works by such authors as W. H. Hudson, Thomas Mann, André Gide, Albert Camus, T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, H. L. Mencken, Katherine Mansfield, E. M. Forster, Robert Graves, and Jean-Paul Sartre. By 1959, the founder and his son, Alfred Knopf, Jr., who was a vice-president at Knopf, had developed such difficulties in their relationship that Alfred, Jr., decided to leave the firm and, together with Simon Michael Bessie, who had been editor-in-chief of Harper & Bros., and Hiram Haydn, who had been editor-in-chief of Random House, he formed a new publishing house, Atheneum. The possibility that this move would raise uncertainties concerning the eventual family succession at Knopf—Blanche Knopf, the wife of the senior Knopf, ran the company with her husband, and she, too, was getting on in years—was not lost on Bennett Cerf, the president of Random House, and a great professional and personal admirer of Knopf.

Cerf and his partner, Donald Klopfer, had made a great success of Random House, which they founded together in the mid-twenties. Random

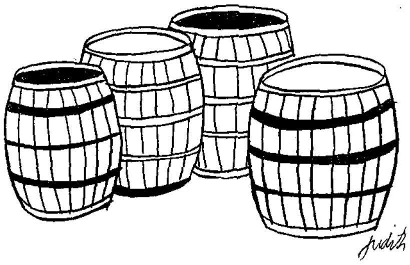


"It is the Court's opinion that, although innocent, you are dangerously overweight."

House had its origin in the purchase, in 1925, of the Modern Library imprint from Horace Liveright, of Boni & Liveright—a firm that had come upon hard times, mostly as a result of inattentive management. Under Cerf and Klopfer, the Modern Library series, which was probably the greatest asset of Boni & Liveright, began to sell much better than previously, and in 1927 Cerf and Klopfer issued their first book—a luxury edition of Melville's "Benito Cereno." It was followed, a year later, by luxury editions of "Candide" (illustrated by Rockwell Kent, this was the first book brought out under the new imprint of Random House) and "The Divine Comedy." In non-luxury editions, all these soon became part of an expanded Modern Library series—the reasonably priced set of classic works that, like the paperback Penguin series in England, is affectionately remembered by so many readers for the part it played in developing a lifetime enjoyment of books.

Within a few years, Random House branched out from the publication of new editions of the classics, and developed a list that included such authors as James Joyce, Eugene O'Neill, Gertrude Stein, William Faulkner, W. H. Auden, and Robert Penn Warren. The American edition of "Ulysses" was the first important trade book by a living author that Random House published, and Cerf and Klopfer managed to achieve its American publication by devising a legal stratagem for challenging the United States Customs Service, which had declared the work obscene and therefore subject to confiscation—a challenge that resulted in the famous obscenity trial in which Judge John M. Woolsey found "Ulysses" to be not obscene but a work of artistic merit. As for Cerf himself, the publisher of "Ulysses" was not above becoming, on the side, the author of joke books, a newspaper humor columnist, and a well-known panel member of the TV quiz show "What's My Line?"—in general, a literary wheeler-dealer with a finger in every piece of the mass-media pie.

While Cerf and Klopfer for practical purposes owned and completely controlled Random House between them, they came to realize in the late nineteen-fifties that the company's very success could pose certain financial problems for them and for the operation of the company itself. Both men were of advanced middle age, and they now had to face the fact that when, eventually, one of them died there was no telling precisely what difficulties might be involved in putting a value on the company for tax purposes—especially since much of the profit over the years had been plowed back into the business for future expansion. One way in which the Internal Revenue Service ordinarily gauged the value of a corporation for estate-tax purposes was by the current price of its stock on the market, but since Random House was privately owned, that yardstick was lacking. There was the possibility that when one of them died, the government might place such a high value on the estate that the surviving partner, if he wanted to buy the deceased partner's share of the company, might not be able to afford it. In fact, the valuation might turn out to be so high that the widow of the deceased partner might be hard pressed to raise enough cash just to pay the estate tax. And that situation would put pressure on her and any other heirs to sell their interest in the company to a third party.



To avert such difficulties, the partners drew up a contract under which the survivor could buy the deceased partner's share for the fixed sum of half a million dollars—thereby establishing a value for the company which it was hoped would be acceptable to government estate examiners. Going one step further toward establishing the value of the Random House estate—and, at the same time, setting the stage for the expansion of the company—Cerf and Klopfer consulted Charles Allen, the head of the big investment-banking organization of Allen & Company, about the possibility of a public stock issue for Random House. Allen thought that was a good idea, and in October of 1959 thirty per cent of Cerf's and Klopfer's stock was offered for sale through Allen & Company. It was quickly snapped up on Wall Street.

HAWAII DANTESCA

White-sided flowers are thrusting up on the hillside,
blank love letters from the dead.
It's autumn, and nobody seems to mind.

Or the broken shadows of those missing for hundreds of years
Moving over the sugar cane
like storks, which nobody marks or mends.

This is the story line.

And the viridescent shirtwaists of light the trees wear.
And the sutra-circles of cattle egrets wheeling out past the rain showers.
And the spiked marimbas of dawn rattling their amulets . . .

Soon it will be time for the long walk under the earth toward the sea.

And time to retrieve the yellow sunsuit and little shoes
they took my picture in

In Knoxville, in 1938.

Time to gather the fire in its quartz bowl.

I hope the one with the white wings will come.
I hope the island of reeds is as far away as I think it is.

When I get there, I hope they forgive me if the knot I tie is the
wrong knot.

—CHARLES WRIGHT

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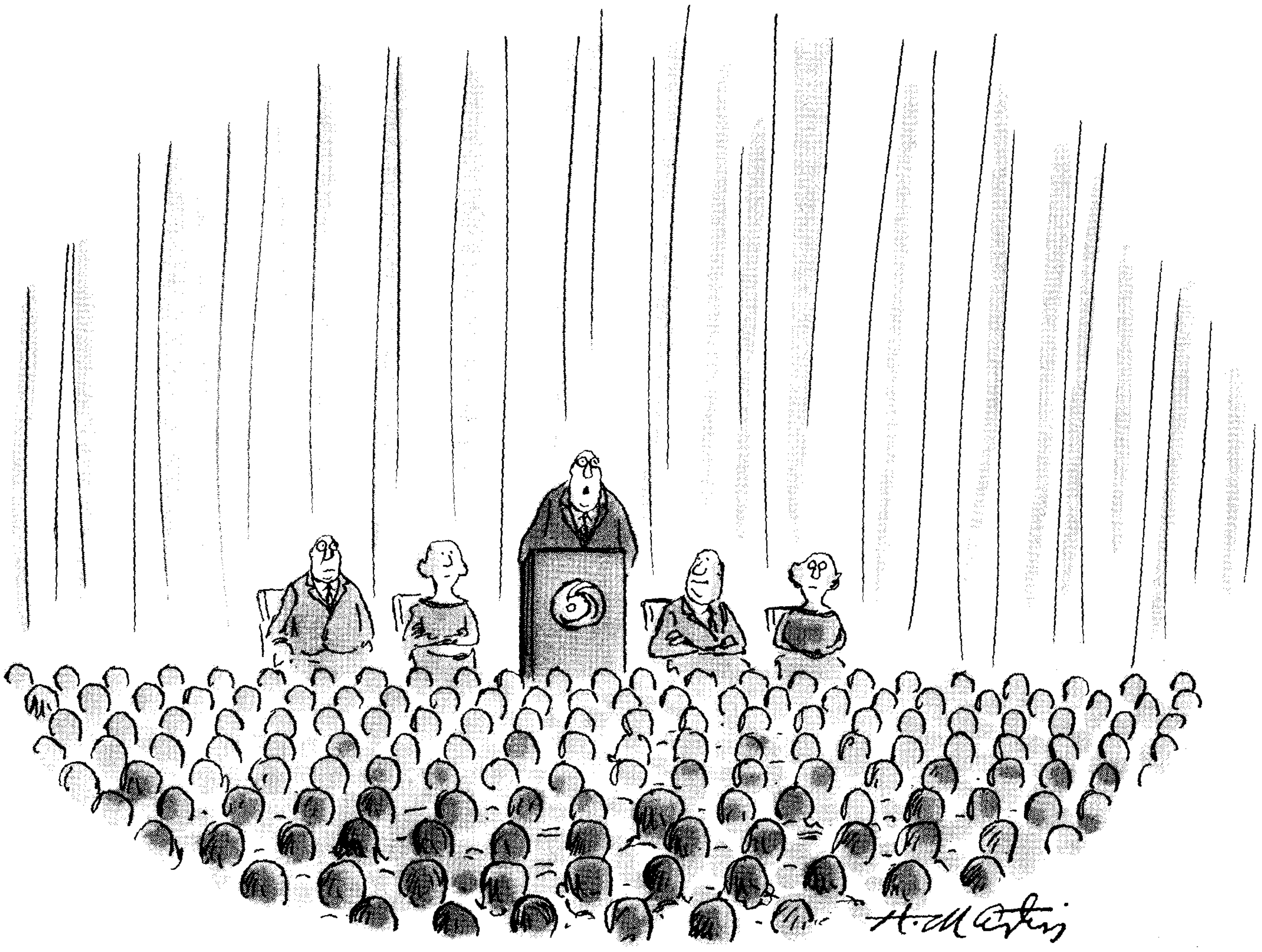

"I want to say that I think you're all doing a bang-up job except maybe for Ed Fogelby in the accounting department of the Charles City, Iowa, plant."

• •

Shortly thereafter, Cerf approached Alfred Knopf and suggested that a merger between Random House and Knopf would insure managerial continuity in the house of Knopf—Alfred and Blanche Knopf would continue to run the company as before, with a guarantee of editorial autonomy—and for as long as Alfred Knopf was at the helm the merger would relieve him of the burden of handling certain business details. He agreed to this arrangement, and in the spring of 1960 his company became part of Random House, with Alfred and Blanche Knopf being recompensed in cash and Random House stock.

Wall Street had already begun to take an interest in publishing companies, and this news spurred that interest. The stock market was booming, and before long several other privately owned book-publishing companies followed the lead of Random House in putting substantial blocks of their stock up for sale. The stock of Random House itself had gone on the market at eleven dollars and twenty-five cents a share, and in twenty-four hours it had risen to fourteen dollars. In a series of tape-recorded reminiscences elicited during interviews by Mary R. Hawkins, of the Columbia University Oral History Collection, which formed the basis for a book that Random House published in 1977, some six years after Cerf's death, under the title "At Random," Cerf remarked of the period immediately after his company went public, "From then on, we were publishing with one eye and watching our stock with the other. Then several other firms went public, and suddenly the prices of all these unseasoned stocks began to escalate. It was frightening because they went up without rhyme or reason. In one week, for instance, Random House stock went up by more than the price at which we had issued it."

At the end of the summer of 1961, Random House stock went on the New York Stock Exchange for trading, but it didn't prosper immediately; a recession had set in that year, and though the economy as a whole recovered rather quickly, it was not until the mid-nineteen-sixties that Random House stock made a recovery. By then, various big electronics companies had become interested in the publishing business. "Synergy" had become the word to use in discussions of corporate mergers involving the electronics industry. The boom in the data-processing business that accompanied the domestic social-welfare and aid-to-education programs of Lyndon

Chas Addams

"You're seeing another woman, aren't you, Robert?"

• •

Johnson's Presidency led many of the leaders of big electronics companies to speculate that there was tremendous potential in the arranging of corporate marriages through which the production of books would be integrated into, for example, electronically oriented systems for the public schools. What the leaders saw was a world of computerized teaching machines, readout screens, and pupil instruction by instrumented input-and-feedback schemes, with a great range of textbooks and other works controlled by the publishing industry as the "software" to be fed into this electronic instructional maw. With such possibilities in mind, representatives of RCA sounded out Cerf and Klopfer about the chances of RCA's acquiring Random House, with not only its impressive list of trade books but also the Modern Library, the great Knopf list of authors, and a profitable line of juvenile books and elementary- and high-school textbooks. Through the investment-banking firms of Lazard Frères and Lehman Brothers, a merger was arranged, and in May of 1966, in return for nearly thirty-eight million dollars, Random House became part of RCA. In a statement announcing the sale, Cerf said that the agreement reflected "our conviction that publishing and electronics are natural partners for the incredible expansion immediately ahead for every phase of education in our country."

This merger dramatized a marked trend toward book-publishing software acquisitions by big communications companies—though the acquisition of Bobbs-Merrill by I.T.&T., which had taken place eight years earlier, was the actual precursor. Only a year after the Random House-RCA merger, CBS acquired Holt, Rinehart & Winston, and it went on to acquire the hardcover house Praeger Publishers, as well as Popular Library and Fawcett. The Xerox Corporation, which, for different reasons, also went into the computer business, acquired the major textbook-publishing house of Ginn & Company and the R. R. Bowker Company, the publisher of various yearbooks and reference works for the publishing industry and of the principal journal of the book-publishing trade itself, *Publishers Weekly*.

As it happens, the big corporations' expectations of a future in which banks of electronic teaching machines tended by storage-and-retrieval systems would produce a new generation of plugged-in, electronically fedback pupils have not been rewarded. The government's preoccupation with the Vietnam War put a damper on many of the big federal aid-to-education programs that had been contemplated, and the student revolt against the war extended to almost the entire structure of higher education, throwing into disarray the accepted notions about the use of the standard textbooks and other software assets of the book-publishing companies that large corporations had acquired. All in all, during the conglomerate-merger boom the concept of the electronic classroom remained just a concept. The editor-in-chief of a well-known trade-book house recently remarked, "The whole thing, everybody realized later, was something of a joke. The technology involved never did stand up—all those

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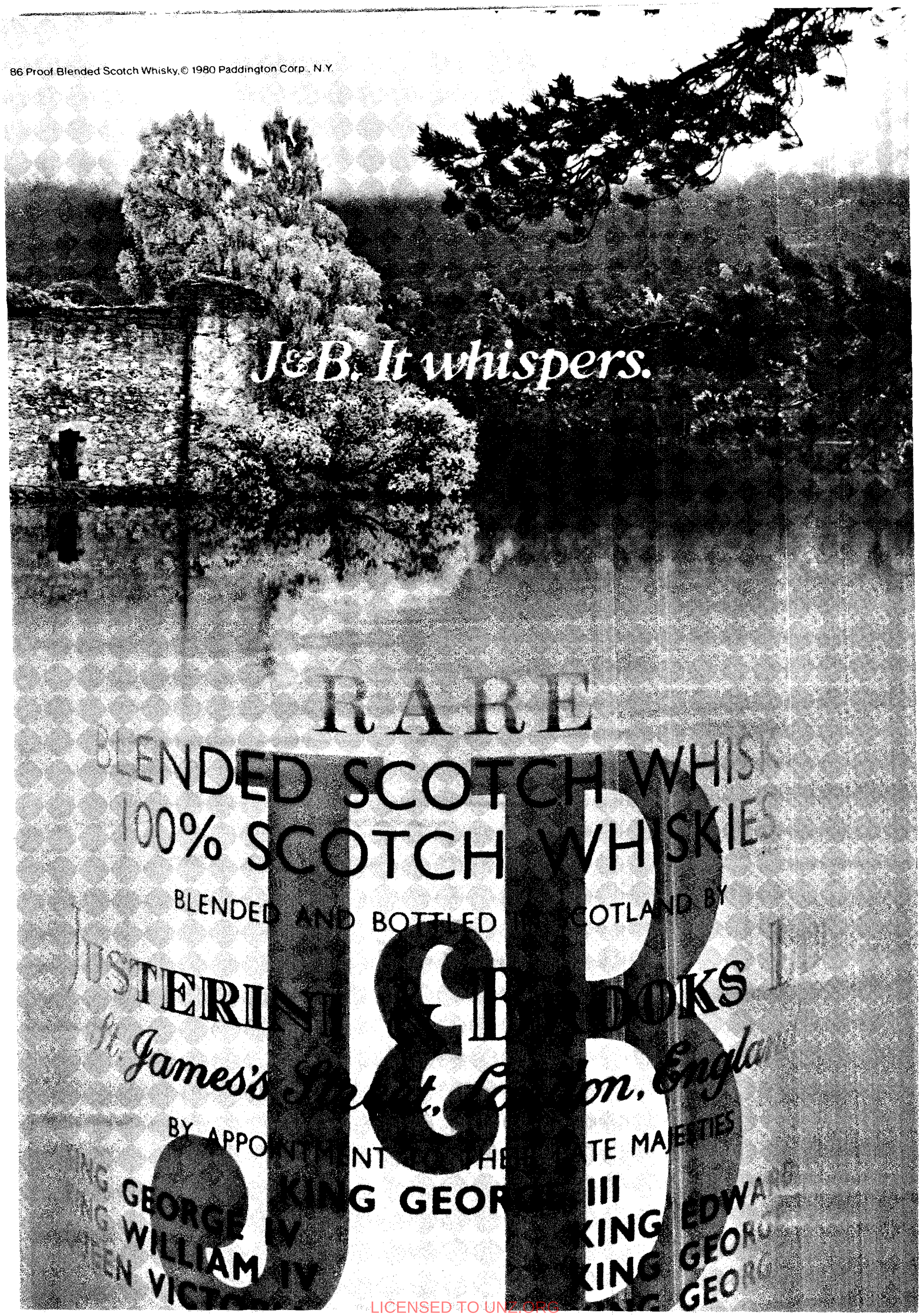
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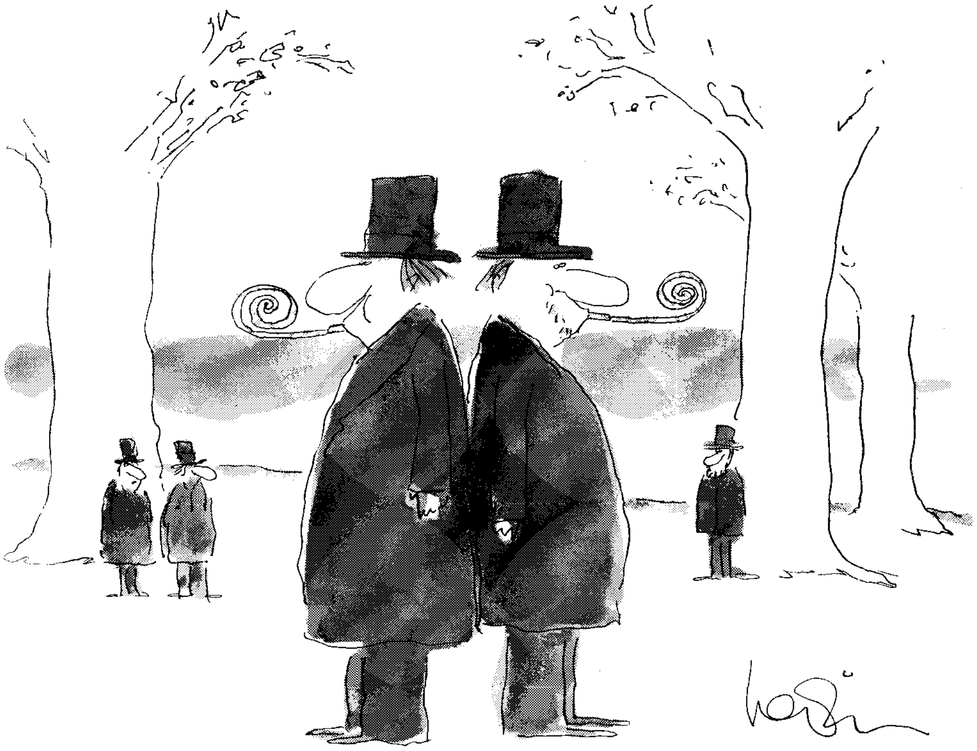

supposedly sophisticated versions of teaching machines turned out to be pretty primitive, and they still haven't really worked, even though we're now hearing a new round of promises about all the benefits that advances in microcircuitry and so on can bring to education. And one of the ironies is that the printed book, which hasn't changed substantially in five hundred years, has been discovered after all to be a remarkably cheap way of storing and retrieving knowledge." As for RCA's attempt to become a leading force in the manufacture of computer "mainframe" hardware, that failed, too, at great financial loss to RCA. And the same misfortune befell the computer-business aspirations of Xerox, although the company still turns out software and some hardware components.

But if the vision of the electronic classroom and its accompanying literary software remained somewhat chimerical, the corporate mergers that had taken place were accomplished fact. And the over-all competitive strivings of the various conglomerates that owned publishing companies provided a momentum for the continuation right through the sixties and seventies of the practice of acquiring publishing companies and absorbing them into larger and larger corporate organizations. At present, apart from some large publishing companies that have become conglomerate-like organizations in themselves—McGraw-Hill, Doubleday, Harper & Row, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich—the number of major independent hardcover book publishers that have not succumbed to the corporate-merger wave can be counted on the fingers of one hand: W. W. Norton; Farrar, Straus & Giroux; Houghton Mifflin; Scribners; and Crown. Of the ten largest trade publishers in the country, only three—Macmillan, Houghton Mifflin, and Crown—are not conglomerate-owned. And only a last-minute breakdown in negotiations prevented Macmillan from being acquired by ABC last fall.

All this has caused uneasiness in the literary community; for example, within the last three years the Authors Guild, which represents the interests of more than five thousand professional writers in this country, has sent a series of communications to the Federal Trade Commission, the Department of Justice, and the Judiciary Committees of both houses of Congress asserting that the trend toward concentration and conglomeration in various kinds of book publishing has been going beyond the limits of fair competition as defined in the Clayton Anti-Trust Act; that it threatens the survival of the remaining independently owned companies; that it is contrary to the "'uninhibited marketplace of ideas' guaranteed by the First Amendment;" and that for many authors of artistically meritorious works lacking immediate commercial appeal it jeopardizes or diminishes their bargaining power with publishers and their opportunity to be published.

The response of the Association of American Publishers, the book industry's national trade association, whose more than three hundred member companies account for about eighty-five per cent of all books published in the United States, was summed up in December of 1978 by Townsend Hoopes, its president, at a public seminar on "Concentration in the Media," which was conducted in Washington by the Federal Trade Commission. Characterizing the position of the Authors Guild as "extreme" and its views as "a distorted picture of reality," Hoopes declared that, contrary to implications by the Authors Guild that "the nation is on the brink of a social or cultural catastrophe owing to merger activity and alleged overconcentration in book publishing," the publishing industry was in fact "amazingly diverse, flexible, and open." Mergers had not reduced the number of competitive companies in publishing, he said, and "concentration, per se, has been a modest development." He went on to say that "good books have never been in more plentiful supply and have never reflected greater diversity of subject matter or treatment" and that "authors have never been more numerous or better rewarded." Hoopes maintained that the number of American publishing companies, far from decreasing, had actually increased by more than thirty per cent during the past twenty years, and that even after failures and mergers in the industry were taken into account, the number was continuing to increase at a steady rate of two or three per cent a year. To illustrate what he termed the open nature of the publishing market, Hoopes pointed out that a hundred and seventy-three companies that had not existed before 1971 published more than four thousand new titles in 1976, most of them hardcover trade books. This represented some ten per cent of the new book titles being published each year. In sum, according to Hoopes, the book industry was healthy and stable, in terms of both its structure and the variety of works being published.

The situation out of which such

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strongly divergent views have arisen is a highly complex one, and involves the growth and interplay of a number of forces, among which the merger trend might be considered in the light not only of cause but of effect, and might also be seen as part of a larger web of economic circumstances. As to direct cause and effect, the original impetus for many of the mergers of publishing houses in the nineteen-sixties was the dilemma of the aging proprietors of family-owned houses who were trying to settle their personal estates and put their corporate affairs in order—and, of course, to make handsome capital gains on the deal as well. The moment these houses went public—which sometimes happened before any major merger actually took place—their owners and managers found that although they still controlled the companies, their control and the kind of decision they had been used to making on a peremptory basis were likely to be tempered by considerations they had never before had to reckon with. A sense of the problem is conveyed in Bennett Cerf's "At Random." In discussing the decision he and Klopfer made in 1959 to issue Random House stock to the public, Cerf observed:

> This marked a big change, since the minute you go public, outsiders own some of your stock and you've got to make periodic reports to them. You owe your investors dividends and profits. Instead of working for yourself and doing what you damn please, willing to risk a loss on something you want to do, if you're any kind of honest man, you feel a real responsibility to your stockholders.

If a publisher's predilection for "working for yourself and doing what you damn please" was modified by his company's going public, it was likely to be reined in even more tightly when the company was acquired by a larger company or a conglomerate. For the most part, the restraint involved was a natural response to a new and more complex corporate and financial environment. In many cases, the mere fact that a privately owned publishing house went public meant an initial net gain in efficiency and productivity, because the whole process of putting the owner's affairs in order and determining the market worth of his company inevitably involved detailed disclosure and examination of the company's financial records, for the purpose of complying with the requirements of the Securities and Exchange Commission for stock offerings, and of giving potential stockholders a fair picture of the company's operations, marketing practices, and prospects. Most of the publishing houses whose owners were contemplating public stock issues or discussing mergers had never been subjected to such scrutiny, and the examinations frequently brought to light deficiencies in business and financial-management practices, many of which were hallowed by book-publishing tradition and had gone uncorrected through managerial inertia.

The book-publishing business was indeed riddled with inefficiency: often sluggish management, agonizingly slow editorial and printing processes, creaky and ill-coördinated systems of book distribution and sales, skimpy advertising budgets, and—a most important factor during economic ups and downs—an inadequate system of financing, which prevented many publishers from undertaking major long-range editorial projects that they knew were necessary to their companies' future well-being. With perhaps a few exceptions, the trade-book business was not a particularly high-profit industry, and, furthermore, the profits of a given publisher tended to vary greatly from one year to another, depending on his success or failure in selling his seasonal lists of books. Also, inflation was increasing the cost of materials and printing, and in particular the cost of maintaining a staff of salesmen on the road, whose responsibility it was to deal with jobbers, other wholesalers, and retail bookstores throughout the country. Keeping up with these problems and maintaining the degree of financial liquidity necessary to cope with the peculiar fluctuations of the business were becoming increasingly difficult for publishers, and their often urgent cash-flow problems—for example, in financing a projected series of books involving large outlays of money—couldn't always be resolved by simple recourse to the banks, because bankers tended to regard a book project or an author's manuscript as dubious and shadowy stuff until it was declared otherwise by the ringing of cash registers in bookstores.

The publishers who were willing to have their companies merged into larger companies had to take still another look at their business inadequacies. For some, that meant having to accommodate such practices of the modern corporate world as efficient accounting systems, long-range plan-

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ning, the elimination of waste, and the unnecessary duplication of services. After the mergers took place, the main visible changes in the publishing companies' day-to-day operation were fairly straightforward improvements in efficiency: the combining of sales forces with the acquiring company, centralized book-warehousing systems, and central, computerized inventory and other accounting-control systems. If this efficiency was achieved at the cost of some managerial independence in making certain major business decisions, and of sensing the hovering presence, in either the foreground or the background, of the acquiring company's accountants or newly established staff committees reporting to the accountants, the changes at least relieved those in charge of the acquired company of many of their former financial worries. They now had the benefit of being able to draw on substantial funds for expansion and for big editorial projects, and of having enough flexibility to acquire, through competitive or preëmptive bidding, the rights to high-priced works that as independent publishers they might not have been able to finance themselves. They had the benefit of stabilizing their cash flow over difficult periods—most notably, over the often lengthy interval between the time when a decision was made to go ahead with a particular book project and the time when the finished book was actually sold in bookstores. One general effect was a net competitive gain for those trade-book publishers who decided to merge into larger corporate entities. In 1977, Ronald Busch, then the president of Ballantine Books (which was taken under the RCA-Random House corporate umbrella in 1973), was quoted in *Publishers Weekly* as saying, "With all the conglomerate money in publishing today, it's like playing Monopoly. If we had to use our own resources, we'd think twice about bidding as much as we do. . . . But with a parent or a conglomerate that has annual sales of two billion dollars and up, with two or three million shareholders, what is the risk? What's the diminution of stockholder dividends if you are wrong? A nil in most cases." Not surprisingly, those independent publishers who resisted the temptation to be acquired began to encounter difficulties in maintaining or improving their position in the market, since that market was increasingly influenced by the larger amounts that houses

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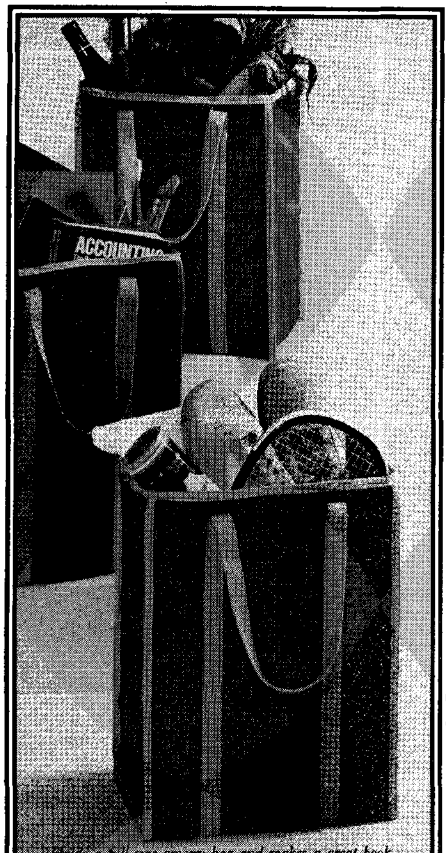

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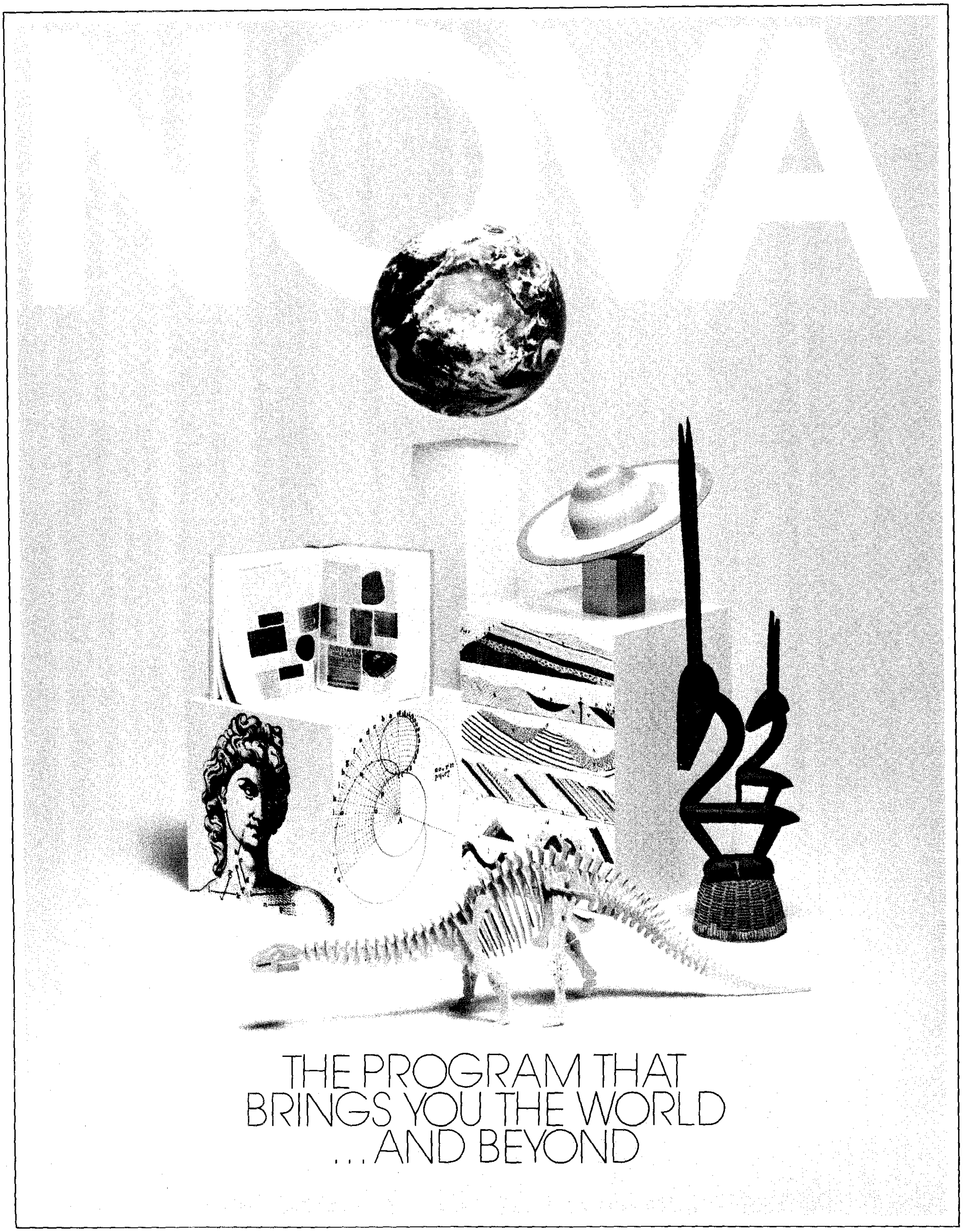
backed by conglomerates could bid for books by popular writers. In sum, the mergers tended to increase the pressures on the remaining independent publishers to go along with the trend, in order to maintain their position in the book market. Merger begat merger, and since the nineteen-sixties the trend has continued.

ONE change in the book business that has been intimately connected with the merger trend has to do with the relation of hardcover books to paperbacks—particularly to mass-market paperbacks. Until the nineteen-sixties, hardcover publishers controlled most literary rights. In return for the advances on royalties which they offered their authors, they retained, through their contracts with the authors, not only the domestic rights to hardcover publication of individual works but also nearly all subsidiary rights, including book-club and paperback rights, but not including movie rights and foreign sales. Usually, the publishers retained half the proceeds of the sale of subsidiary rights. By the nineteen-sixties, however, the control that hardcover publishers exercised over these rights was being loosened. For one thing, the mass-market-paperback business was becoming increasingly prosperous, and competition for the reprint rights to best-selling hardcover novels and other works was steadily growing, with progressively bigger advances being paid. For another, the authors of popular works—or their agents—began to balk at the hardcover houses' control over subsidiary rights, and, in the area of best-sellers, began insisting that they have a far greater say than they had had in the past. Agents now insisted on contracts in which they had greatly increased negotiating power concerning various subsidiary rights. In the case of paperback rights, for example, some agents began to demand, and get, more than fifty per cent of the proceeds for their writers. And the amounts being demanded of and paid by paperback houses for the rights to books that looked like best-sellers kept rising. So did the advances being paid by hardcover houses for works that the publishers calculated might make the best-seller lists.

The steady growth that was taking place in the paperback market, combined with the loosening of the traditional control by hardcover houses over subsidiary rights, helped persuade a number of hardcover publishers to involve themselves directly in paperback publishing. Random House acquired Ballantine; G. P. Putnam's acquired Berkley Books; Harcourt Brace Jovanovich acquired Pyramid Books; and Pocket Books, which in the early part of its history had been closely affiliated with Simon & Schuster but had later evolved into an independent company, was merged with its old affiliate in 1970, and both were acquired in 1975 by Gulf & Western. The hardcover publishers calculated that by adding a paperback branch to their corporate organizations they could smooth out some of the ups and downs of their business, making up on the swings what they might lose on the roundabouts. Also, such dual ownership would give them increased flexibility for maneuvering in the market, since they would be free to make deals to publish both the hardcover and the paperback editions of particular books and would thus be in a position to attract certain authors to their lists by guaranteeing them favorable terms on both hardcover and paperback publication. As for the paperback publishers who decided to merge with corporations having hardcover houses, they could envision, besides the possible capital gains involved and the benefits of access to large cash reserves for future operations, such advantages as having a competitive edge through access to inside information on impending acquisitions by the hardcover branch of the corporation. All in all, to both participants the arrangement offered the prospect of increasing their share of the market and their influence in the book business as a whole. However the envisioned advantages may have actually worked out in specific mergers, the result of this further kind of consolidation has been that few of the major hardcover houses are now without a paperback branch, and people in the few remaining independent, unmerged, unconglomerated hardcover houses complain that doing business without having a paperback branch tends to place them at a competitive disadvantage.

Just as the publishing mergers appear to have stimulated the process of absorption of independent book houses into ever-larger corporate organizations, so the actual sums being offered for mass-market-paperback reprint rights to actual or potential best-sellers have mounted rapidly on their own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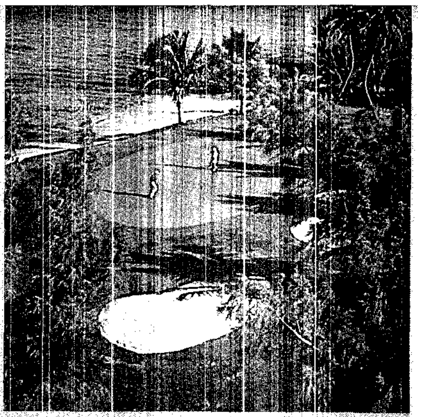

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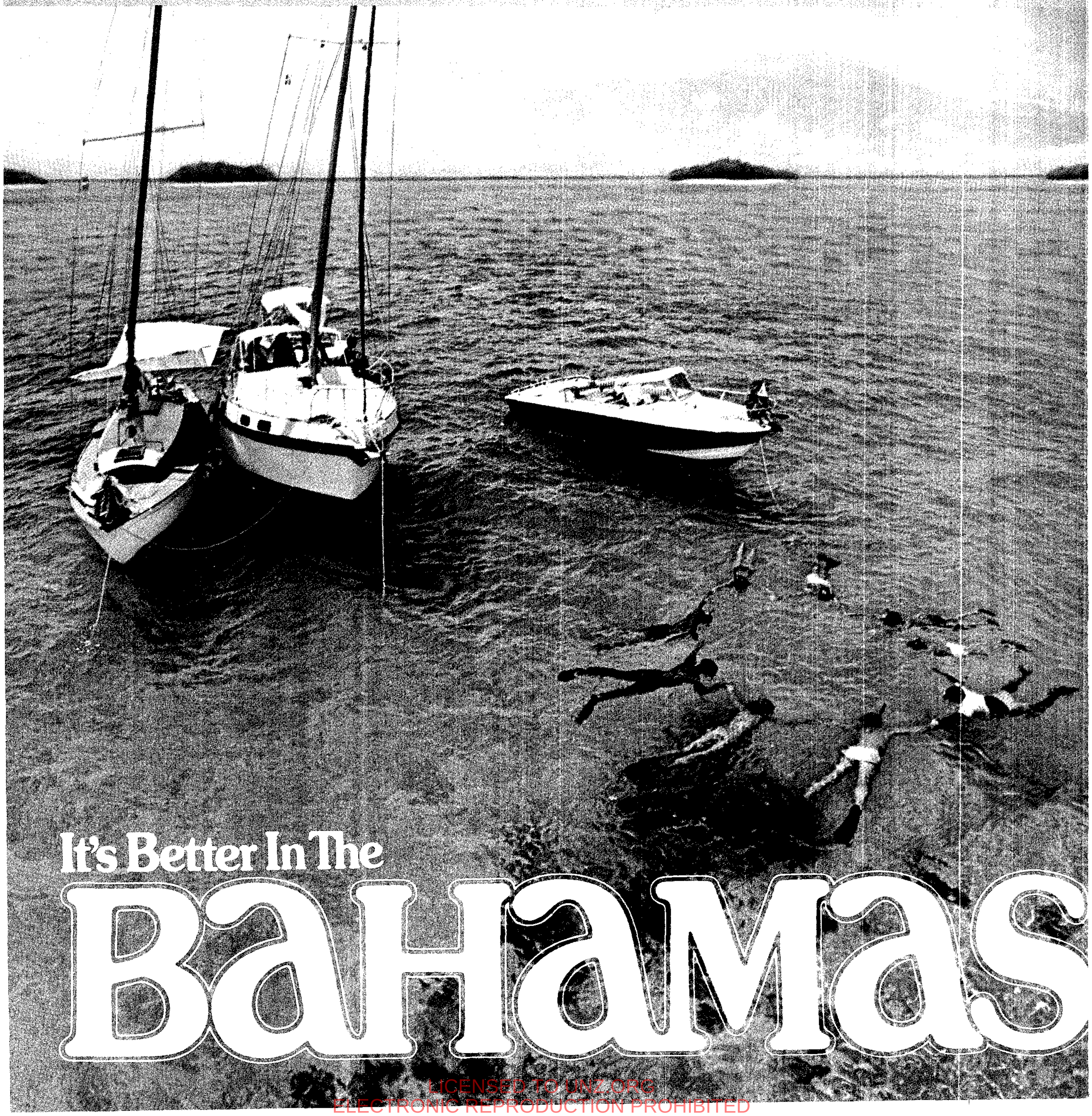
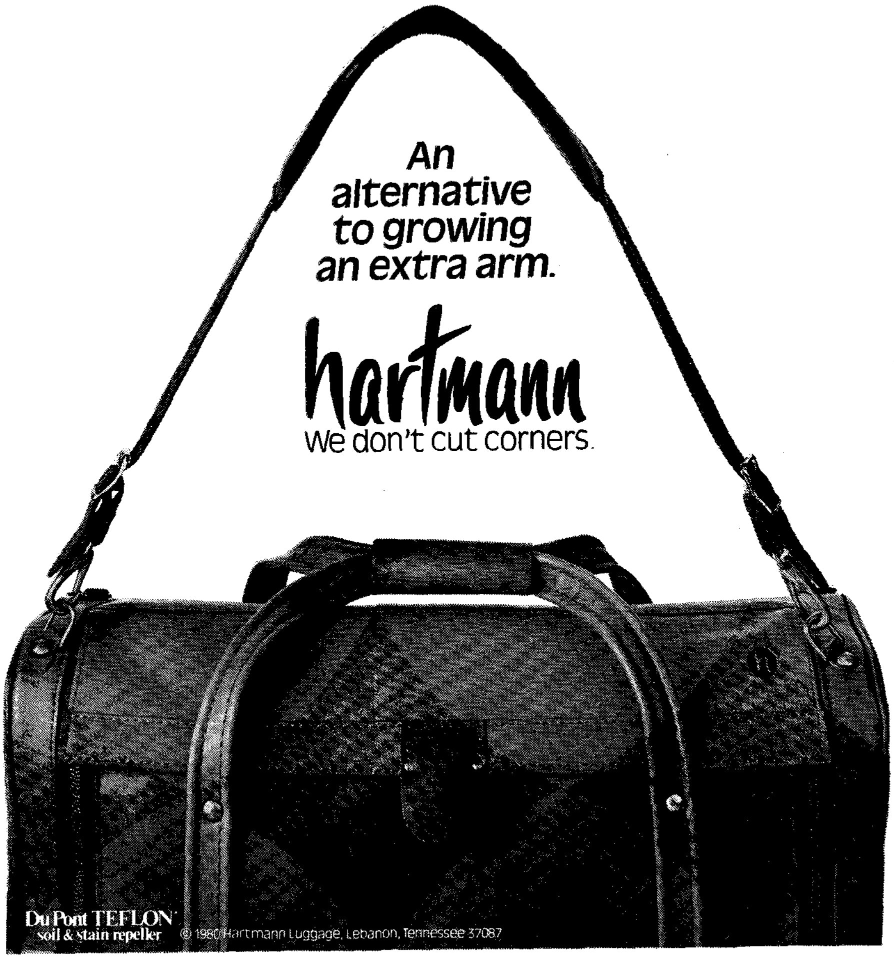


momentum: one deal big enough to set the publishing community abuzz with excitement merely serves to trigger even bigger deals. The upshot is that the entire economy of trade-book publishing seems to have become focussed on the pursuit of "the big book"—the so-called blockbuster. A few examples of the prices that have been paid for paperback rights to best-sellers—fiction or nonfiction—indicate how the bidding has gone in the past twelve years. In 1968, Putnam sold Fawcett the paperback rights to Mario Puzo's "The Godfather" for four hundred and ten thousand dollars. In 1972, Harper & Row sold Avon the paperback rights to "I'm O.K.—You're O.K.," a lay guide to self-analysis, by Dr. Thomas A. Harris, for a million dollars, which was then the highest price in publishing history for paperback rights. Just a month later, Avon paid $1,100,000 to Macmillan for the rights to Richard Bach's "Jonathan Livingston Seagull." In 1974, Simon & Schuster, even before publishing its hardcover edition of Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein's "All the President's Men" (the writers had received an advance of sixty thousand dollars), sold Warner Books the paperback rights for a million dollars. In 1975, Random House sold Bantam Books the rights to E. L. Doctorow's "Ragtime" for $1,850,000. In 1976, Avon paid Simon & Schuster $1,550,000 for the rights to Woodward and Bernstein's "The Final Days" and Harper & Row $1,900,000 for the rights to Colleen McCullough's novel "The Thorn Birds." In 1978, Fawcett paid Harper & Row $2,250,000 for the rights to "Linda Goodman's Love Signs," and in the same year New American Library paid Putnam $2,550,000 for the rights to Mario Puzo's "Fools Die"—a sum that included the conversion of the reprint rights to "The Godfather," which had by then sold thirteen million paperback copies in the Fawcett edition. In 1979, Dell paid Doubleday a million dollars for the paperback rights to Thomas Thompson's "Serpentine;" Bantam Books paid Random House $1,500,000 for the rights to William Styron's "Sophie's Choice;" New American Library paid three million dollars for the rights to both Robin Cook's "Sphinx" and his next book, "Brain," which Putnam will publish next February. And in September of 1979 that figure was topped by a little less than a quarter of a million dollars,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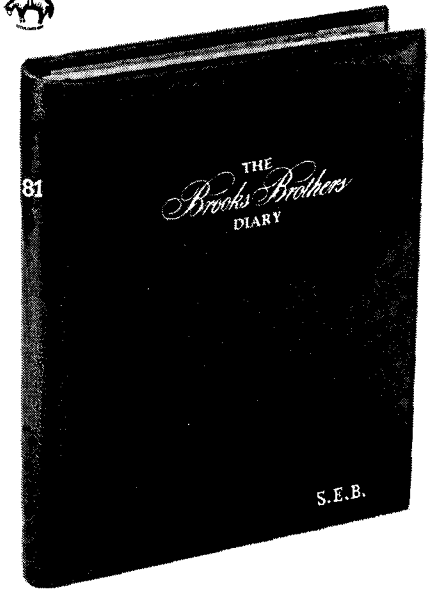
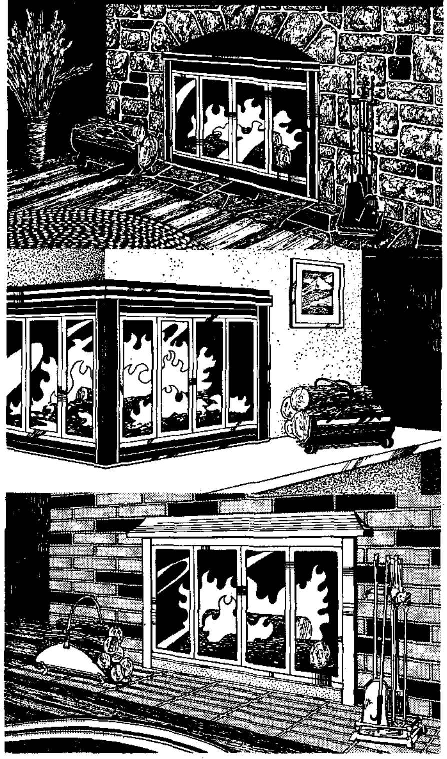


when Crown sold Bantam the paperback rights to a single novel, Judith Krantz's "Princess Daisy," for $3,208,875. Under such circumstances, the sale of paperback rights for, say, half a million dollars hardly creates more than a ripple of interest in the trade. "I've heard people say, 'You mean you only got *six hundred thousand* for the paperback rights to that book?' " an agent with West Coast connections told me a while ago. Another man who has been involved in many paperback-rights deals observed, "This is a golden time for authors," and Oscar Dystel, who until recently was the chairman of the board of Bantam Books, remarked to me, "You won't find a lot of these writers sitting in attics these days. You'll find them sitting in their big houses on their big estates. Or in their Rolls-Royces."

The erosion of the control traditionally held by hardcover houses, and the correspondingly increased dominance of the paperback end of the publishing business, has tended to make hardcover publishers more dependent than ever on revenues from the sale or lease of whatever subsidiary rights —primarily paperback rights—they have retained. For hardcover publishers, these revenues tend to vary greatly from one period to another, but their importance is such that, in the publishers' annual financial statement, they often constitute the difference between profit and loss. At the 1978 Federal Trade Commission seminar, Winthrop Knowlton, the chairman and chief executive officer of Harper & Row, which is the tenth-largest book publisher in the country, said that in 1977 Harper & Row's trade-book department had earned six hundred thousand dollars, after taxes, from hardcover sales and eight hundred thousand dollars from subsidiary rights. Knowlton's statement conveyed the clear implication that if the subsidiary-rights income of Harper & Row's trade-book department had fallen off substantially that year, the company's trade-book business as a whole would have been operating at a loss. And Roger W. Straus, Jr., the president of Farrar, Straus & Giroux, and the most vocal spokesman concerning the independent publishers' situation, has declared that his company "would be destitute without subsidiary-rights income."

To render this less than stable situation even more unstable, as the prices obtained by hardcover publishers from paperback houses for reprint rights keep rising, the competition among hardcover publishers to sell off the subsidiary rights to big books intensifies, and that means that the publishers concentrate their attention more and more on seeking out and promoting potential best-sellers. This concentration on the blockbuster is reinforced by other developments that have been occurring in the industry—among them the growth of large chains of retail bookstores, the strong rivalry of paperback publishers for rack space in retail outlets, the computerization of inventory and warehousing systems, the arrival on the scene of a new breed of big-time literary agent, the influence of television talk shows that regularly feature authors as guests, the control by entertainment conglomerates of hardcover and paperback publishing companies as well as motion-picture companies and the like, and the increasingly active involvement of Hollywood in the business of book publishing itself. These diverse forces have contributed greatly to the grinding out of products by the huge conglomerate communications-entertainment economic engine. And at the same time the scale and complexity of this engine, or system, has exerted an extremely powerful influence on the condition of its components. For example, some components—among them the hardcover-book business—that were previously thought of as differing structurally and functionally have in various ways been standardized, and equipped with mutually compatible or interchangeable features, in the interests of accommodating them to the requirements of the machine as a whole. In this sense, the trade-book business seems on the way to becoming nothing more than the component of the conglomerate communications-entertainment complex which happens to deal primarily with publishing books. Just how far-reaching that complex is can be seen in the fact that Harcourt Brace Jovanovich has made itself the owner of several marine-life recreation exhibitions in this country, including Sea World, in Florida, which features performing sea lions, dolphins, and other creatures,



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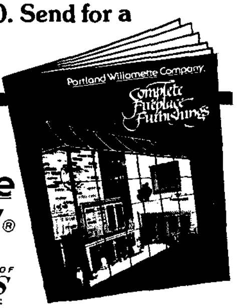

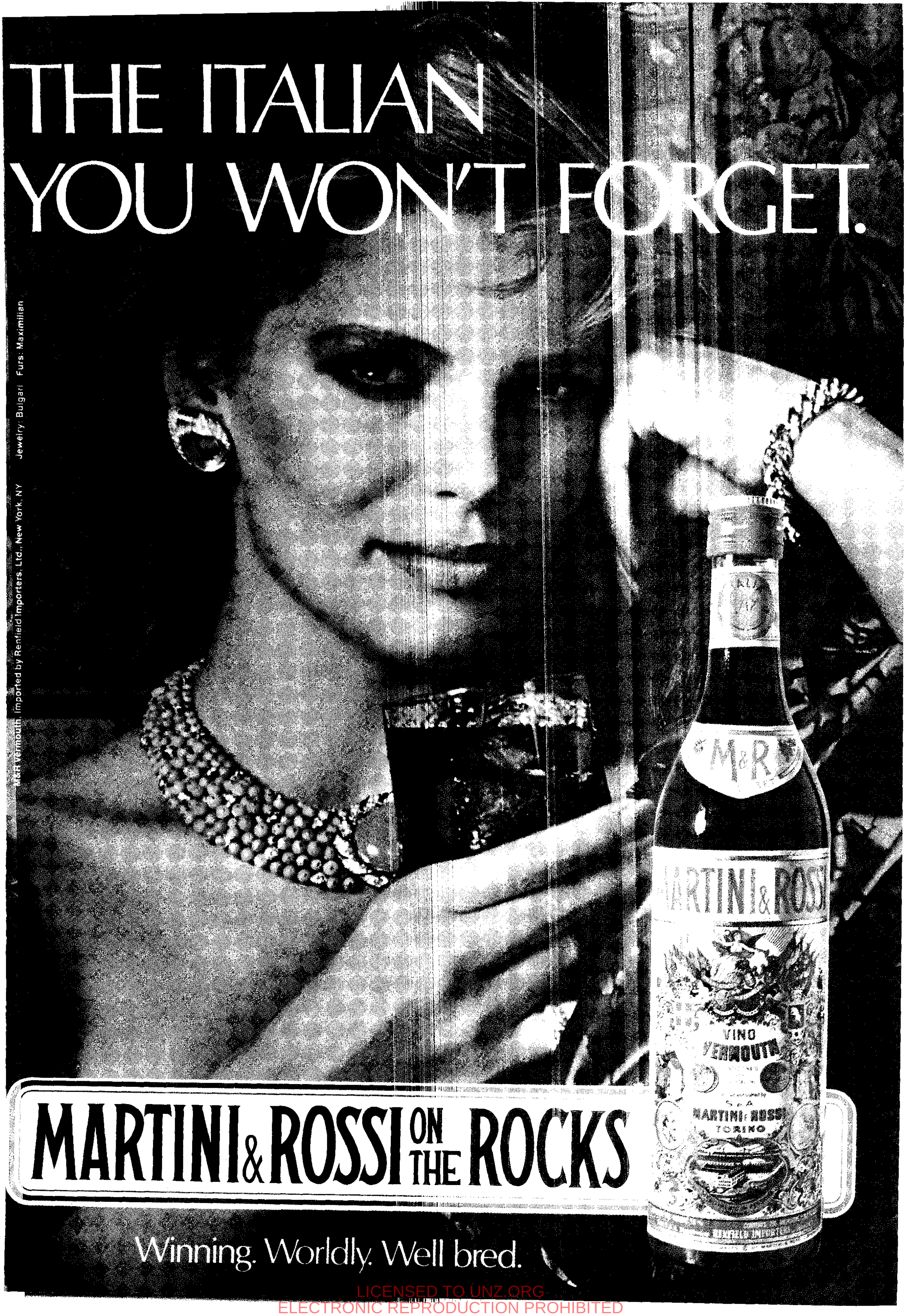
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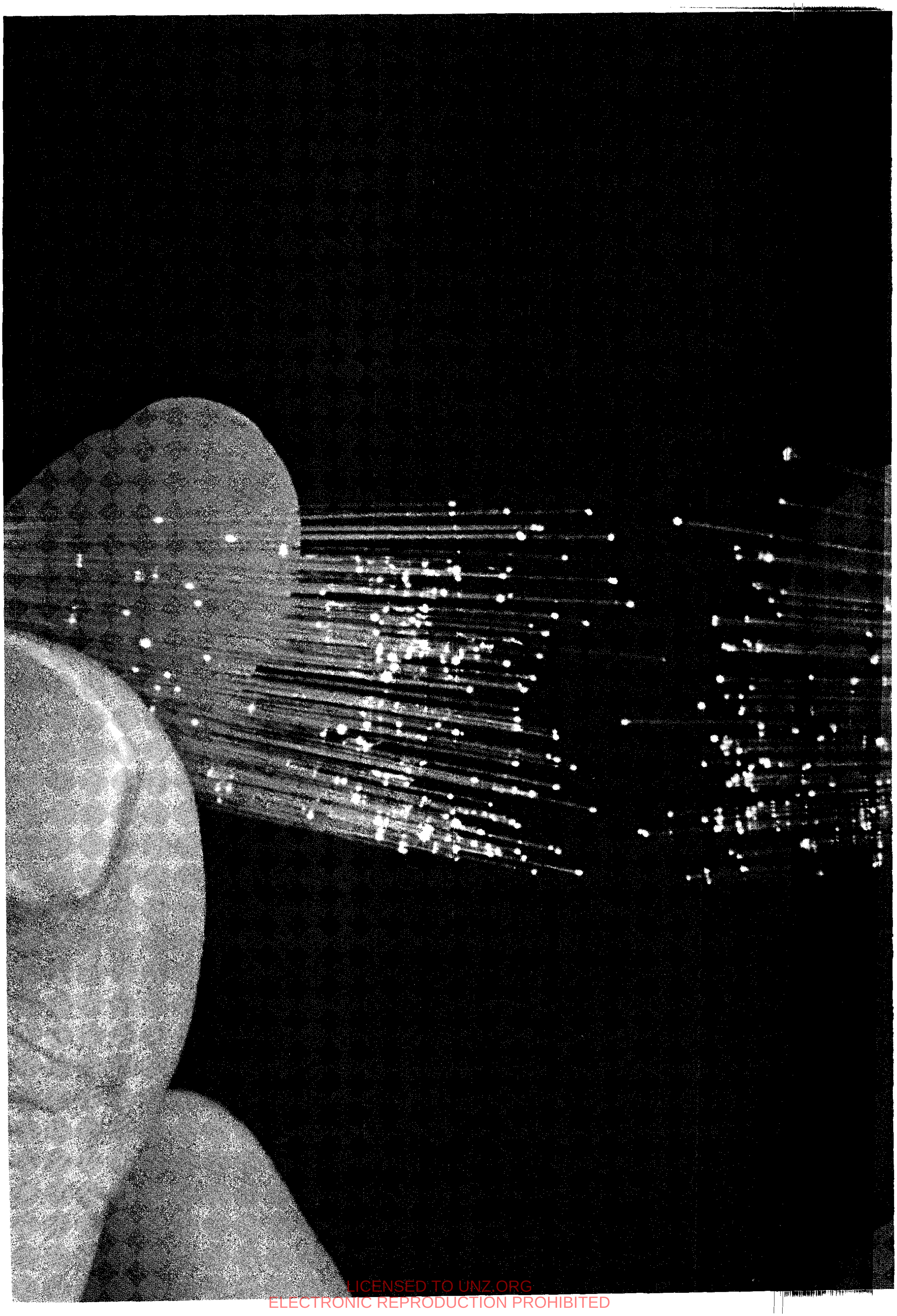

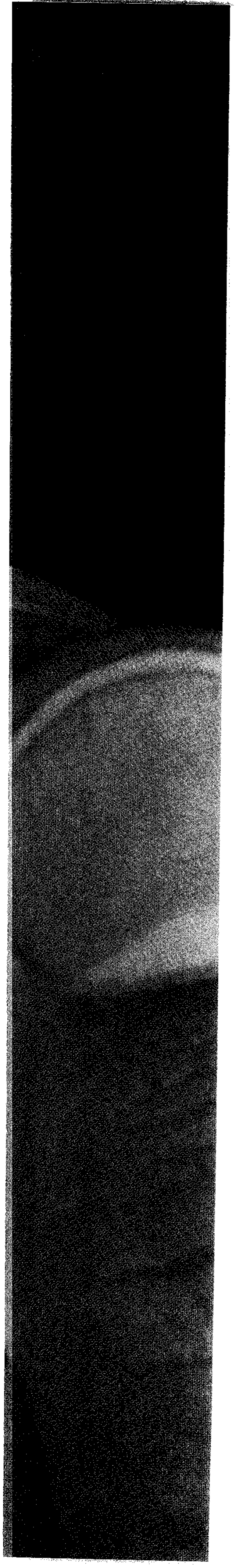

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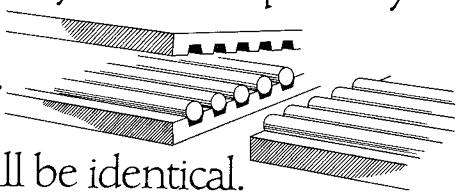

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while an investment group headed by Doubleday recently bought the New York Mets.

THE changes that corporations have introduced into their recently acquired publishing companies—beyond putting their accounting men on the scene, providing centralized computer and other services, and, of course, making available large pools of corporate money—have varied considerably. But for the most part the mergers have been followed not only by the introduction of many new management people, more familiar than their predecessors with big-organization procedures, but also by a spread—diffuse and generalized though it may be—within the acquired companies' own staffs of practices normal in the big-corporation world; for example, image-building, marketing, and the setting of production and "performance" quotas. One sign of this sort of adaptation is that, as time goes on, the language of the corporate merchandiser seems ever more a part of the workaday speech of book publishers and editors. Indeed, much of what publishers and editors are doing is becoming ever more closely entangled with what advertising men, television producers and talk-show hosts, and Hollywood producers and packagers are doing.

By way of examining this entanglement, one might consider the role that television talk shows have come to play in publishing. Twenty years ago, the promotion of most trade books was carried out on a relatively genteel and pinchpenny scale, being confined largely to ads taken out under modest advertising budgets in the daily or weekly book-review sections of newspapers, supplemented on occasion by personal appearances of authors at bookstore autographing sessions. The publicity departments of publishing houses usually consisted of one or two people (usually women and therefore underpaid even by the standards prevailing in the publishing business), whose work was usually limited to putting out routine press releases about new books and sending out review copies. But the leisurely attitude of publishers toward publicity began to change when they realized that an appearance by a writer on a television talk show could sometimes have a remarkably stimulating effect on the sales of his book. They were given an intimation of television's potential for

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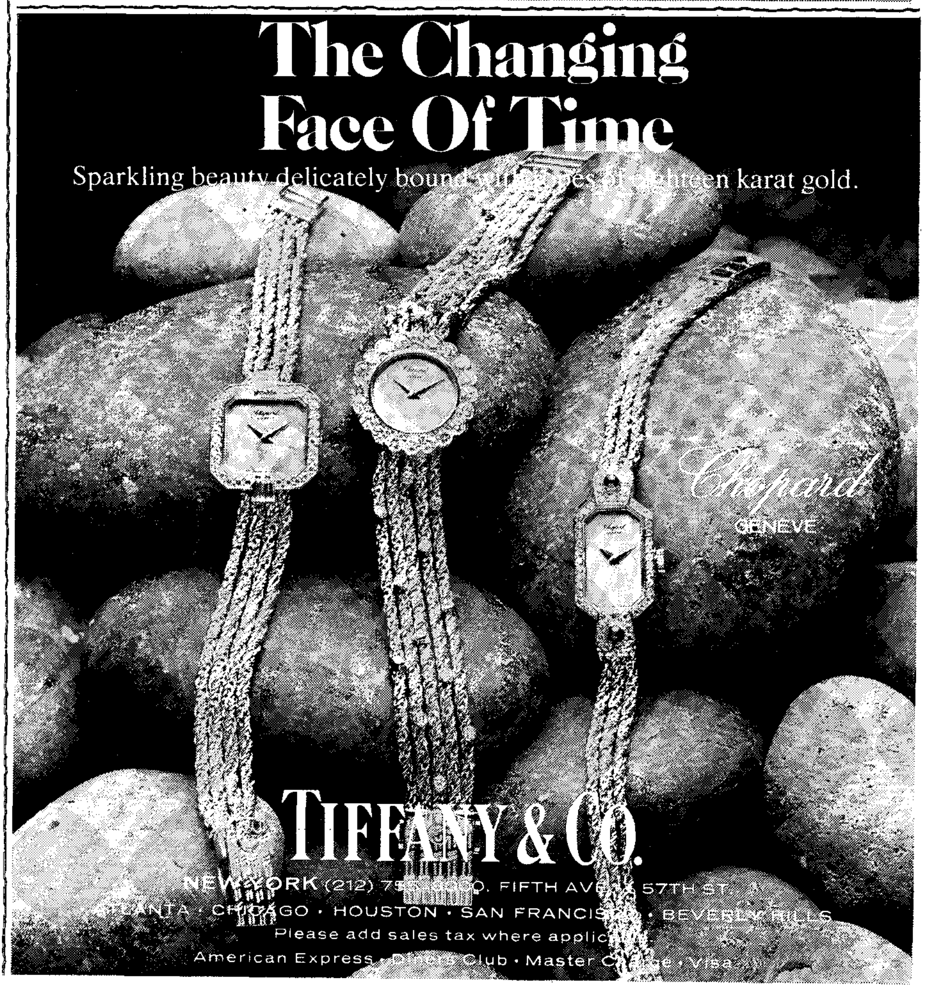
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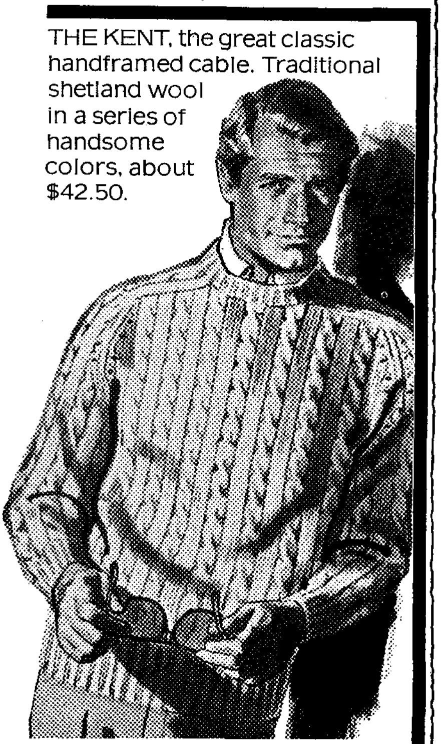

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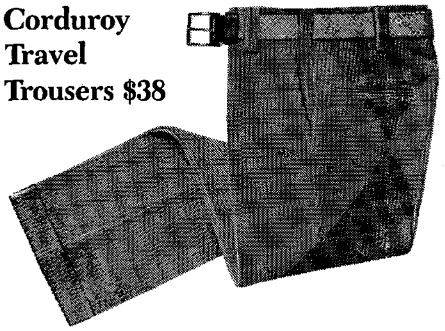

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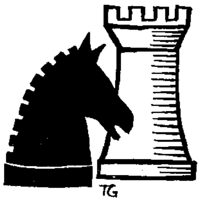
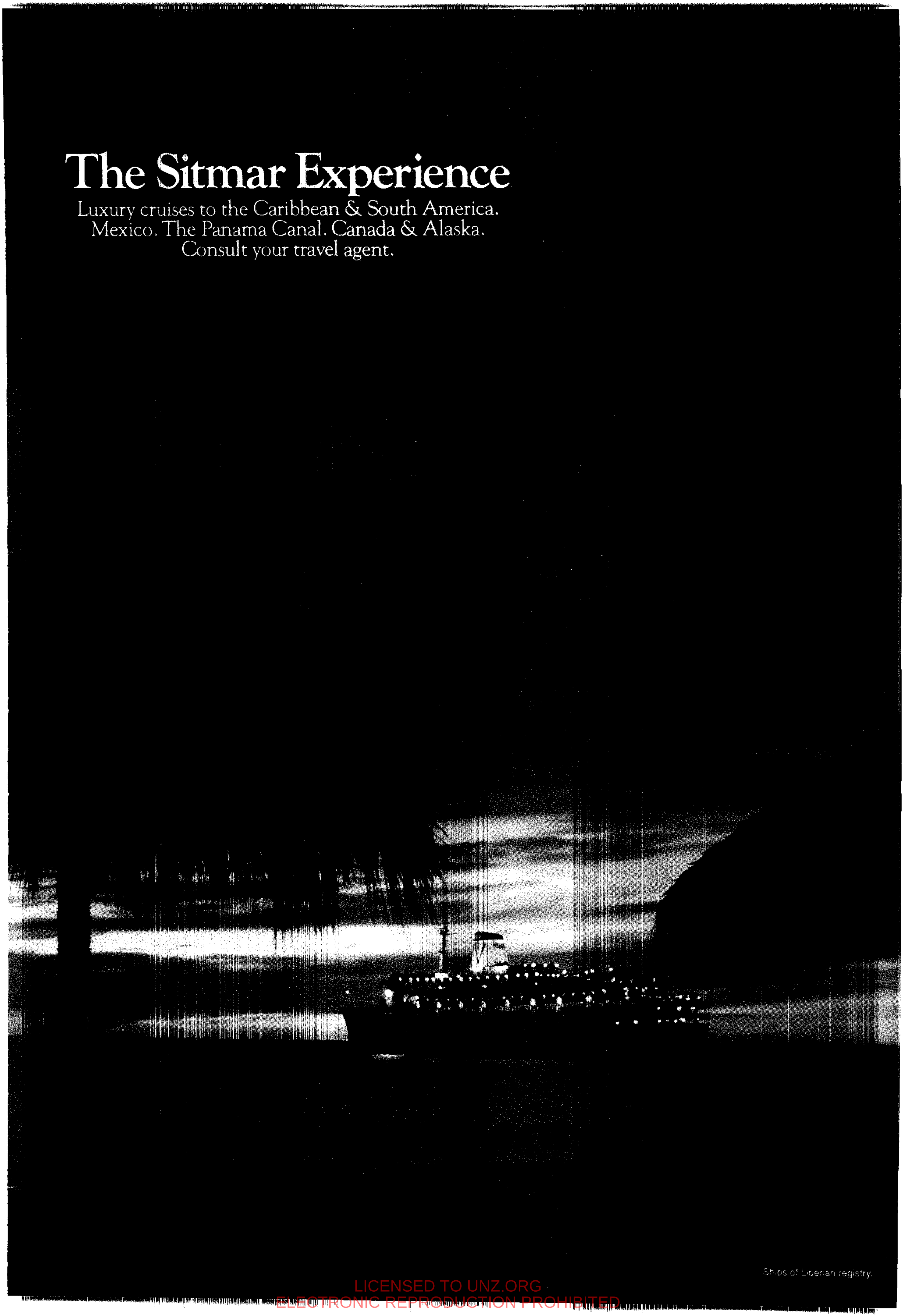
promoting books by the appearances, beginning in 1959, of Alexander King, a former editor and artist, who, because of serious illness, had become a drug addict for several years. King, a ready and endlessly anecdotal talker, became a favorite guest of Jack Paar on the "Tonight Show," and when a book of his reminiscences called "Mine Enemy Grows Older" was publicized by Paar on the program, the book, which was published by Simon & Schuster, went right onto the *Times* best-seller list. A second book by King, "May This House Be Safe from Tigers," which Paar also touted to the late-night audience during appearances by its author, sold nearly a hundred and fifty thousand copies in hardcover alone. In the meantime, a few insiders who were aware of what television publicity could do for books were hard at work. Among them was a former editor at Prentice-Hall named Bernard Geis. At Prentice-Hall in 1957, Geis had put out a book by Art Linkletter called "Kids Say the Darndest Things," which was a compilation of material from Linkletter's TV show. The book became a top nonfiction title on the *Times* best-seller list and stayed on the list for over a year. "Linkletter told me that the success of the book was primarily due to the fact that he had promoted it on his own show," Geis recalled recently. Linkletter was so enthusiastic about the possibilities that this sort of thing offered to people who, like him, owned, or were the principal figures on, TV shows that—together with Groucho Marx, the star of "You Bet Your Life;" Ralph Edwards, the host of "This Is Your Life;" and the TV producers John Guedel, Mark Goodson, and William Todman—he financed Geis in setting up a book-publishing company, Bernard Geis Associates, that, according to the publisher's scheme, would specialize in the publication of books that would be readily promotable by the hosts or guests of television shows, not excluding the shows being run by the financial backers of Bernard Geis Associates. As could perhaps have been foreseen, among the books that emerged from the innovative house of Geis were "The Secret World of Kids," by Art Linkletter, and "Harpo Speaks"—both of them handsomely plugged by the authors on various shows.



One of the books that Geis Associates put out was called "Every Night, Josephine!" It was about a poodle and was written by a woman named Jacqueline Susann. "Every Night, Josephine!" sold well, making it onto one nonfiction best-seller list briefly in 1963. In 1966, Miss Susann sent the manuscript of another book to Geis. It was a novel about three girls who separately came to New York in search of romance and success in show business and social life but, in their ambitious climb, took to pill-popping and couldn't get out of the habit. Against the advice of a couple of his editors, who even by the standards of Geis books condemned Miss Susann's new work as "literary trash," Geis published the manuscript. The book was called "Valley of the Dolls," and though Geis promoted it with an unusual amount of print advertising, by far his main promotional effort consisted in getting Miss Susann on as many television and radio interview shows as possible to talk up her book. In this, he had the full coöperation of Miss Susann, who—under the personal management of her husband, a former Hollywood publicist and television producer named Irving Mansfield—conducted a cross-country campaign to publicize her book on TV and radio shows and also made herself available for innumerable appearances at bookstores, shopping centers, and so on. According to Geis, Miss Susann got on so many TV and radio shows that "someone said then the only thing you could turn on without getting Jacqueline Susann was the water faucet." The effect on the sales of "Valley of the Dolls" was remarkable. It sold three hundred and fifty thousand copies in hardcover and stayed on the best-seller list for almost a year and a half, and when the book was issued in paperback—by Bantam Books, in 1967—Miss Susann, aided by a new round of promotional hoopla, with organizational help provided by a young woman named Esther Margolis, who had become Bantam's first publicity director, and a Los Angeles press agent named Jay Allen, set out on yet another relentless cross-country tour of TV and radio talk shows and personal appearances. According to Miss Margolis, who went on to become a senior vice-president of Bantam and recently founded her own publishing company, Newmarket Press, the constant exposure on TV and radio had a



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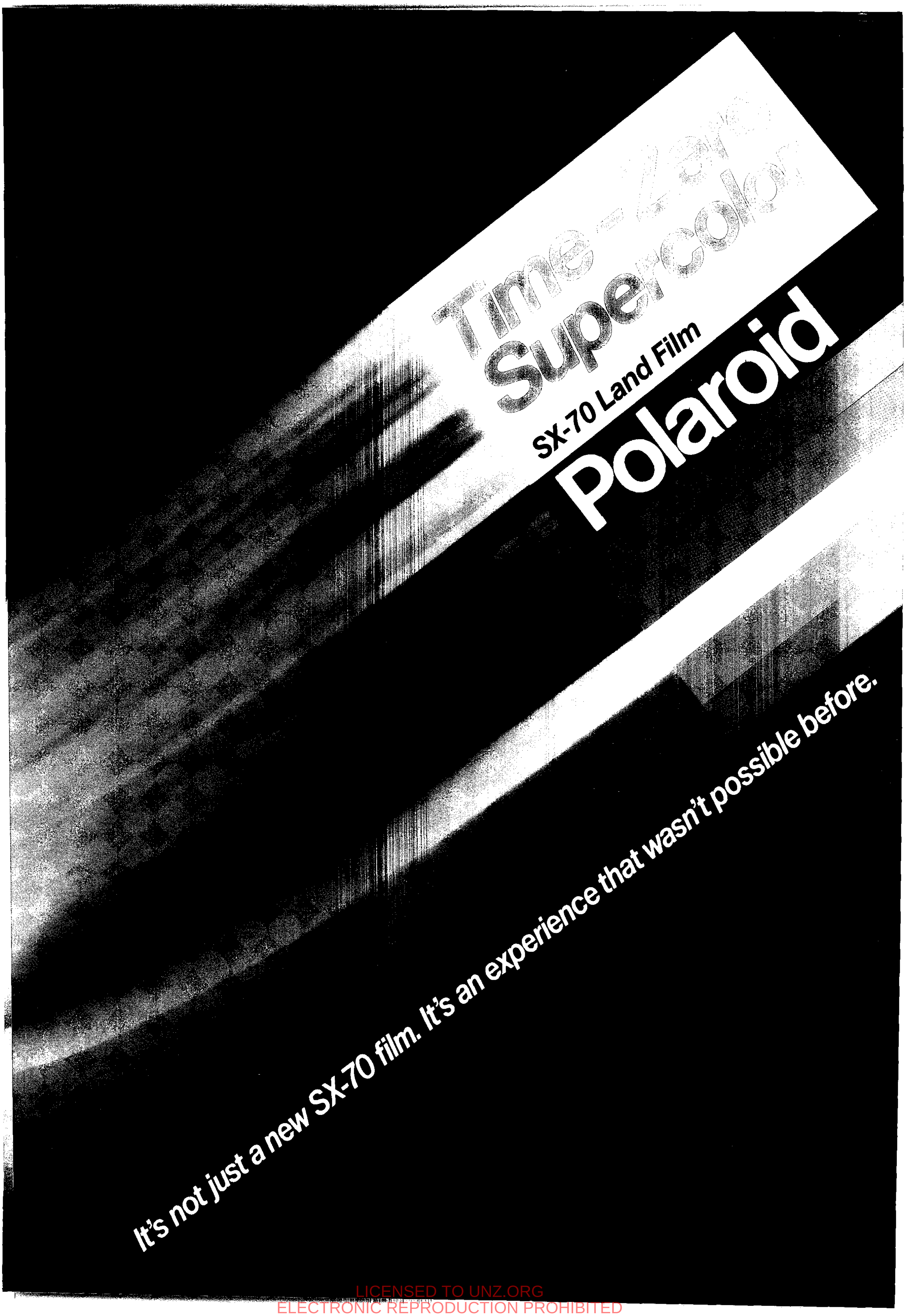
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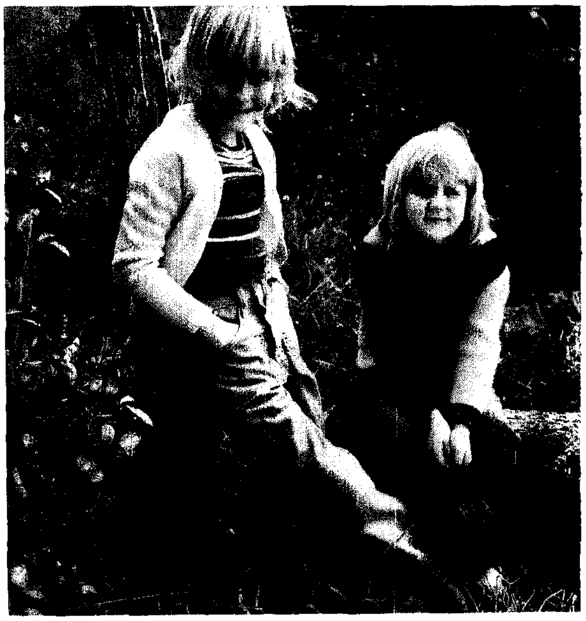

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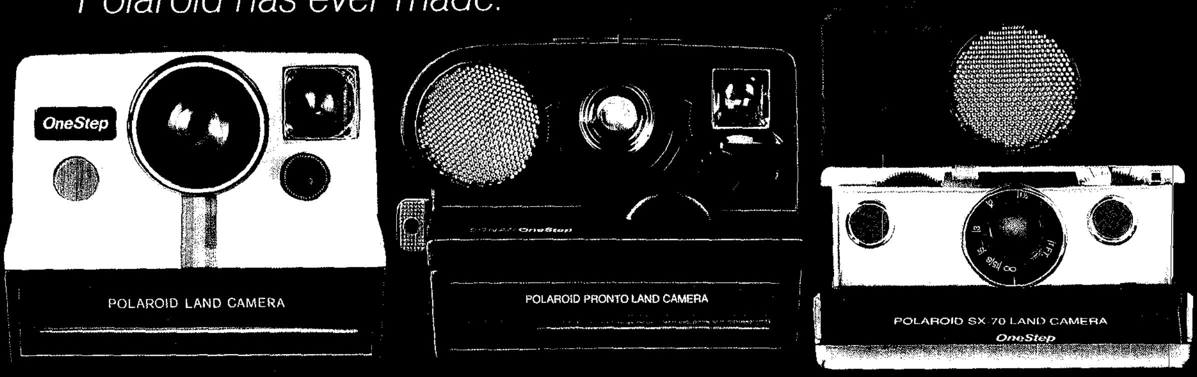
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It fits all Polaroid cameras that use SX-70 film.

huge, direct effect on the popularity of Miss Susann's book and on the enthusiasm of paperback retailers. In paperback, "Valley of the Dolls" sold more than twenty-two million copies.

With such spectacular examples of the potential of television talk shows for boosting the sales of certain kinds of books, a number of publishers began to build up their publicity staffs and their contacts with talk-show production people. This was happening at the time that the number of television talk shows and the size of their audiences were increasing. The relationship that developed between the trade-book publishers and the television people was one of barter. To exist, the talk-show business needs an endless supply of guests, and the publishers found that by getting authors of books on their current lists to appear they could help satisfy that need. The TV people got these guests at no cost to the producers, and the publishers could put their authors on programs at no cost beyond the authors' travelling expenses to and from the TV studios. By the mid-nineteen-seventies, the practice of placing authors on television shows had come to play a fundamental part in the economics of book publishing. Authors of newly published books were routinely sent out on regional or cross-country talk-show tours by the hundred as, in effect, unsalaried representatives of their publishers' sales forces. The authors contributed their working time, received travelling expenses, and waited to see what effect, if any, their being exposed to television audiences would have on the sales of their books. Publishers have found that when authors unfamiliar with the ways of show business are sent out on TV tours, a certain amount of preparation may be advisable, not only concerning the logistics of getting to studios in strange cities but often also concerning how, literally, to put the best face on things.

A "Memo on Media Exposure" given to McGraw-Hill authors by the company's trade-book publicity department offers neophytes to the air some general advice, including the desired comportment of a writer before the cameras, and it also lists some of the hazards that may be encountered. "*Do not underestimate the value of a minor show*," the memo advises the authors soothingly, just in case one or another of them may feel that the shows listed on his tour schedule don't quite seem to live up to his expectations. "Such a

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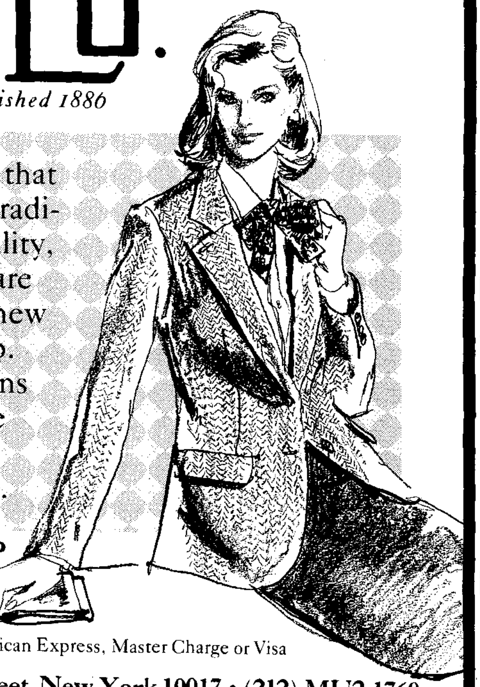

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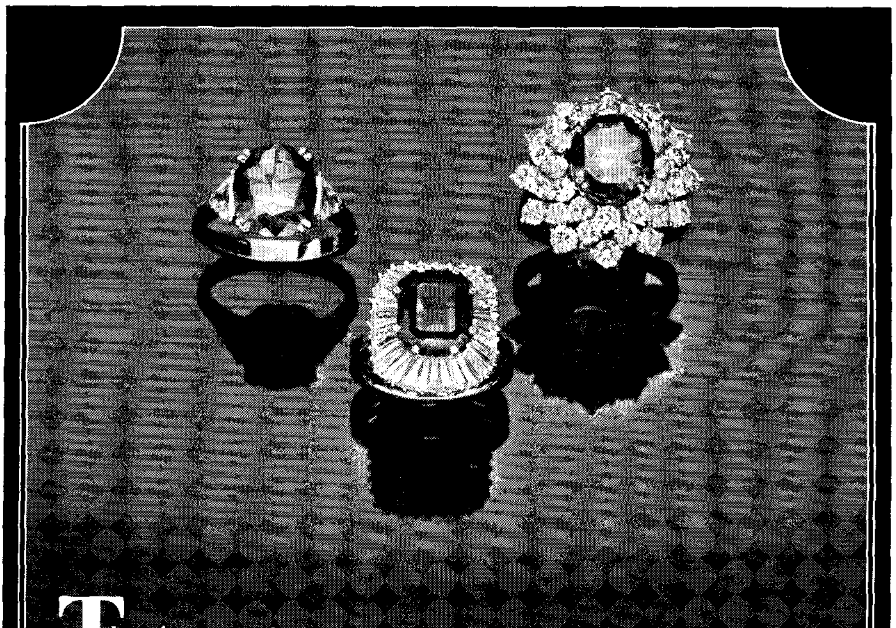

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program may provide valuable exposure to an audience that would not be reached otherwise." It goes on, "Resolve to be at your best on every show, regardless of your opinion of its format or host." Authors are also urged to suppress their reaction to a discovery they might make just as they go before the cameras: "Do not feel incensed if [the talk-show host] has obviously not read your book. This happens on top-notch shows as well." What would be a lot worse would be to discover that there wasn't a copy of the book itself on the premises. So:

> *Always bring a copy of your book with you.* They may not have it on hand, it may have been filched—safe is safe. Assume that your interviewer has NOT looked through the book; be prepared to give a quick capsule-summary of its contents. Radio and TV commercials [that interrupt the show periodically] can be put to good use, as during that time you can quietly mention to the host what topics you would like to hit next.

The memo goes on to describe the standard that writers are expected to live up to:

> *A measure of showmanship is definitely in order.* By agreeing to appear before a TV camera or behind a radio mike, you have temporarily assumed the obligations of a show-biz personality. You must radiate self-confidence, charm, charisma. Keep in mind that your normal hand and head gestures will lose all impact when reduced to a TV screen: do not fear to over-gesticulate within reason. . . . Also practice to vary the pitch, tonal qualities and volume of your voice—the purpose is to add strength, punch and interest to your delivery. . . .
>
> For every point you make, have two or three stock examples that *illustrate your statement quickly and memorably.* Be armed with a supply of well thought out, brief personal anecdotes, and pertinent, relevant aphorisms which will sound as if they had just occurred to you and are being ad-libbed on the spur of the moment. . . .
>
> *Do not hesitate to mention the title of your book from time to time,* and your publisher at least once. . . . Never refer to "my book"—always mention the title, were it only for the benefit of that part of the audience which always tunes in late.

The extent and the effectiveness of the regional or cross-country tours vary widely, of course, from author to author, from publisher to publisher, and from book to book. One author I know who agreed to sally forth on an out-of-town tour of talk shows to publicize a book recalls as one of the less inspiring occasions an interview held in the basement studio of a radio station of depressingly low wattage during which he discovered that the interviewer, who came up with very few questions and seemed preoccupied with

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some papers in front of him while the author answered what questions there were, was passing the time by going over figures on a work sheet related to his federal income tax. At the other end of the scale, a while after Peter Benchley's book "Jaws"—which Doubleday published in hardcover in 1974, and which has sold more than two hundred thousand copies in that form—was published in paperback by Bantam, in 1976, Benchley hit the TV circuit on a tour organized by the ever-energetic Esther Margolis. The tour came on top of the release of "Jaws" as a movie, and, with the exposure through TV, radio, and the film, sales of the paperback edition jumped from four million to eight million.

Taken as a whole, the effect of TV appearances by authors on the sales of books has made such an impression on book publishers that the art of putting authors on TV has become a sort of mini-industry in itself. The publicity department of every major publishing house is becoming increasingly centered on authors' TV appearances; even the august house of Knopf has a department devoted to everything involving media promotion. Simon Michael Bessie, who is now a senior vice-president of Harper & Row, concedes that television appearances by authors "have become a principal ingredient for the promotion of books." Insuring these appearances, he says, is part of "the struggle in publishing . . . to get attention in a crowded marketplace." This struggle, Bessie says, has shifted to TV partly because of the limited coverage and discussion of books in printed reviews. "The *Times Book Review*, in fifty-two weeks, can review or mention a maximum of perhaps two thousand books, out of about twenty thousand books of general interest that are published each year—only one out of ten," he told me. "Television can be used to call attention to books that don't necessarily get reviewed in print. Television consumes words, people, pictures at an immeasurable rate. It needs subjects, people. Book publishers can provide them. The two interests coincide." Donna Schrader, the publicity director of Dial Press, describing the advantages to talk-show producers of having authors on their programs, says, "It's *fodder* for their shows." From the publishers' point of view, arranging for authors' tours is a far cheaper way than print advertising of reaching large audiences. Illustrating this point,

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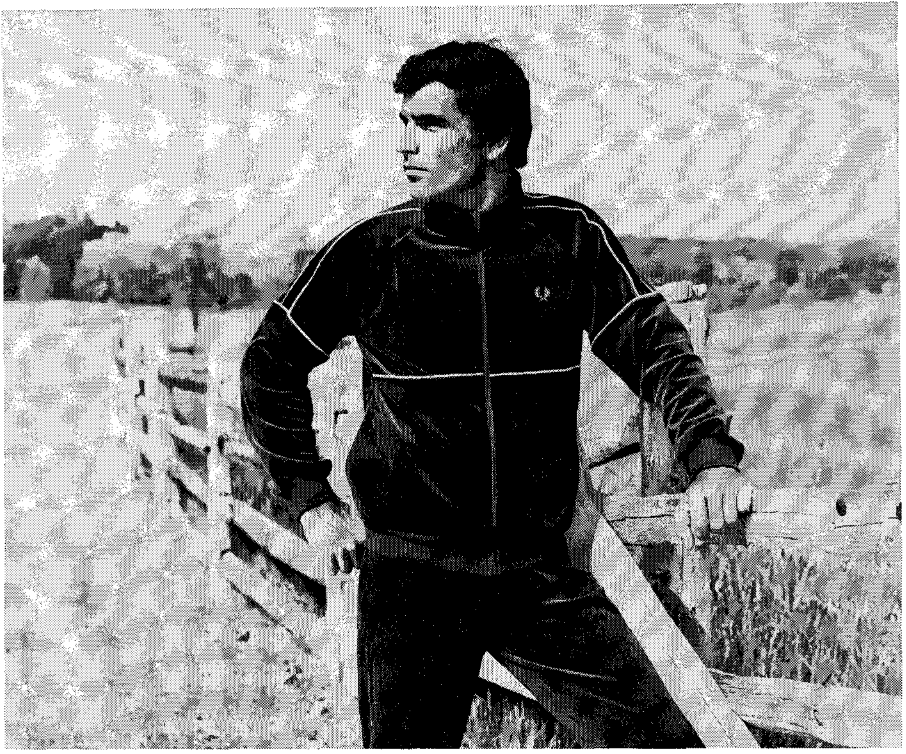

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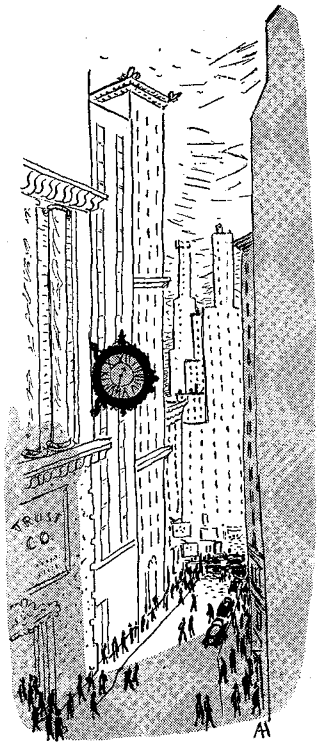
Jane Becker Friedman, the director of promotion for Knopf, says, "A full-page ad for a book in the *Times Book Review* costs seventy-five hundred dollars. For seventy-five hundred dollars, we can send an author on a major talk-show tour of ten cities, and the total TV audience reached might be reckoned in the tens of millions rather than in the millions reached through a *Times* ad." Donna Schrader on the same subject: "If you counted up what we get in author appearances on TV and radio practically for free, and added up all these words at advertising prices—wow! What an advertising budget we'd have!"

The extent of the national author-supply business, a sort of chandlery of the air, is indicated by the long lists of forthcoming tours by authors which are issued in publishing newsletters and other publications. *Publishers Weekly* regularly devoted a section to a listing of forthcoming authors' tours until recently, when, it seems, the list got so unwieldy that the editors decided to deal with only the more important tours, as part of another section. On the main editorial floor of the Fifth Avenue headquarters of Bantam Books, a passing glimpse of that part of Bantam's promotion department which is devoted to authors' tours gives an impression of feverish activity—telephones go like mad as contacts are made with authors, talk-show production people, airline offices, hotels, and so on, and the results of all these negotiations are condensed in the form of tour schedules listed on a big Plexiglas board. The calculations concerning the potential sales effectiveness of placing an author on one talk show rather than another in the same city have become so fine that the publicity directors at some major publishing houses keep on hand, among other reference works, television-industry tabulations of both the size and the composition of audiences reached by competing talk shows.

Thus, in sending an author to Chicago to make a television appearance, the promotion director of a publishing house might ponder the advantages of getting him or her on "AM Chicago," which goes on between nine and nine-thirty, rather than the Lee Phillip show, "Noonbreak," or the "NewsCenter 5" show, also at noon. Talking to me some time ago, one promotion director outlined the calculations to be made: "All right, 'AM Chicago' has a three rating, with an audience of ninety thousand adults, of whom seventy thousand are women and twenty thousand are men. The Lee Phillip show has a five rating and a hundred and sixty thousand viewers, of whom a hundred and thirty-four thousand are women and twenty-six thousand are men. The 'NewsCenter 5' show has a six rating and a total audience of two hundred and ten thousand, with a hundred and thirty-six thousand women and seventy-four thousand men. Suppose you decide to try getting the author on one of the noon shows, which have higher ratings than 'AM Chicago.' 'NewsCenter 5' has a six rating versus a five for Lee Phillip. But if your author has a book that you figure is going to appeal mainly to women, the numbers are actually about the same for the two shows. Who is it that you're after? If the author has a book that deals with, say, politics, which is more likely to appeal to men, 'NewsCenter 5' is definitely the show to shoot for, since it gives you an audience that contains fifty thousand more men than the Lee Phillip show." Then, there are further intricacies, usually beyond the technical understanding of the author being dispatched around the circuit but of considerable concern to the publisher's publicity people. The promotion director remarked, "Lee Phillip will not take an author who has already appeared on 'AM Chicago' during his tour. But if 'AM Chicago' is out of the picture and Lee Phillip does



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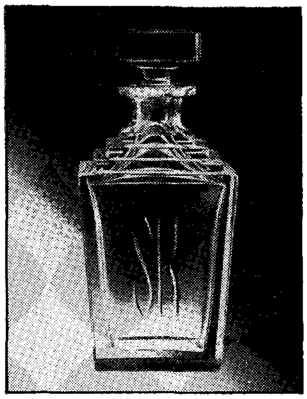
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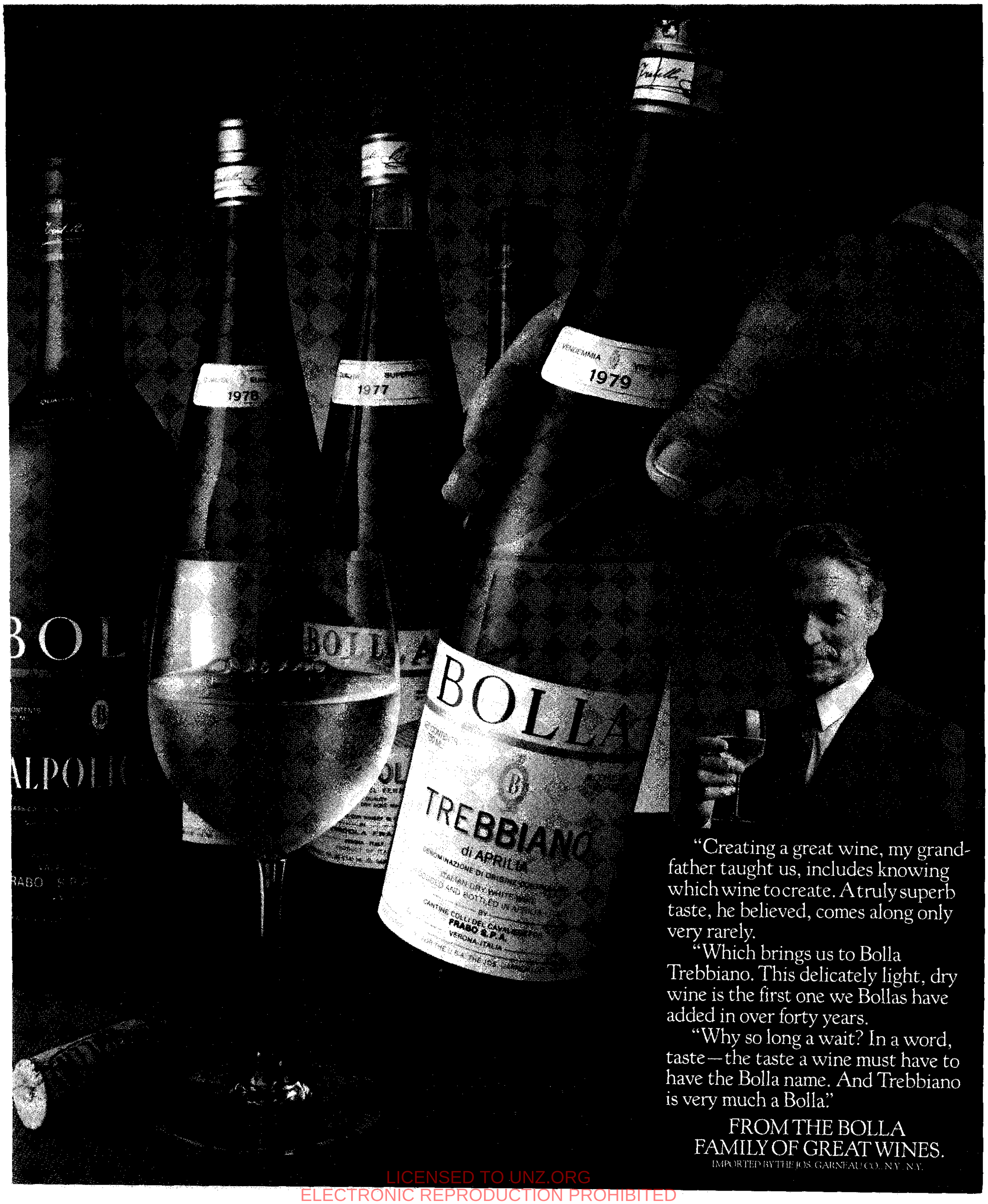

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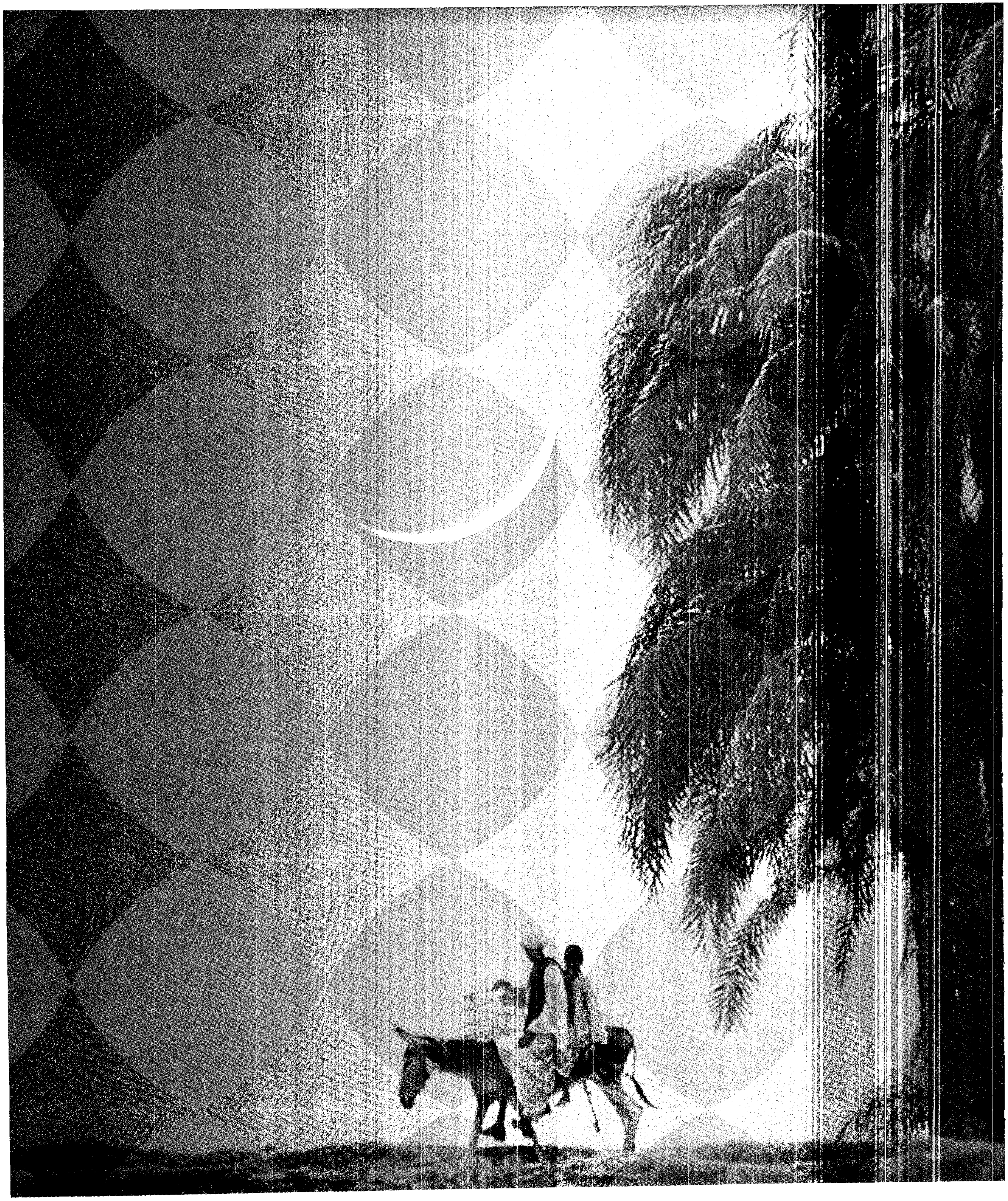

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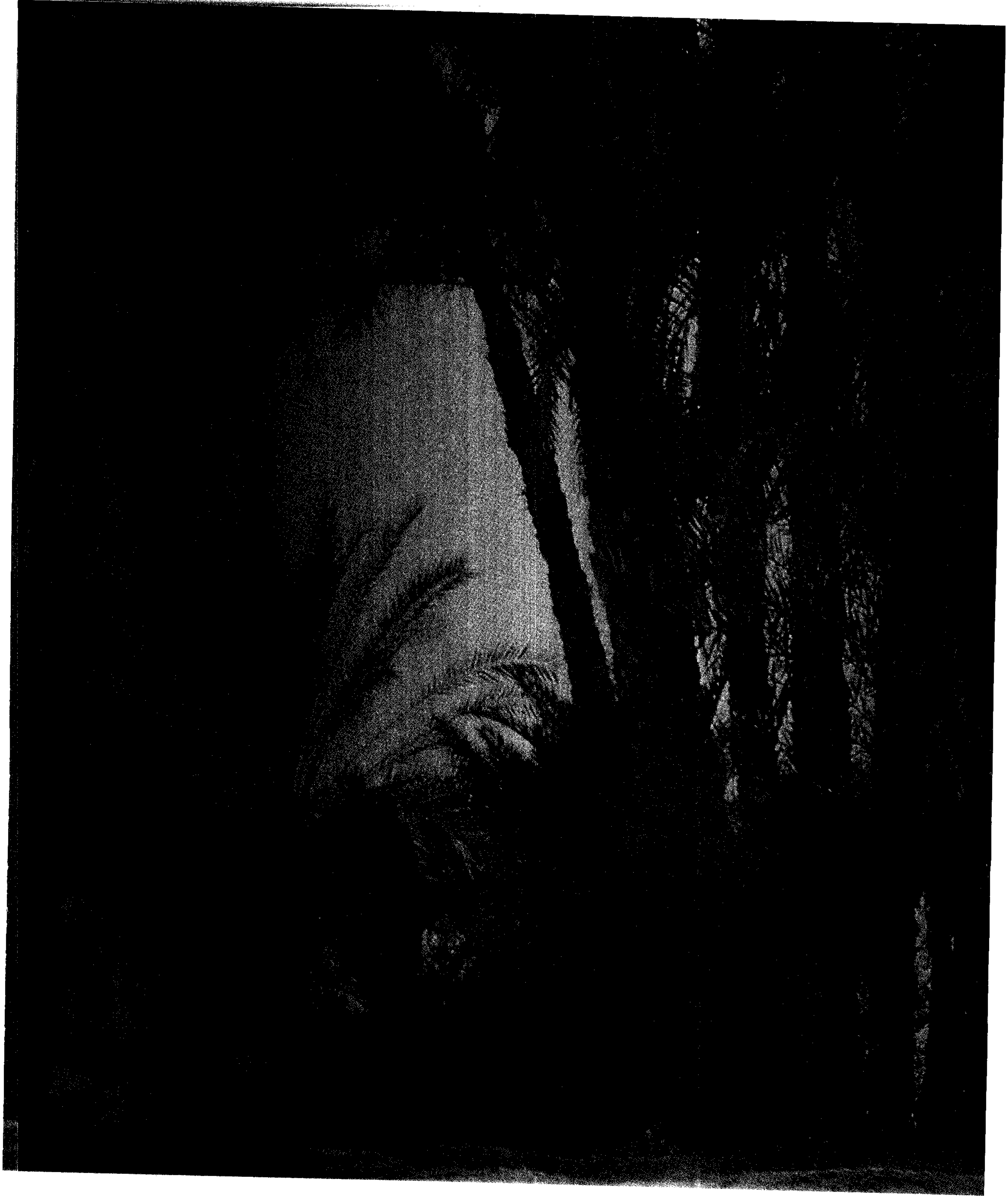

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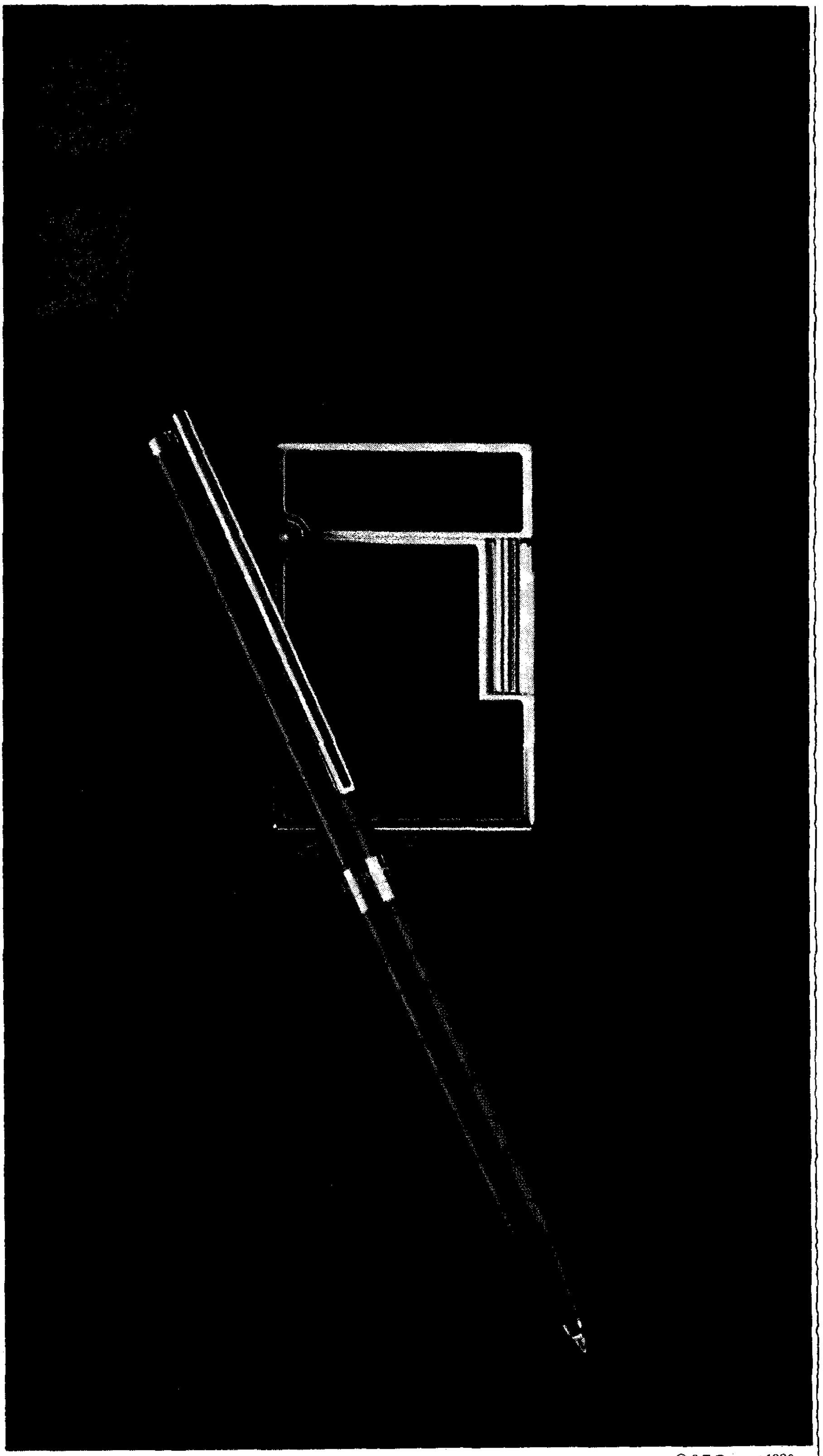

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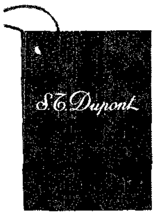

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agree to take the author, you know that you aren't going to stand a chance with Jorie Lueloff, who interviews authors on WMAQ—an NBC affiliate—but who won't take one who has just appeared with Lee Phillip."

Of course, there are other reasons that an author may not get the opportunity to appear on one of these shows to discuss his or her book. The author may be cursed with an inappropriately shy or diffident manner, or be too slow of speech, or talk with a cracked voice, or have a squint or some little facial tic—or may in general fail to "radiate self-confidence, charm, charisma." In such unfortunate cases, the head of promotion at the author's publishing house can simply exercise the publisher's prerogative of not putting the author on tour at all, on the principle that his appearance might actually dissuade TV audiences from going out and buying the book. Publishers are particularly concerned about putting authors who have a less than persuasive manner on such big network or syndicated shows as "Today," "Tonight," "Tomorrow," "Good Morning, America," "Merv Griffin," "Dick Cavett," and "Donahue." When such matters are being considered, the interests of author and publisher are not necessarily given the same weight. Many of the authors who go on "Today" don't just go on cold. By way of preparation for such a big-time appearance, the publisher may send an author off on the talk-show equivalent of a theatrical out-of-town tryout, in which he will make appearances on lesser talk shows, which do not compete with it. (They must certainly not compete. Is the "Today" show likely to invite an author who has just been saying his piece on its hated competitor "Good Morning, America"?) The promotion director at one major hardcover house said to me, "We believe that the 'Today' show or 'Donahue' should not be the first appearance for an author. We send him out to other shows, and he comes back better prepared and more confident on camera. We try to talk to him about what these appearances entail. We impress on him the need for *energy* on TV—if he doesn't display it, we won't sell the book and the show will lose the audience. And we have our own relations with the producer of the show to consider. It might be a one-shot, all-or-nothing book for the author, and he might not even think of being on the show again, but I have to go back to Donahue."

Jay Allen, the Los Angeles press agent whose efforts contributed to getting the pioneering Jacqueline Susann on so many television and radio shows, and who, acting under contract to publishers, has managed over the years to get some four hundred and fifty authors on TV and radio interview shows, said to me, speaking of some authors yet unseasoned by constant proximity to microphones and TV cameras, "They spend their lives over a typewriter, and think of what goes on paper, so it's not at all unusual for us to have a little training course with them, in which I take on the role of interviewer. So many of these authors don't know the value of an anecdote, and if you're going to hold an audience on a talk show, it's with anecdotes. In these practice sessions, I'll correct their way of answering questions. I'll say, 'No, no—don't answer that way, think of an anecdote!' "

Allen is a strong advocate of the advantages of getting authors of his client publishers on radio as well as on TV, especially on the West Coast, because the heavy driving done there means that a large audience is constantly exposed to programs on car radios. "In L.A., if we're trying to reach a more literate audience, I go to Michael Jackson. On his radio show, he has an hour with each author, and he opens his lines for call-ins for the last twenty-five minutes, drawing on your academic group, and you don't get your ding-a-ling fringe that you hear on so many call-in shows."

Paul Friedman, a former producer of the "Today" show, seemed bemused, when I talked to him, by the way publishers put their authors on the television tryout circuit. "I mean, they take their authors around, run these people ragged," he remarked some time ago. "The publishers make their decisions on whom they're going to push and on what shows, then they push them. And you become part of the whole system. I assume the publishers are sitting over there in their offices and thinking, How are the television people going to fill up their programs without having authors on? They figure that what we've got in author appearances is the cheapest possible way of filling air time—that it costs us nothing to bring an author in on the show. And to a certain extent the publishers are right. It doesn't cost me a film crew and all those travelling expenses to interview an author—it *is* cheaper for us, having one brought into the studio. It certainly costs the

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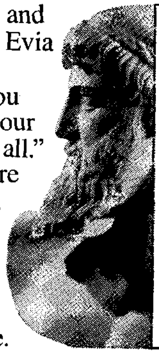

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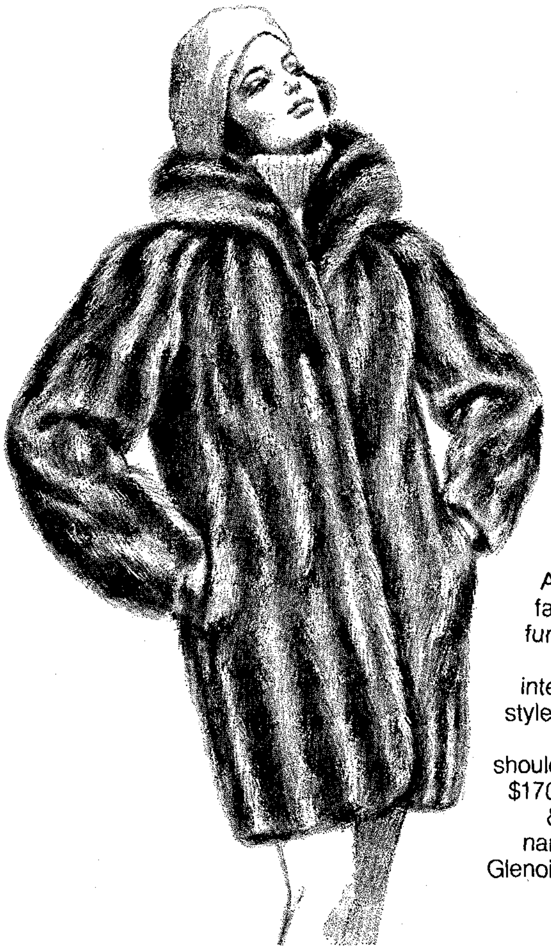
publisher nothing, or next to nothing, to put an author on a show. Publishers try for all they can get. A number of them come to us and say, 'Will you take out an ad together with us'—about an author's forthcoming appearance—'with *the television show* paying for the ad?' They want every ounce of blood!" In reaction to this sort of thing, the "Today" people seem to have become more selective in the last year or so about the authors they put on as guests, but the appearance of an author on "Today" is considered one of the biggest promotional prizes around for any publisher. Friedman himself said, "A Book-of-the-Month selection is more important for a publisher than a 'Today' appearance by the author, but the 'Today' appearance is the second most important thing."

One of the curious aspects of the promotion of books by authors' appearances on television shows is the kind of book that tends to get pushed. Of course, the range of books discussed and plugged on the air in interviews with their authors is slightly constricted by the general refusal of certain authors, such as Saul Bellow, John Hersey, Philip Roth, Bernard Malamud, and Anne Tyler, to engage in this sort of promotion; still, other distinguished writers, such as Norman Mailer, Joseph Heller, and Isaac Bashevis Singer, have appeared on the air to discuss their work. But, beyond these considerations, the books discussed on talk shows are usually nonfiction works, because talk-show hosts find it difficult to discuss works of fiction on the air. For one thing, an interviewer more or less has to have actually *read* a work of fiction fairly carefully just to know the plot, and certainly to absorb the psychic complexities that may be conveyed by the author on the printed page. But with nonfiction works a talk-show host can be filled in by his assistants and scriptwriters, and doesn't have to have done much more than skim through the book himself to determine its general subject matter—a situation that usually leads to talk about the author's involvement with the subject.

Publishers try to get around the anti-fiction obstacle by offering the producers fiction writers who can discuss the factual situations underlying their subject matter. This technique owes much to the trailblazing efforts of Jacqueline Susann, whose inspiration it was to go before the talk-show cameras and discuss not the meanderings of



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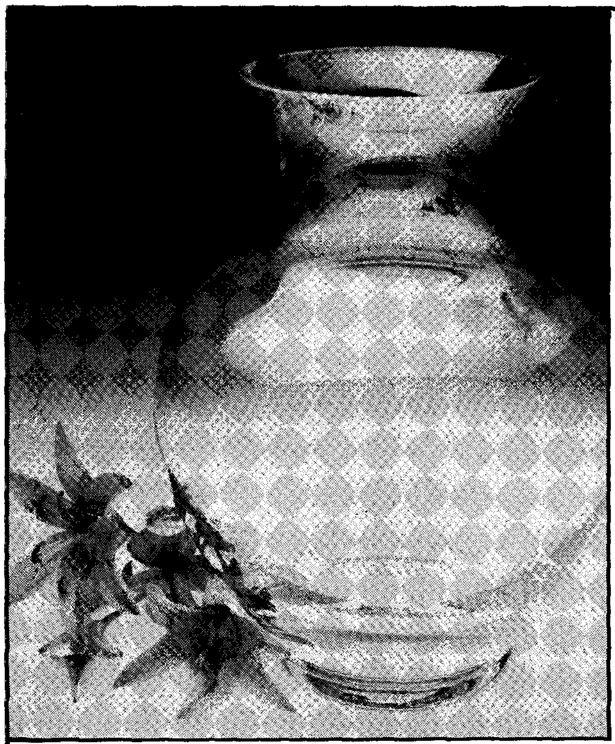

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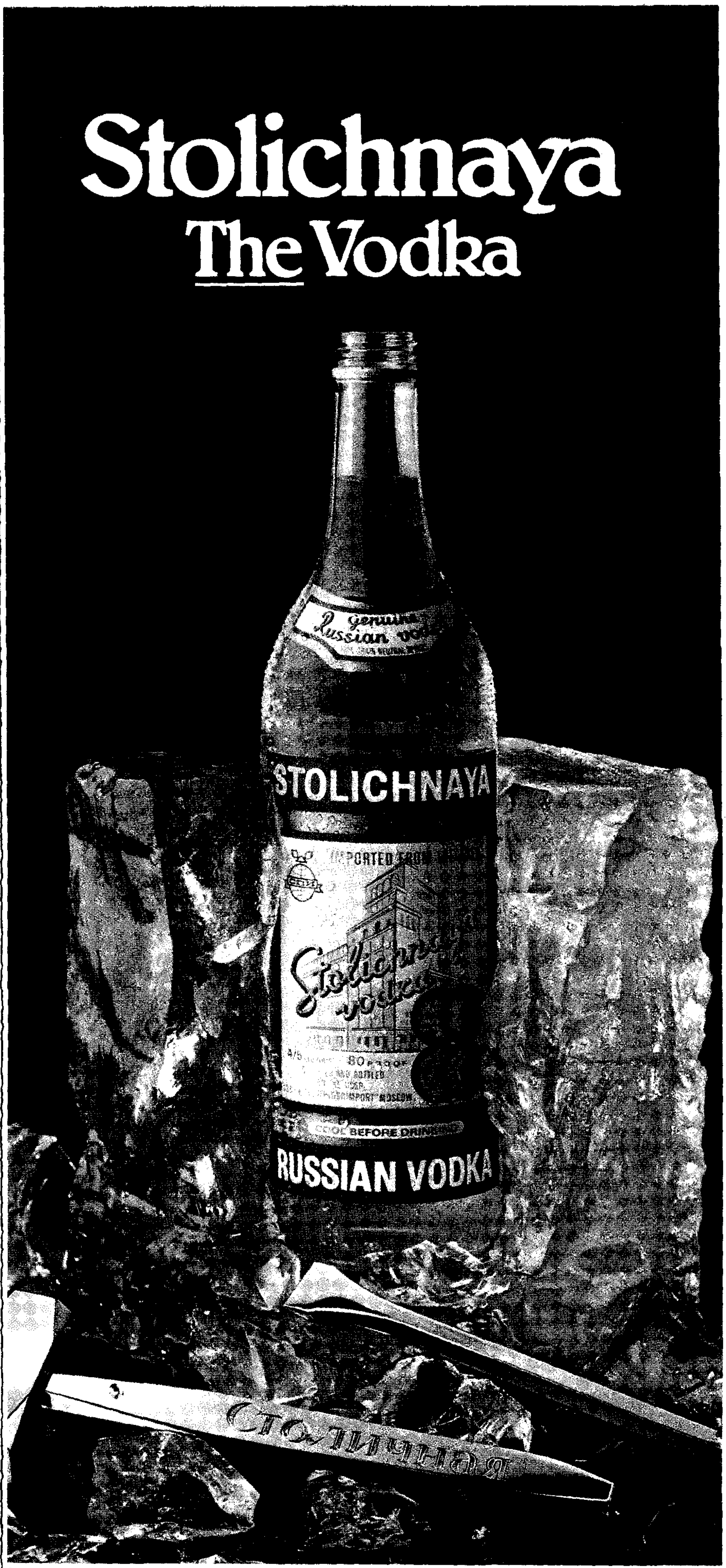
plot in "Valley of the Dolls" but such things as the scandal of pill-popping by rich and famous women in general. "As a matter of fact, Jackie didn't so much *discuss* as *deny* on those talk shows," Bernard Geis told me recently. "She would *deny* that the characters were based on well-known real people. She would *deny* that one character was really modelled on Judy Garland. She would *deny* that it was really Ethel Merman she was portraying in the book." Miss Susann denied her way across the country, and her book sales soared triumphantly. The principle has lived on and flourished in TV. The roman à clef continues to be a successful vehicle for publishers eager to insure attention on the air to writers of fiction, and the promotion people at publishing houses frequently offer talk-show producers real-life topics into which the fictional works of one or another of their authors might be fitted. "You send them a good pitch letter, and some suggested questions, and you talk to the author and go over the whole thing with him," one promotion director said a while ago. Nevertheless, the major efforts that publishers make to get authors on TV are in connection with writers of nonfiction works. Norman Mailer might go on TV to discuss "The Executioner's Song," his novelistic treatment of the life of the murderer Gary Gilmore, or Henry Kissinger might have gone on to discuss his memoirs, but a lot of the writers who go on are people like Dr. Wayne Dyer, who wrote "Your Erroneous Zones," a book of psychological self-help published by T. Y. Crowell in 1976. " 'Your Erroneous Zones' was *absolutely made* on television," a Crowell publicity woman told me. On the strength of a big coast-to-coast TV tour by the author, the book sold over eight hundred thousand copies in hardcover, and nearly five million copies have been printed in paperback.

Though the direct influence of talk shows on the sale of books may apply chiefly to books on what the promotion director of one hardcover publishing house refers to as "subjects natural to the talk-show market—anything to do with marriage, divorce, mental and physical self-improvement," the practice of bartering television time for free appearances by authors has also had a broad general effect on the publishing business. For one thing, sending authors on talk-show tours has become such an integral part of the trade-book economy that it is difficult



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to conceive of any publisher's being able to discontinue the practice, even if he wanted to, without detriment to his company's competitive standing; and this conviction may attract the publishing houses to those authors who seem capable of becoming public "personalities." In fact, in the whole process of putting a manuscript into book form and getting it to readers, the consideration of the author as a public personality is coming to be less and less a matter of pure chance. And estimates of an author's potential as a public personality, rather than just as a writer, tend to be made earlier and earlier in the game. Still, apart from those few publishers who, like Bernard Geis in his "Valley of the Dolls" phase, may have centered their publishing operations almost exclusively on highly promotable authors, it is unlikely that any manuscript would be turned down because the author told his prospective publisher that he had no intention of going on TV or radio to plug the work. But there is little doubt that when an author expresses enthusiasm at the prospect of doing his promotional bit for his publisher—and when the promotion people at the publishing house feel that he might come off well on the tube—his work can be published in an encouraging atmosphere. With no such publicity boost in sight, sales of a book have to rely primarily on favorable newspaper and magazine reviews, and on a sliding-scale allocation (related to the size of the initial printing and the retail price of the book) of paid print advertising. In addition, the money put into advertising often depends on how quotable the reviews are. Of course, for most authors and their publishers exposure on television talk shows may not make much difference in the size of the book sales, but it certainly makes enough difference in enough instances so that publishers are paying increasing attention to what television exposure can accomplish. One effect is that, as Simon Michael Bessie remarked, "it's the author as a personality rather than the book as a book" that tends to get put forward on television and to be considered by the viewing public. Another consequence arises out of the fact that television not only serves in itself as a powerful direct propagator of popular images but also makes a very responsive connection with other mass media, which it continually feeds on and sucks material out of. As commercial television has inculcated in mass audiences the concept of the personality-author, it has at the same time helped to provide publishers with tempting visions of a new *scale* on which books—of a certain kind, at least—might be promoted and sold, through the use of multimedia techniques and the blockbuster approach.

ONE of the most important trends—besides mergers—to affect the publishing industry in the last twenty years has been the remarkable growth of big bookstore chains—a development that has been paralleled by a decline in the prosperity, and even the numbers, of independent booksellers. This is not to imply that (except in unusual circumstances) the spread of the big book chains has been the direct cause of the decline of independent booksellers, in the way that big grocery chains once caused the demise of small local grocery stores—by undercutting their prices until the local merchants gave up the unequal struggle, whereupon the chain groceries put their prices up. The independent booksellers' difficulties are not ordinarily a matter of chains' moving into the independents' territory and doing them in by selling books at cut-rate prices. By and large, the big national chains—and this is certainly true of the two largest, B. Dalton Booksellers and Waldenbooks—do not sell current books at cut-rate prices, nor do they appear to have made a general policy of moving in on the physical territory of independent bookstores. Although in recent times some of them have opened branches in downtown areas of some large cities, thereby possibly contributing to the difficulties of existing independent booksellers in these areas, on the whole the chains have tended to occupy new territories, where few, if any, bookstores existed before—primarily in suburban shopping malls and other high-traffic areas within easy walking distance of parking lots. They have thrived on a policy of high-volume sales, quick turnover of stock, highly computerized systems of accounting and inventory control, and large-scale purchasing.

Without such advantages, and under the stress of inflationary pressures, independent booksellers have had an increasingly difficult time over the past decade. One of their problems has been the soaring postal rates for hardcover books. Independent bookstores—and chain bookstores as well—receive bulk shipments of hardcover books from two main sources: directly from the publisher, or through national book-

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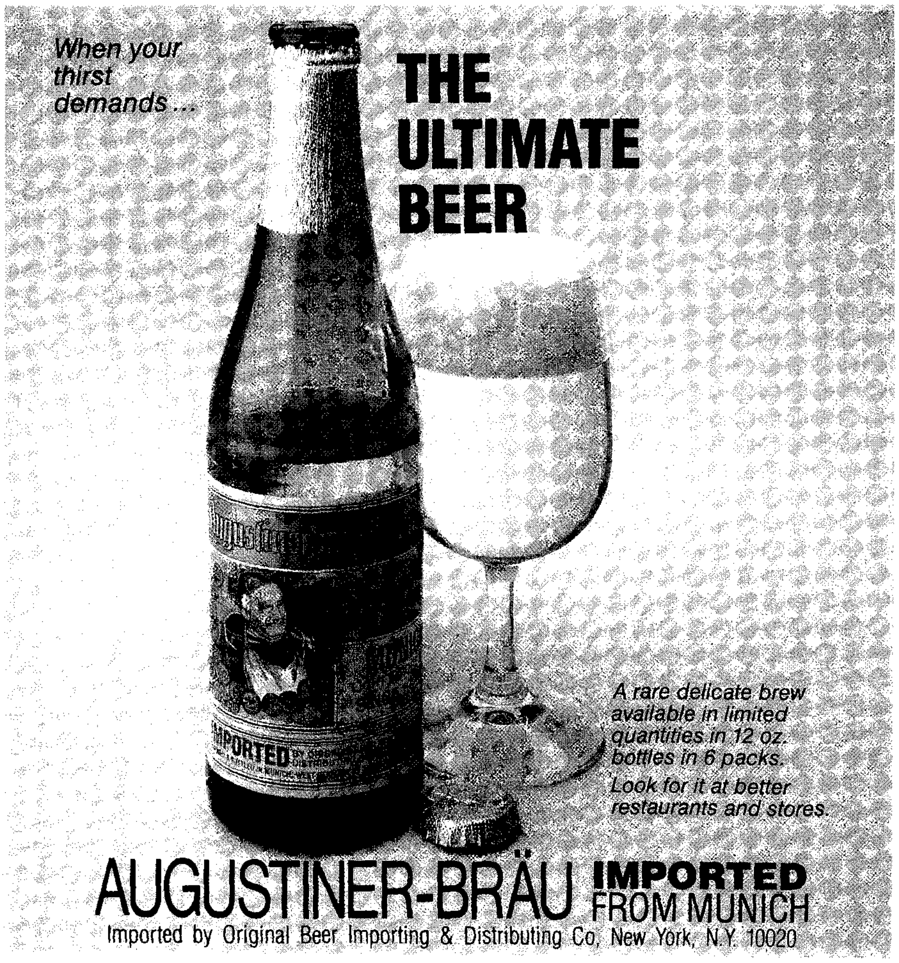

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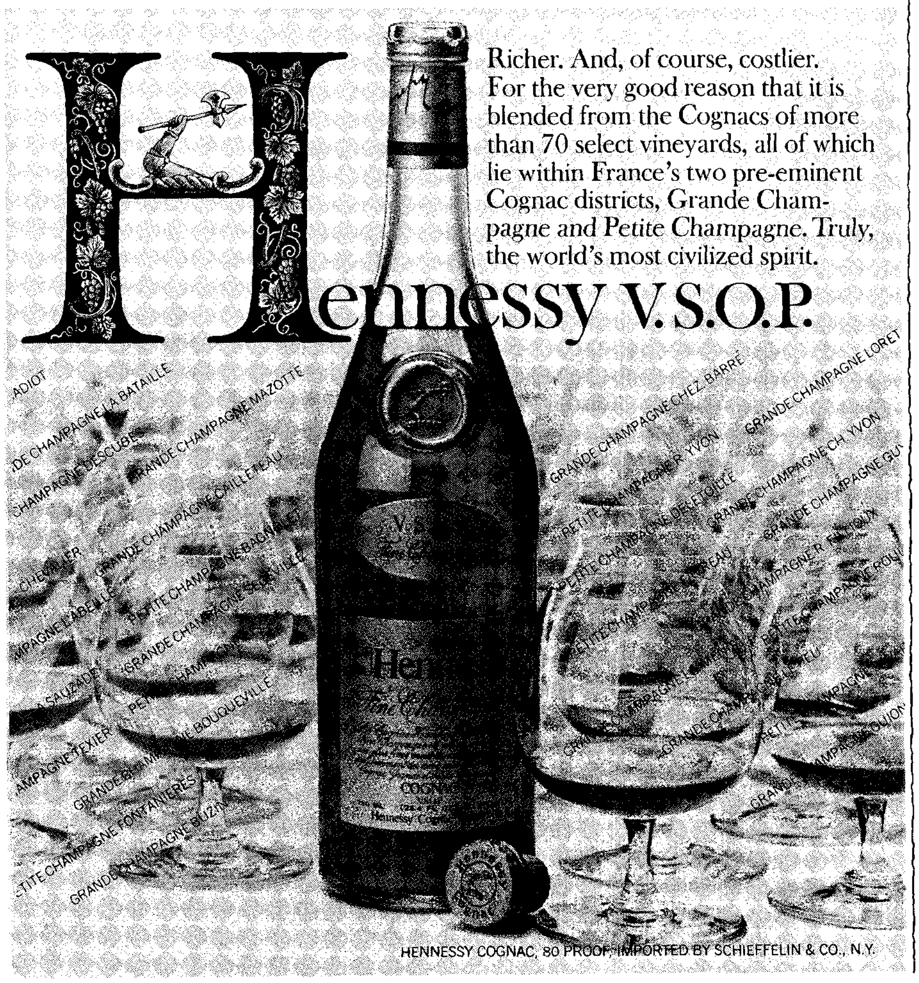

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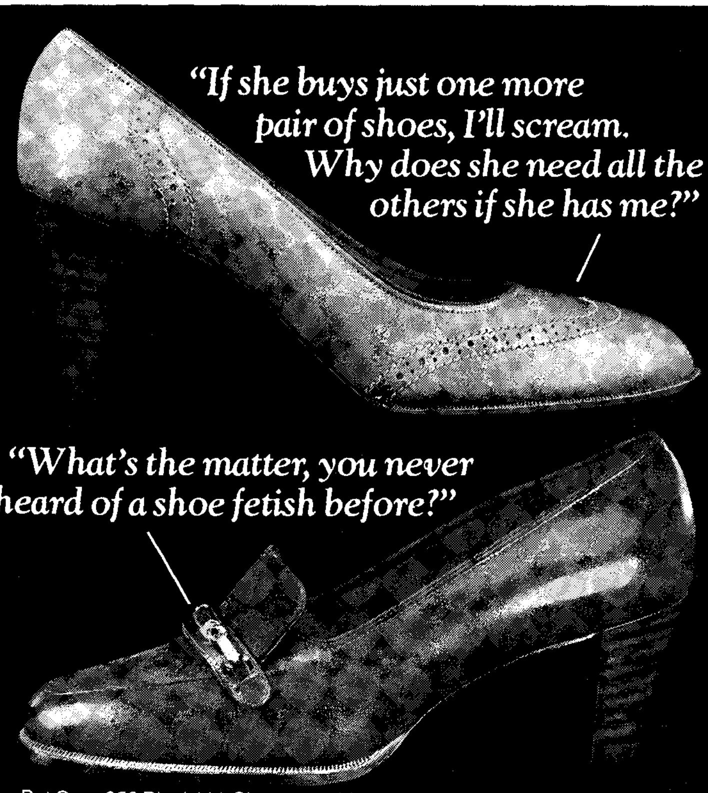
distribution organizations. While most big shipments arrive by truck, a considerable number of books reach retail outlets by parcel post. Unlike chain bookstores, independent bookstores have traditionally devoted themselves to serving the individual needs and reading preferences of loyal customers, by obtaining, by special order, books not in stock. Usually, these books are sent from the publishers directly to the bookseller by mail, the postage being paid by the bookseller. In the past, obtaining books for customers by special order often accounted for as much as twenty per cent of the business, and when postal rates were still moderate the bookseller was able to absorb the postal costs and make a reasonable profit on special orders. But in the last decade the rates have risen so rapidly that a typical hardcover book, weighing two pounds, which in 1970 might have cost the bookseller eighteen cents in postage, now costs him eighty-one cents. That represents an increase of three hundred and fifty per cent—and over the same period the average retail price of a hardcover trade book has risen at about a quarter that rate.

Further, independent booksellers complain that the major trade publishers are imposing on them a maximum discount rate of forty per cent of a book's list price while offering the big chains discounts of between forty-two and forty-six per cent. While most independent booksellers understand the equity of publishers' allowing the chains some extra discount for large purchases, they say that for many individual store owners those percentage points of difference in their discount rate mean the difference between profit and loss. They charge that the discount practices amount to discriminatory treatment, and that this treatment contributes to a serious reduction of competition in the bookselling industry.

Whatever the merits of these claims, there is no doubt that independent booksellers are playing a rapidly diminishing role in publishing. In 1958, sixty-five per cent of the trade books sold in this country were from the output of the fifty largest trade-book publishers. By 1977, sixty per cent of the trade books sold were supplied by the *ten* largest trade publishers. A parallel concentration has been evident in the bookselling business. In 1972, the four largest bookstore chains accounted for about eleven and a half per cent of all trade-book sales in the country, but by the end of 1979 just the two largest chains accounted for something like a third of all trade-book and mass-market-paperback sales, and, according to current projections, by 1983 those two chains may account for around half of such sales. By contrast, one-store independent booksellers, who in 1958 were selling seventy-two per cent of the trade books bought in this country, at present account for something less than forty per cent of the total number of these sales.

Such statistics have so disturbed Maxwell J. Lillienstein, the general counsel for the American Booksellers Association—a national trade association with five thousand three hundred members, drawn from both the independents and the chains—that last year he temporarily stepped out of his role as A.B.A. counsel and, writing on his own behalf, in an article printed in the A.B.A.'s trade publication *American Bookseller*, accused "the behemoths of the book-publishing industry" of "pushing most independent booksellers to the brink of financial disaster" by discriminatory discounting and other inequitable trade practices, which he condemned as "unconscionable, if not unlawful." And Lillienstein recently told me that a 1977 study commissioned by the A.B.A. showed that most independent booksellers either were existing on a marginal basis or were actually operating at a loss; that since then the plight of many of them had become "much worse;" and that if the operators of these bookstores were not afforded some relief from prevailing trade-discount practices and other, comparably burdensome practices, before long we would see "a general demise of the independent booksellers."

The style of the chain bookstore represents a sharp break from that of the traditional independent bookstore, with its pleasant clutter, its subdued aura, its slow-to-budge browsers, and its attentive proprietor. The chain bookstores are brightly lighted, with bold-colored displays, and often with racks laid out in irregular angled patterns that oblige the customer to pass a carefully calculated maximum shelf area of books in moving from one part of the store to another; the design of these stores aims at inducing the customer to make multiple purchases. The merchandising style of the chain stores is well suited to that of the suburban shopping centers and shopping malls in which they are so often situated. As an institution, the suburban shopping center is built around the supermarket,



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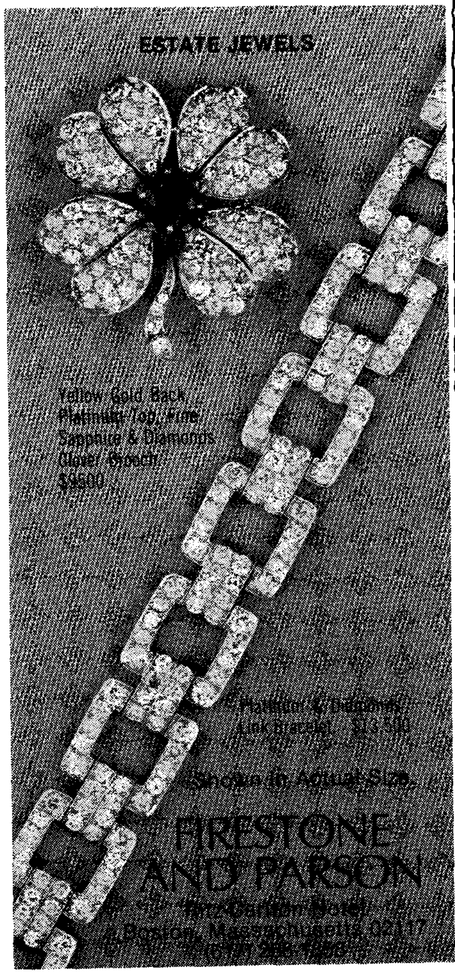
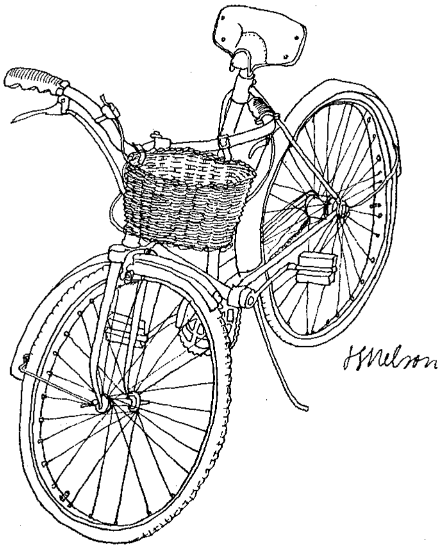


the giant parking lot, and the replacement of traditional behind-the-counter salesmanship by a system of pre-selling customers on the virtues of particular products through television commercials, through point-of-purchase displays, through prominent displays of loss-leader products, and through the use of every other conceivable device to hasten the impulse buying of brand-name goods.

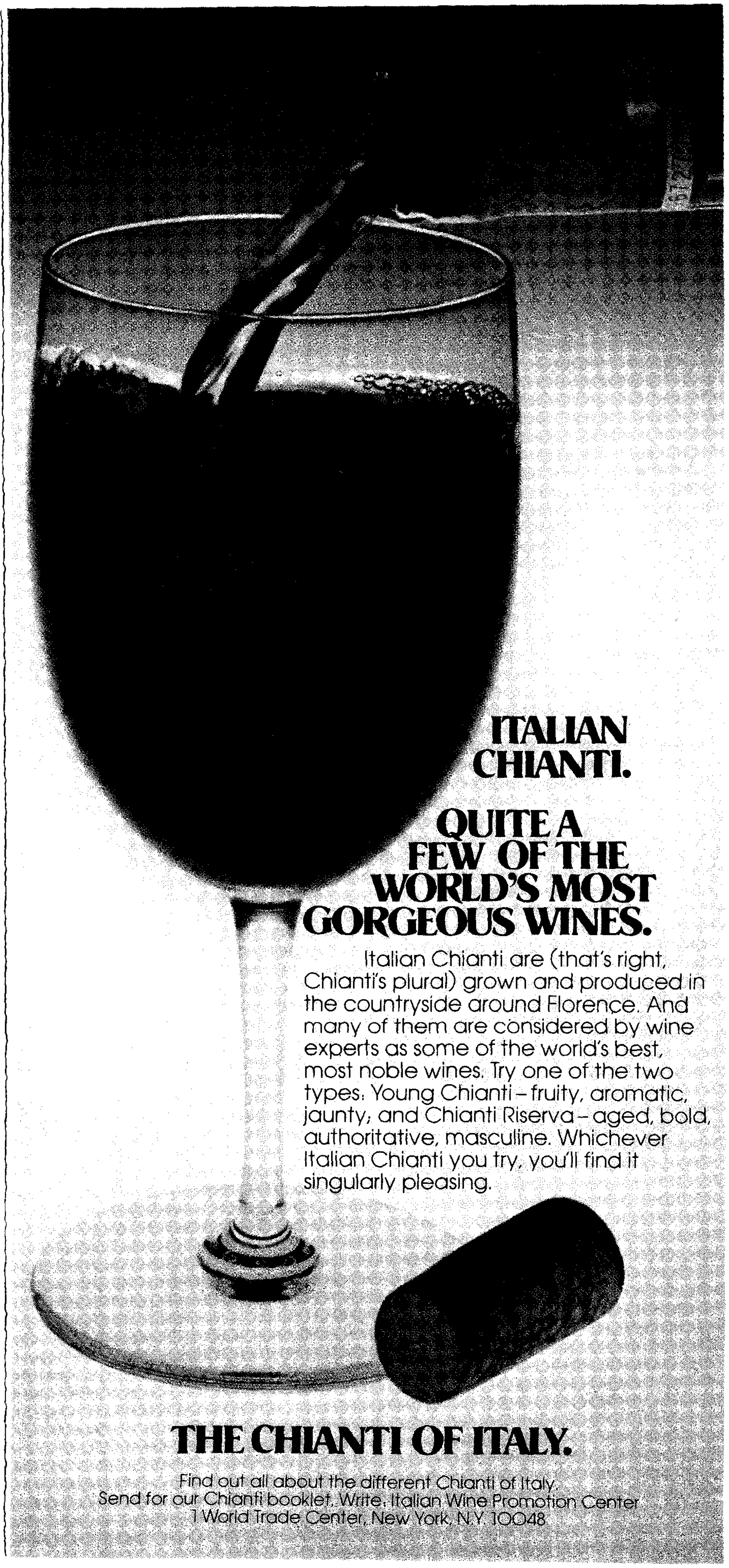
It is hard to think of two institutions in contemporary American life more perfectly attuned than commercial television and the supermarket system. And in the suburban shopping center the chain bookstore has provided an almost literal extension of supermarket shopping. A woman who walks into one of these bookstores may just have come from the supermarket across the way, where, in addition to her other purchases, she may have picked up at the checkout counter a copy of *People* magazine, a publication that, among other things, regularly chronicles the lives of big-time popular authors. She may also have seen the same authors hustling their books on the "Today" show, "Donahue," the "Tonight Show," "The Merv Griffin Show," and so on. When she looks in at the bookstore after her supermarket shopping, she sees all the books she has been hearing about. The atmosphere inside the bookstore is so much like that of the supermarket—bright lighting, big displays of popular items, stretches of shelf space, and merchandising islands conveniently laid out—that she can continue her impulse buying with hardly a change of pace. The managers of these stores may know about books, but they usually aren't particularly visible, and as likely as not the few assistants on hand are young people occupied with the job of filling shelves, who seldom discuss books with customers. In my experience, the atmosphere in some of these stores is far from attractive, but in some—including the bigger stores of the B. Dalton chain—it is by no means uninviting. The very scarcity of visible human help seems to be part of the design of a B. Dalton store, not merely to save on labor costs but also to make the shopping-center customer comfortable. "We try for a bright-colored, cartoony feeling in our stores," a B. Dalton advertising and promotion executive told me some time ago. "When the customers walk in, they shouldn't feel they have to whisper, the way they might in the old-style bookstore. We use the phrase 'We take the awesomeness out of the book-buying experience.' Many people tend to feel intimidated when they go into a bookstore. You have no sense of intimidation in our stores."

The B. Dalton operation arose as a result of the expansion of the Dayton Hudson Corporation, a company formed by the merger of two big department stores—one in Minneapolis and one in Detroit. The first B. Dalton bookstore was opened in a suburban Dayton shopping mall in 1966; in 1969—by which time two other B. Dalton stores had been opened in other shopping malls—the Dayton Hudson Corporation bought the well-known Pickwick Bookshop, in Hollywood, and other Pickwick outlets; and three years later the company merged the two operations under the name B. Dalton Booksellers. By the end of 1979, there were more than four hundred and fifty B. Dalton stores, and the company expects to have eight hundred in operation across the country by 1983. The advertising executive gave this description of a typical B. Dalton store: "We look for multiple purchases all the time. We work the impulse areas very hard. The checkout area is especially conducive to impulse buying. We use table displays and dump bins"—freestanding prefabricated display racks—"for best-sellers, and you have to walk by different displays of the same books two or three times when you go through the store." Interestingly, the average number of book titles in a B. Dalton store is about twenty-five thousand (compared with perhaps ten thousand titles in an average independent bookstore in a medium-sized city), and the Dalton people insist that their basic business revolves not simply around best-sellers



but around "the less-than-best-sellers." Just the same, those impulse areas are indeed worked very hard.

One striking aspect of the big national chains is the relationship that has developed between them and the publishing industry. Unlike traditional independent booksellers, whose reaction to whatever they have been supplied with is usually rather slow, and is reflected mainly in the bare sales figures eventually compiled for particular books, the big chains have taken an active role in signalling to publishers what is likely to sell in their stores and what isn't. In fact, the B. Dalton organization, in particular, seems to represent a certain initiating force in the big-book business as well as an effective selling force. What the B. Dalton people indicate that they think about a book at the bound-proof stage, prior to publication, or even earlier than that, can have a considerable effect on its fortunes after publication, and their opinions are eagerly sought after within the publishing business. A pale-green printed memorandum called the *B. Dalton Merchandise Bulletin*, which is prepared by Kay Sexton, a B. Dalton vice-president, and sent out weekly to all B. Dalton stores, and also to most publishers, is closely studied at trade-publishing houses, hardcover or paperback, and has become one of the most influential publications in the entire book-publishing business. Along with brief reviews of recommended current books, the *Merchandise Bulletin* gives up-to-date lists of "Hot-List Titles" and of "B. Dalton Bestsellers" in hardcover form and in both mass-market- and trade-paperback form—lists that are compiled with remarkable speed and accuracy, because they are based on data taken from computers that are directly connected to cash registers in all B. Dalton stores and tell precisely how many copies of all books on sale have been bought by the chain's customers. The *Merchandise Bulletin* also contains a three- or four-page section entitled "Promotion/Publicity," which lists the city-by-city schedules of forthcoming national and regional TV and radio talk-show tours by authors of popular books, so that appropriate displays and special sales of their books can be arranged to coincide with this public exposure. Publishers' promotion departments regularly alert the chain-store people well ahead of time—usually long before publication date—to the touring plans laid out for authors, and also fill them in in other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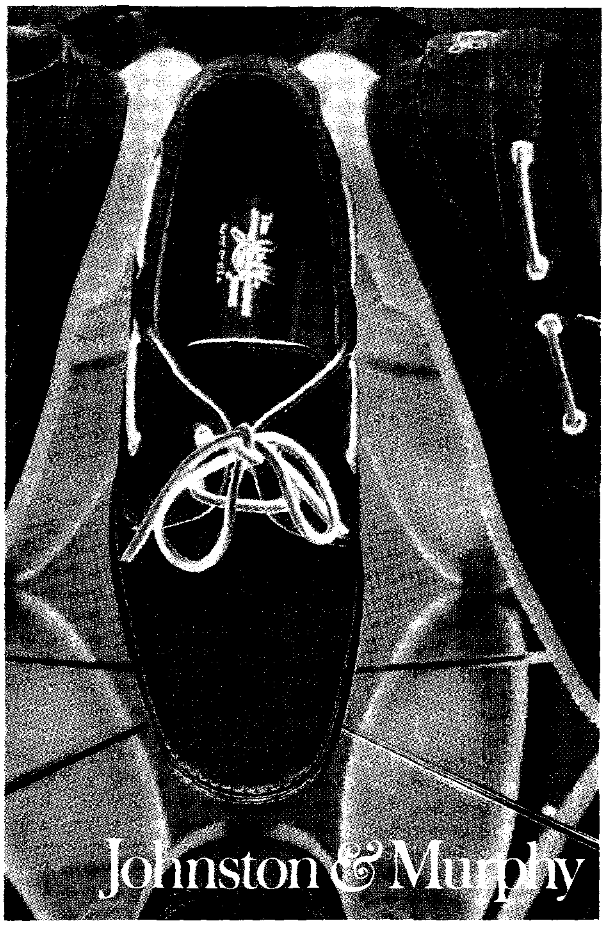

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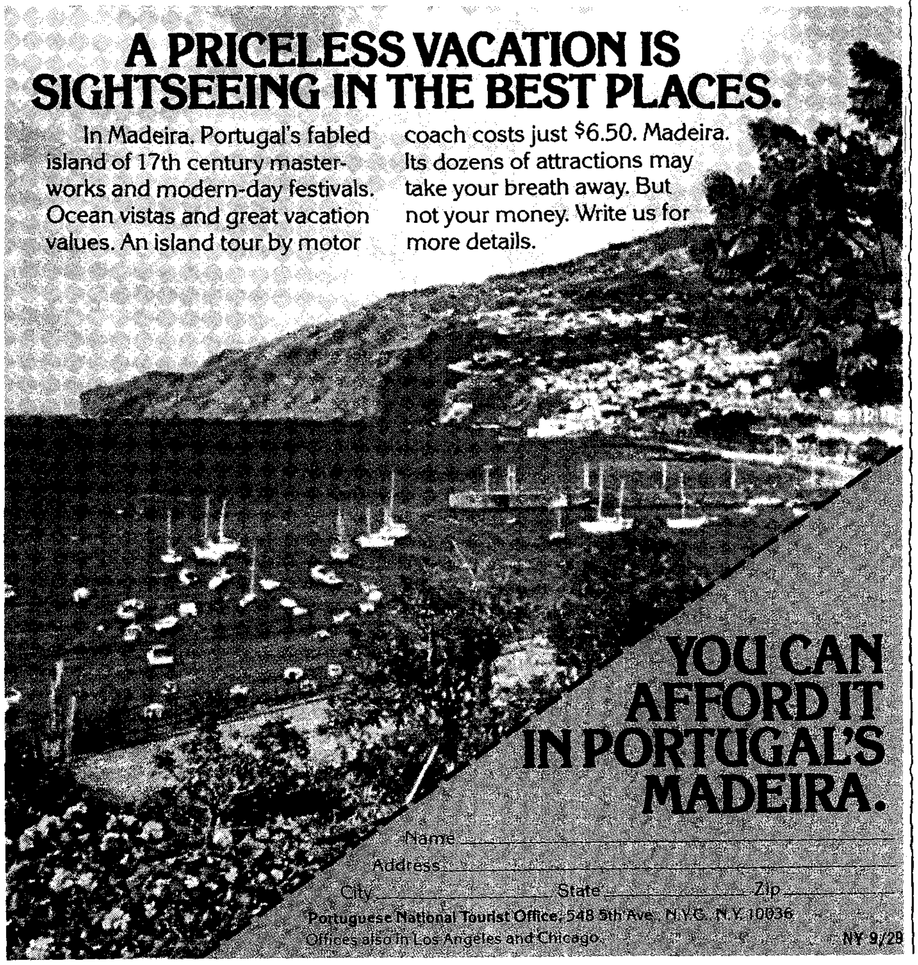

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ways on the promise of certain books for hitting the big time. "We're always being told how great the author is, and how the author is *promotable*," a Dalton executive remarked to me some time ago.

So sought after by publishers is the judgment of the big chains concerning the successful presentation of books that some of them will take to the headquarters of a bookstore chain sample copies of certain yet-to-be-published books which have been bound with different cover designs and illustrations. The chain then coöperates with the publisher in setting up panels of customers in several of its retail stores to give their reaction, and thus helps to determine such matters as whether a book with one cover design "makes a difference in customer pick-up"—as one chain-bookstore executive has put it—relative to the same book with another design. What the future holds for this sort of thing is unknown, but informal communication between publishers and the chains has grown to the extent that I have heard it said that some major hardcover publishers just will not go ahead with the publication of a certain book until they have obtained what they consider an encouraging reaction from the big bookstore chains about its chances for selling well. One man who is very knowledgeable about the business recently said to me, "I've been told by people at the mass-market-paperback houses that their decision to promote a book in a big way or not is based on the extent to which the chains indicate they'll be prepared to carry the book." The B. Dalton people themselves look upon their relationships with publishers as mutually beneficial—entirely in the interests of their being able to sell, in the words of a B. Dalton executive, "better books better, and faster, and to the most people."

No doubt the chains have been very successful in bringing many books to many people. And they have done so by bringing to a poorly organized business the efficiency of modern merchandising and the point-of-sale techniques that are part of the supermarket age. One chain-bookstore executive told me, "We're not going to make George Gissing fans out of people—we're mass-merchandising the product." The computers attached to the cash registers in B. Dalton stores enable the chain to run an elaborate and instantly reactive stock-control system, and also enable the people who are running the chains to know precisely and immediately how well particular books—and, beyond that, what particular *kinds* of books—are selling. By the same token, computer data may be used to tell them, with almost equal speed, and down to the last calculable foot of shelf space, which books are not measuring up to the appropriate standards of what supermarket merchandisers refer to as "item velocity." The titles that don't measure up aren't reordered. And copies still on hand may be rather quickly shipped back to the publishers. An executive of one bookstore chain explained to me, "You can't afford to keep these books around forever. We keep back stock, yes, but very few books in our stores become basic back-stock items." This is not to overlook the fact that the man who runs an independent store has his own routine of thinning out and disposing of stock that isn't selling well; but without computerized inventory-control systems the winnowing-out process is slower, more laborious, more merely human, and is tempered by the individual judgment of the bookstore owner concerning the intrinsic merit of particular books and by his intimate knowledge of the preferences of particular customers who may yet come by. In general, his method of winnowing allows many books that sell only modestly a comparatively long lease on life, whereas their chances for survival in a chain store would be precarious. Inventory and sales printouts can occasionally reveal an unexpected customer interest in a "small" book, resulting in its further promotion within the stores, but, for the most part, in the computerized chain-store system books that don't attain the requisite velocity tend to get washed out to sea in the undertow from the incessant incoming waves of new best-sellers, accompanied as they are by the churning displays of publicity and media promotion. And it is to such dynamics of high-visibility, high-velocity, supermarket-style merchandising that the publishing industry appears to be accommodating itself more and more.

THE fact that by 1977 the ten largest publishing companies were accounting for sixty per cent of all trade-book sales in this country is matched, as an indicator of concentration in the book business, by the fact that in the same year the eight largest mass-market-paperback houses (all of them conglomerate-owned) were accounting for eighty-four per cent of all

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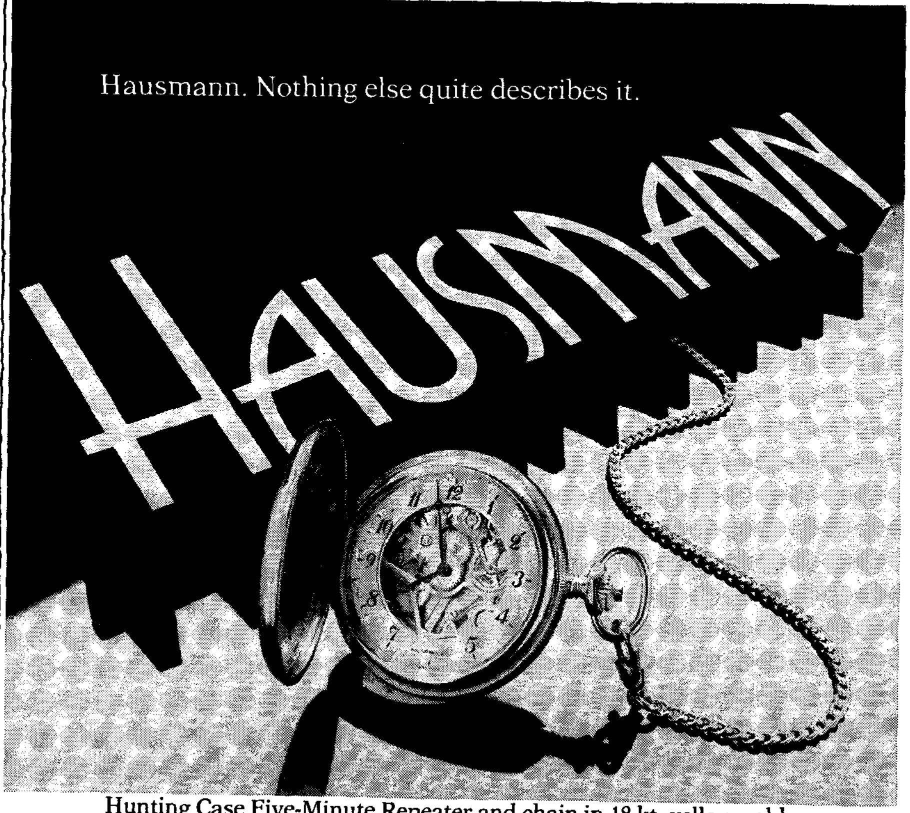

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mass-market-paperback sales. The distribution system for paperbacks also displays elements of concentration. Paperback books are distributed on the wholesale level in three principal ways. The first is through a system of national distribution companies, of which there are nine major ones. Each of these distribution companies represents one or more paperback houses on a more or less exclusive basis, and most are owned by the conglomerate or the big communications company that also owns the paperback house or houses involved. These national distributors deliver books to about five hundred regional or local independent distributors, known in the trade as I.D.s. In turn, the independent distributors sell the paperbacks to retailers, to whom they deliver the books by truck. Besides dealing in mass-market paperbacks, some of these I.D.s may handle trade paperbacks that are issued by the publishing houses the national distributors represent, and some of them may also handle books put out by other paperback publishers, but with the important provision that these will not be in categories thought to compete with those of their big suppliers.

Mass-market books put out by the big paperback houses—there are just nine of these—or by the several dozen lesser ones may also reach retailers through national or regional jobbers. But by and large, as things stand, no outside publisher can expect to enter the mass-market-paperback business on a truly competitive basis without setting up his own national distribution system and obtaining the effective coöperation of the established independent distributors and national jobbers. The independent distributors operate as exclusive franchisers within their particular territories. Their basic business is the distribution of newspapers and magazines to retailers. This business has a rough-and-tumble history that extends back to the newspaper-delivery wars in the nineteen-twenties, with their shotgun-and-blackjack practices. But nowadays—as far as the distribution of mass-market paperbacks is concerned, at least—there seems to be no competitive raiding, even of a peaceful kind, of the territories covered by independent distributors. For all this, the degree of direct control exercised by the independents over just what books they handle seems to be relatively limited.

Magazines and mass-market paperbacks share more than a system of distribution; the independent distributors actually treat mass-market paperbacks after the fashion of magazines—that is, as high-turnover merchandise, having a fleeting shelf life in retail outlets. Like magazines, newly issued mass-market paperbacks are delivered by the I.D.s to retailers in waves. Like magazines, the paperbacks are regarded as returnable merchandise. Such paperbacks are being put on the market at the rate of about two hundred titles a month, and the competition among their publishers to acquire the greatest proportion of the available shelf space in retail outlets has become intense. While independent distributors may theoretically have the final say about which particular books they will handle, it seems that in practice, instead of choosing which titles they are going to distribute to retailers, they allot to each of their publishers a monthly budget, into which the publishers then fit their own array of titles and the number of each title to be supplied. The amount of the budget and other aspects of these arrangements are subject to all sorts of bargaining between publishers and independent distributors, and also to what are, in effect, tie-in sales arrangements. And what such sales are tied to is the big, highly promoted, best-selling book—the blockbuster—because it is by having such "hot" titles at the head of his current list of publications that a mass-market-paperback publisher, through his dickerings with his independent distributors, can maneuver his way into obtaining increased budgetary allocations for his whole line of books, and thus advance his cause in the fight for

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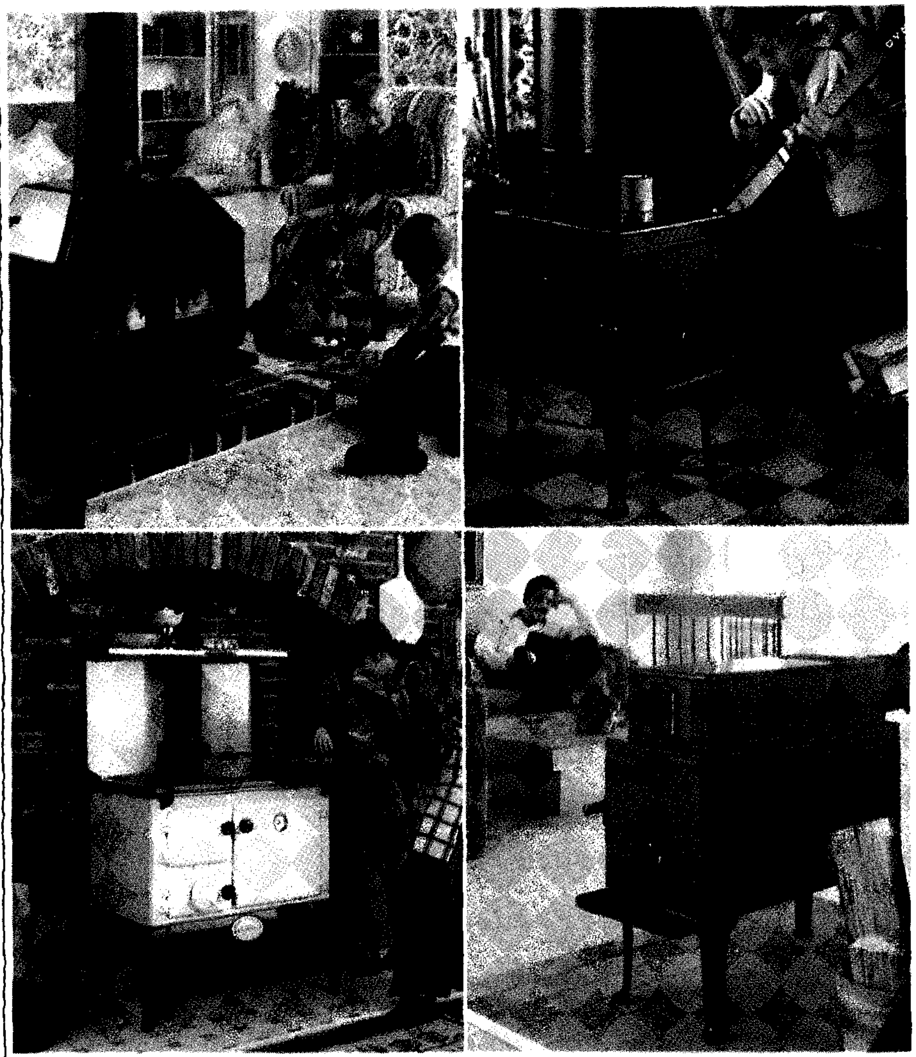
STEVENSON

supremacy in shelf space in the vast, scattered battlefield of drugstores, airport shops, supermarkets, railroad-station newsstands, country stores, and vacation-resort gift shops as well as retail bookstores. A movie producer recently remarked of such sales arrangements with distributors and retailers, "If we tried that in *our* business, the government would call it block booking, which, of course, is illegal."

The reverberations of this struggle for rack space extend to almost every part of the book-publishing industry. The shift of power within the industry from hardcover to paperback publishing and the emphasis on blockbusters as the paperback publishers' main tool for forging themselves a prominent position in the retail stores keep the prices paid for the rights to potential blockbusters escalating rapidly. Inevitably, this escalation has had its effect on the normal editorial structure of the hardcover publishing houses: they are now pouring large amounts of conglomerate money into the big-book sweepstakes in the hope of winning huge prizes from the sale of paperback rights to the most popular books. As this process continues, the emphasis in the hardcover end of the business seems to be relentlessly shifting from simply publishing hardcover books to the business of selling subsidiary rights to those books. Just as big conglomerate money is what enables the hardcover houses to pay out big advances for the potential blockbusters that they hope will allow them to hit the paperback-rights bonanzas, big conglomerate money is what enables the paperback houses to pay out the huge advances for reprint rights to the big-book leaders that will open up rack space for their paperback lines in the retail stores. For all concerned, remaining in the competitive race means risk progressively piled on risk, and pressure on pressure.

Large as the rewards of landing a series of blockbusters on the racks may be, paperback publishers have been expressing increasing concern over the chancy nature of the game, especially in an inflationary situation where the price of a mass-market paperback has risen from less than a dollar to two or three dollars in only a few years. "We are dealing with a very crowded, competitive marketplace," Howard Kaminsky, the president of Warner Books, which has the reputation of being among the more aggressive mass-market-paperback publishers, remarked to me not long ago. "It's like being in



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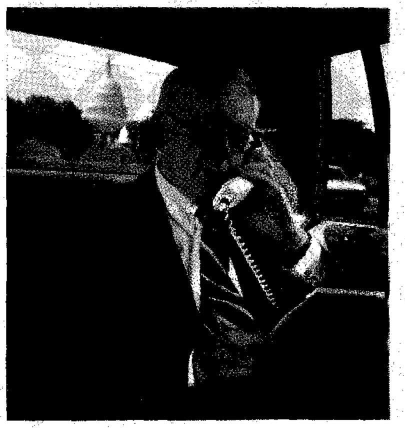

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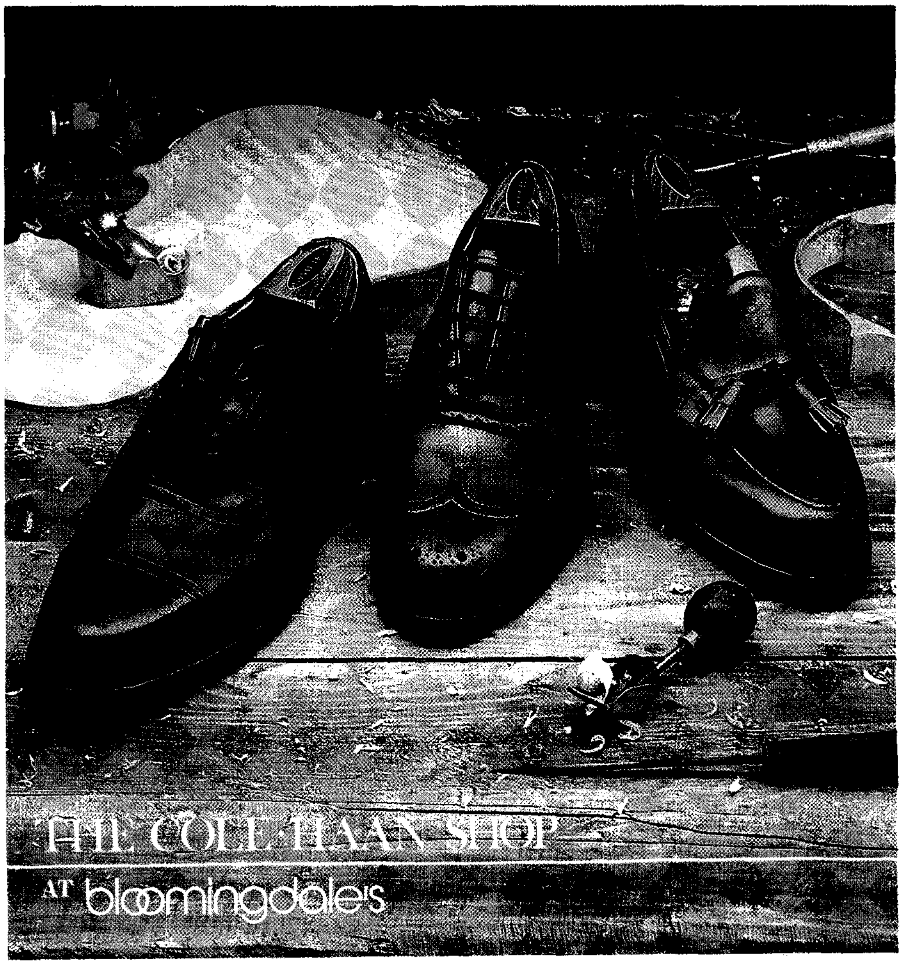

every race at a publishing Aqueduct. All the major firms come out with their entries within a two-week or three-week period each month. I'm going in with my big guns—one! two! three!—down the line against Pocket, Bantam, Avon, Ballantine, and the rest. We have limited outlets and very short selling times on the racks. We have learned enough from each other and from our own creative juices to use maximum effort in promoting and packaging our books." But Kaminsky went on to say, of the escalation of the prices commonly being demanded by hardcover houses and paid by mass-market-paperback houses for big books, and of the actual risks inherent in the paperback marketplace, that he had begun to wonder whether the economics of publishing could fundamentally support the big-book price structure imposed on it by the competitive pressures. "At the best, the bonanza in mass-market publishing when you hit it does not yield the kind of profits that the movie business or the record business does," he said. Oscar Dystel, an old hand in the mass-market-paperback business—having recently retired as board chairman of Bantam Books, he is now a special consultant to the company—ruefully observed to me not long ago, about the battle to obtain reprint rights to blockbusters, "The competition for these books has become incredible. The bidding for rights has become frantic. Those companies with the capital resources are going out and paying these outlandish prices for titles in order to maintain their market share."

In reaction to the escalation of prices for reprint rights to big sellers, some paperback publishers have been seeking out manuscripts for prices that they consider manageable and publishing them as mass-market originals rather than as reprints. To an increasing degree, they are thinking of themselves as publishers in their own right rather than as mere reprinters, and they speak encouragingly of augmenting their own editorial staffs with experienced manuscript editors. In 1979, for example, New American Library acquired and published "Phoenix," a thriller by Amos Aricha and Eli Landau. In doing so, it put about a hundred thousand dollars into advertising the book—considerably more than it had paid for the book in the first place. "Phoenix" sold more than a million copies, in paperback. This year, Bantam Books has issued, as an original work, a new novel by Tom

Robbins, the author of "Even Cowgirls Get the Blues." The new book, which is called "Still Life with Woodpecker," came out simultaneously in trade paperback and in hardcover, and these editions were followed by a mass-market-paperback edition. Also this year, Warner Books published a new work by Richard Nixon, "The Real War," in hardcover, and used the hardcover distribution facilities of Random House to get it into bookstores across the country. Early next year, Warner will reprint the book as a mass-market paperback. But none of these developments appear to have slowed down the rise in the huge sums that the mass-market-paperback houses are paying for reprint rights to big books. The bidding and the money just keep going up.

—THOMAS WHITESIDE

(This is the first part of a three-part article.)

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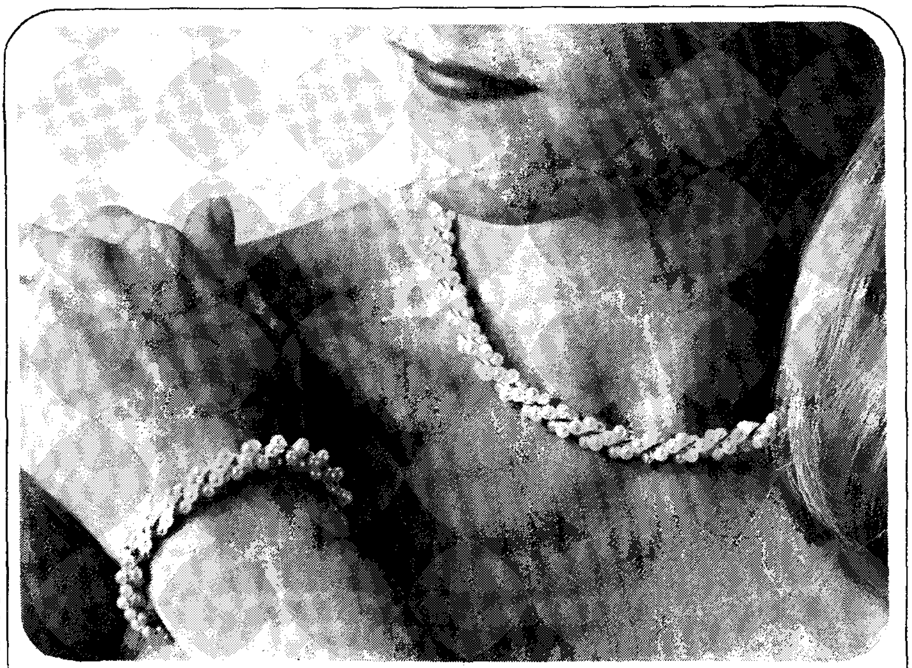
A CLEAR MOMENT IN THE LIVES OF A CORPUS CHRISTI COUPLE

[*Adv. in the Corpus Christi Caller-Times*]

MY WIFE & I are going to have a wedding anniversary on August 1, 1980. Which one is not important as it seems like a million years for each of us. Instead of sending invitations to this event, we have decided to save all & Sundry the same problems that we go through each year. Postage is already high, & due to go higher. Therefore, we wish to send happiness to all that send us invitations to kindergarten, grade, junior, high, & college graduations. Also, we do not attend any more showers for brides, children, or whatever reason that can be thought up or seen. Births, deaths, & sundry sicknesses are duly noted in the paper everyday. Parties for people having anniversary, remarriages, & whatever ploy that is used to get a present need not be sent. Marriages are also noted in the paper. We will not feel eft out of these functions & please don't feel that our feelings will be hurt by not notifying us of same. Christmas, Easter & all other holidays are duly marked on our calendar. We do not need reminders, wishes & prayers. We care not to befriend any charity organized, personal or mixed. We have our own. Do not try & save our ouls through your religion or others. Spare us from your political views, we are not going to support anyone for anything. Last but not least, thoughts of you who pend your time trying to save us money by sending literature through the mail rying to send us a blank check or a chance o win a blender to just look at your sand unes or lot on a muddy lake or siding or new or used car or whatever the human mind can think up to save money. Please orget it. Also, it would save time by not alling us at night to find out whether we got your trash. We work all day to et the money to support the above foolishess.



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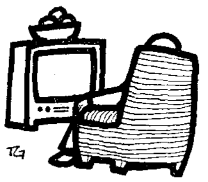
The Ancient Mariner and the Wedding Guest

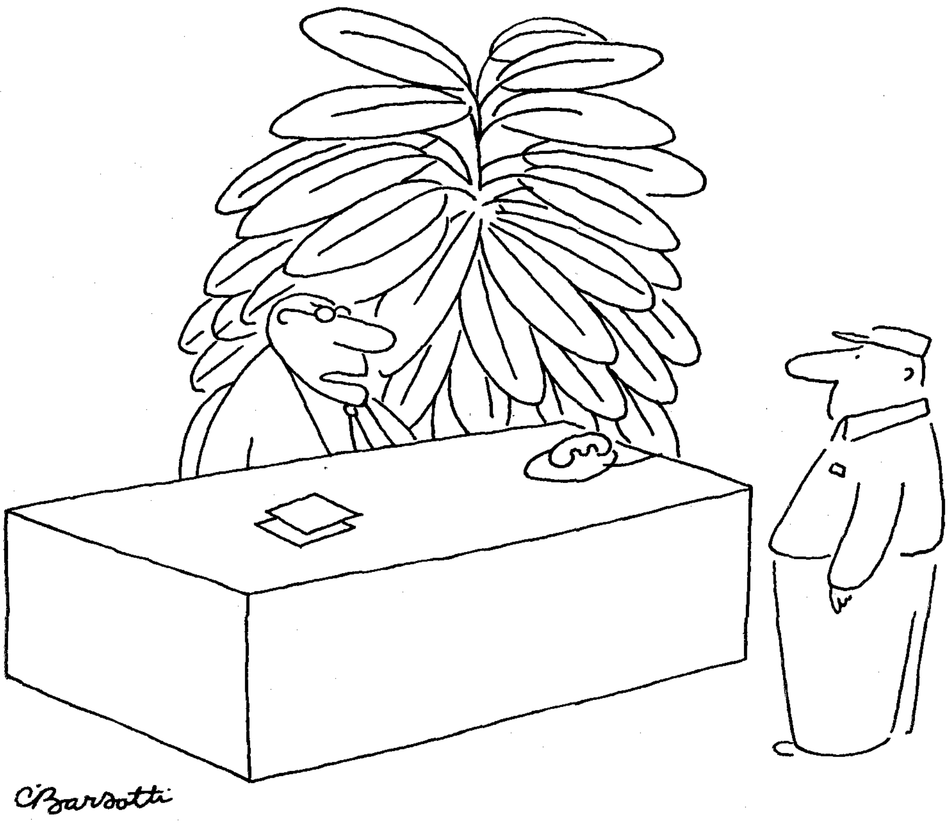


IN an age that has virtually pickled itself in guilt but appears to have no sense of shame at all, it must have seemed to the managers of NBC's "Today" show (whose once-mighty ratings have been lagging behind ABC's "Good Morning America") to be no more than just another eminently reasonable, competitive, and self-justifying broadcasterly move when they decided to lead off their fall programming with a week-long series of appearances by former President Richard Nixon. Mr. Nixon did not, of course, receive the ultimate deference that is paid by media warlords to our noblest citizens—namely, a "roast" in his honor—nor, for that matter, possibly for seasonal reasons, was he granted his own Christmas Special (which might be broadcast, in keeping with the traditions of the genre, either from the Holy Land or from an aircraft carrier in the Persian Gulf). But he was certainly accorded the kind of top-drawer, blue-ribbon interview treatment that in the past has been commonly reserved for such esteemed and beloved national figures as Lyndon Johnson, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Anwar Sadat. In other words, there was no kicking around of the doughty ex-Prexy by summoning him at dawn to Rockefeller Center, there to wait in sodden torpor in the "Today" show's greenroom, drinking filthy coffee from a Styrofoam cup in the company of dour tennis champions and publicity-crazed nonfiction authors. NBC's Nixon interviews were nothing if not statesmanly: a class operation in the spirit of the Higher Electronic Journalism, complete with *separate taping date*, *home setting*, *statesmanly interviewer* (the author and journalist Theodore H. White), and *two matching chintz-covered armchairs*, in which interviewer and interviewee might face each other—comfortably, even cozily, though with no loss of dignity to the historic occasion.

I was rather sorry to see the sturdy Teddy White sitting in one of those chintz-covered chairs. White has enjoyed a lengthy and often distinguished career in journalism, and NBC apparently now considers him its leading candidate for supra-journalistic nuncio—to provide that special, lofty Cronkite or Walters tone which networks are fond of bringing to affairs of state. But this time it was not a happy part to play—not a jewel in White's diadem, so to speak. For Nixon—as he has managed to do fairly consistently since that sunny afternoon in August, 1974, when he choppered off the White House lawn—more or less resolutely cast himself as the Ancient Mariner, and so left White with little more than the role of the Wedding Guest. As in the poet Coleridge's prescient lines:

> The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
> He cannot choose but hear;
> And thus spake on that ancient man,
> The bright-eyed Mariner.

Granted, not even Torquemada himself could have steered more than an occasional query safely clear of the self-serving maelstrom of the Nixonian mind. (White: "You're the— I wouldn't call you the *child* of TV. It's a little late in life to call you the child of anything. But you're the—" Nixon: "The *orphan*.") The chief difficulty, though, seemed to be that what might charitably be called the informational content of the Nixon-White dialogues appeared so thin—scarcely substantial enough to warrant having brought the old boy back from Elba and having sent Teddy White to chat him up.



"*Wornal, take this plant out and kill it.*"

Here, for example, the former Chief Executive shared with White and us his thoughts about the upcoming elections:

NIXON: I would confidently predict that Reagan will win all the Mountain States. He will win all the Plains States, because the farmers are—

WHITE: The Plains States? You mean going through Indiana?

NIXON: No, no, I mean the other side of the Mississippi.

WHITE: Yeah.

NIXON: From the Mississippi on.

WHITE: That's the Kansas-Nebraska belt.

NIXON: That's right.

The network news managers only added to the unreality of the proceedings by pretending to believe not merely that Mr. Nixon should have been there in the first place, proffering advice and comments about our political institutions from the special perspective of someone who had nearly reduced them to rubble, but that he and White were also producing news. Thus, on another occasion, when

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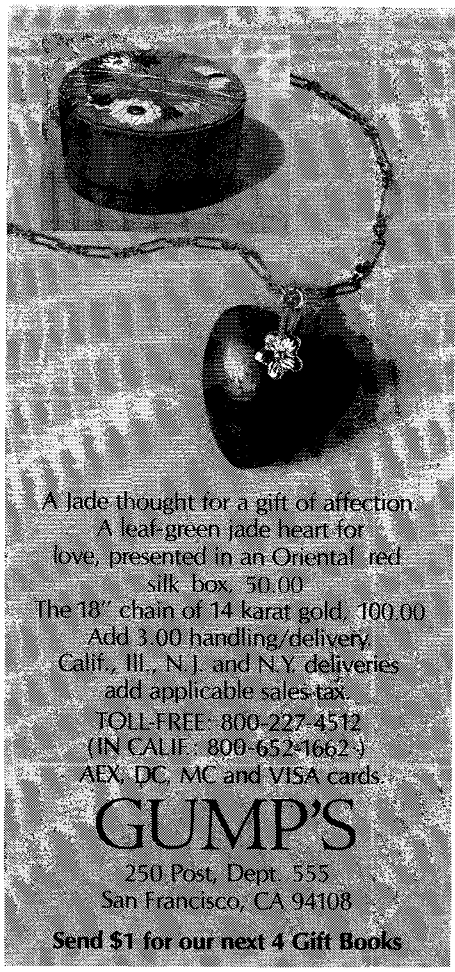

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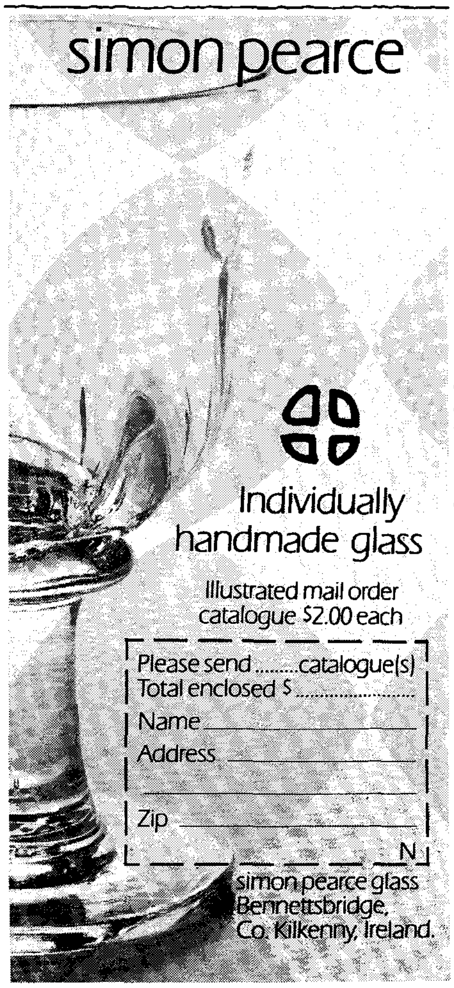

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Nixon—in response to one of the rare questions from White that he deigned to answer directly—conceded that, despite his belief in the two-party system ("I happen to believe in the two-party system"), he would include Representative John Anderson in the Presidential candidates' forthcoming debate, this morsel of ex-Presidential waffle was extracted as precious ore from the program and edited into NBC's nightly news, where it appeared as one of the day's serious news events: an example of recombinant news splicing, as it were.

But, in fairness to NBC, it must be said that the week-long early-morning Nixon show was not a total loss. True, Teddy White, after a lifetime in the presence of great men, seemed to find it hard to take a less than courtly tone with our ex-Commander-in-Chief. For instance, "Mr. President, only two people in all our history have ever run in five national campaigns from coast to coast. One was Franklin D. Roosevelt, the other was Richard M. Nixon. Is it possible to talk sense to the country about the complicated issues of our time in a Presidential campaign? We're going to be talking this morning about problems here at home. How would you list them? Where would you start, as the most serious problem?" In response to which sonorous and probing query, our precipitately resigned ex-President was heard to murmur, "Well, I would say that our most serious problem is the problem of inflation, and close behind it is the problem of unemployment." Still, a few flashes of the classic Nixon style shone through the fog of Higher Journalistic blather. For example, "I must say, I've got to give Carter's people high marks. They are tough. They are subtle. They are ruthless." And, "They're a tough bunch, believe me, these Georgia boys. They may play softball down in Plains, but they play hardball in the country." And, "The real question is whether the Reagan staff can get organized, can toughen itself, will be selfless enough to combat them." And, last but not least, "The one rule, let me say, Ted, that I would say to staff members all over. *You never knock your own man.* The candidate makes a booboo, you go out and take the heat yourself." One wonders which particular booboo our Ancient ("I am not an albatross") Mariner had in mind. The Watergate-break-in booboo? The Ellsberg-break-in booboo? The eighteen-and-a-half-minute-tape-erasure booboo? Or perhaps some new and altogether different booboo, not yet disclosed on network TV?

Well, never mind. As the French philosopher Jacques Ellul observed, "the man who lives in the news is a man without memory." Small thanks, though, to NBC's news managers, whose fear of a ratings drop has led them in recent months to steadily undermine the "Today" show's once admirable sense of proportion—first by the introduction, earlier in the year, of that noisy, unfunny, phony-grass-roots weatherman Willard Scott, and then, last week, by the spectacle of our notorious unindicted ex-President discoursing on the State of the Union from a chintz armchair while the nation munched on its morning bagels. Unfortunately, not the least of the ravages wrought by these trendy and injudicious media masterstrokes has been to erode still further the journalistic integrity of "Today" 's competent news team, Tom Brokaw and Jane Pauley, who are compelled—by common courtesy, if not by network fiat—to accommodate themselves respectfully to what takes place on the rest of the show. This morning (as on most recent mornings), a strained and miserable attempt at a smile struggled across Mr. Brokaw's face in response to the latest of Mr. Scott's inanities, while at the end of at least one of the Nixon interviews both Pauley and Brokaw came on camera, first to acknowledge that protests against Nixon's appearance had been received and then to dutifully defend the network's shabby venture as "interesting in its own right." What is interesting about it, of course, is that the Nixon Pardoning Process, which was gratuitously begun six years ago by the genial President Ford (speaking the immortal words "My conscience tells me clearly and certainly that I cannot prolong the bad dreams that continue to reopen a chapter that is closed"), and was subtly advanced a few years later by the media entrepreneur David Frost, has now apparently been completed by the NBC peacock.

—Michael J. Arlen

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In addition, Mr. Kanin defended hi right to make the history of the movie into a novel. "I had every right in th world to fantasize, to tell the story as m imagination dictated. I'm not convince that Richard II ever said, 'Now is th winter of my discontent!' "—*The Times*.

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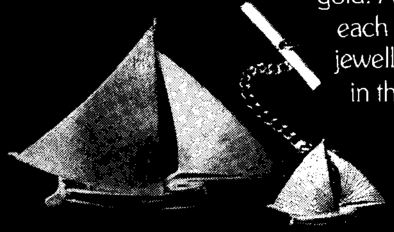

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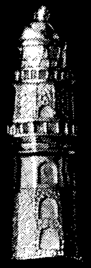

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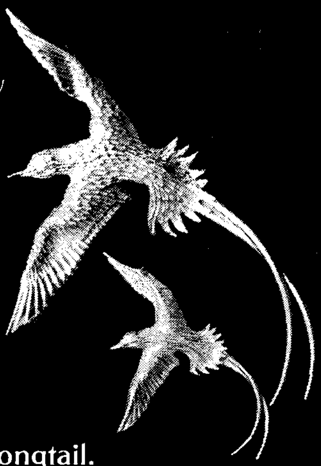

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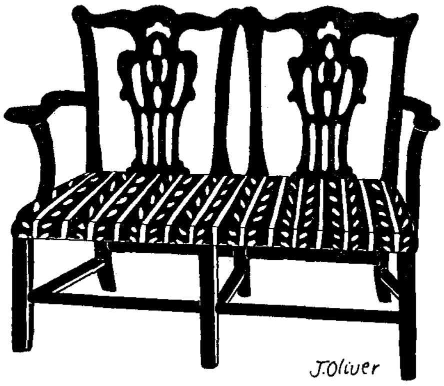
A REPORTER AT LARGE

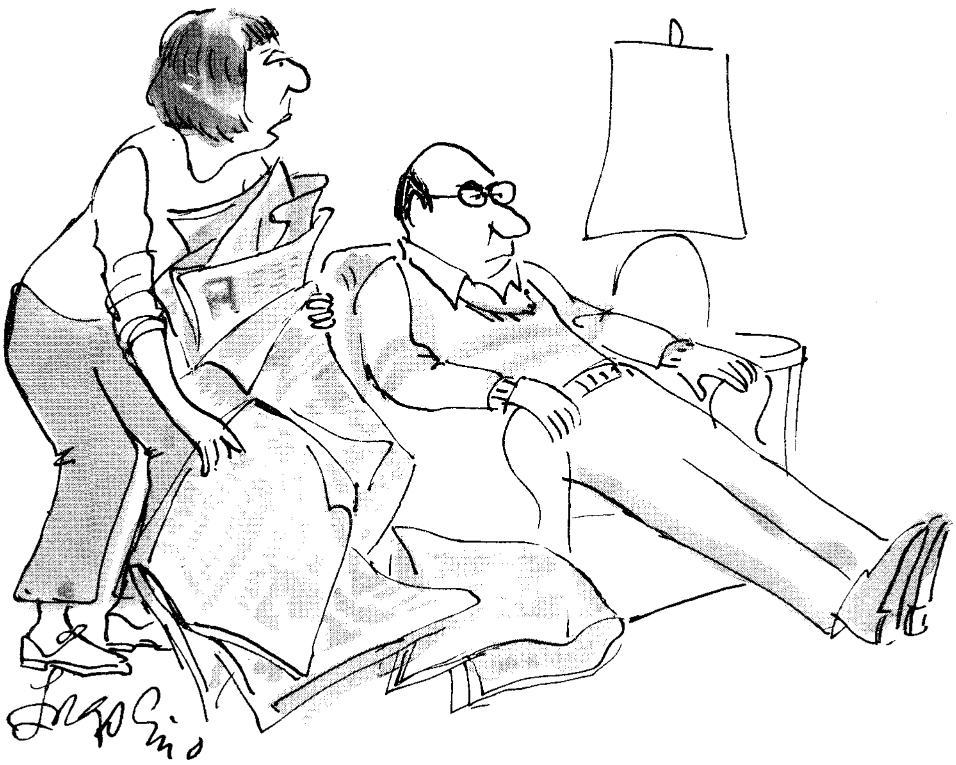
1980: REAGAN

PHILADELPHIA, Sunday, September 7th. Ronald Reagan is here for the first of five days of campaigning that will take him not only to Pennsylvania but also to Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Ohio, and New York. The large industrial states are, it is commonly agreed, the main battleground of the Presidential election. For Reagan, this week marks the beginning of an important period, in several respects. His campaign organization is still pulling itself together; the Reagan camp has been frustrated in its efforts to make Jimmy Carter the target; and Reagan himself has got into unwonted difficulties. While some Reagan aides say that the various controversial remarks Reagan has made in recent weeks have been blown out of proportion by the press, they are beginning to realize that Reagan's problem, and theirs, is that a campaign for the Presidency is of a different nature from one for the nomination. And a major factor in that difference is that the press intensifies its scrutiny of what the nominees say—and so does the public. Things that could be got by with earlier in the year—that even helped to win the primaries—are watched by a larger and more critical audience. Reagan himself is said by his closest aides to be annoyed by the attention that the press has paid to what it sees as his "gaffes" but also to accept the idea that he must be more careful. Up to a point. Both he and some of his longtime advisers are of the opinion that he has been quite successful in politics by saying what he believes. A candidate and his less objective aides tend to overlook the role of fortuity in the candidate's success; Reagan was a skilled candidate in the primaries, but he was also lucky. Still, he and his entourage now realize they have a problem. So they have arranged for Reagan's speeches to be written in time for them to be cleared by a number of people; have revised the scheduling and advance work (Ron Walker, who was chief advance man for Richard Nixon, has just been brought into the Reagan campaign in the same capacity); and have decided to try to, in the words of one aide, "control the environment." Reagan is to be less accessible and less spontaneous. Stuart Spencer, the president of the California public-relations firm of Spencer-Roberts, will now travel with Reagan, to help ward off mistakes. Spencer managed Reagan's campaigns for governor in 1966 and 1970, and was an important figure in Gerald Ford's campaign four years ago. He joined the Reagan campaign this summer, and last week he was asked to join the travelling entourage. Reagan and his wife, Nancy, are said to have seen the need for the presence of a senior, experienced adviser.

Some of Reagan's aides, however, and Reagan himself, feel that some of what were widely seen as gaffes were not mistakes at all: his restatement, at a press conference, of his belief that the United States should maintain an official relationship with Taiwan, a policy that would violate the agreement between the United States and China (this issue, which had theoretically been taken care of by Reagan's aides in the Party platform, was raised again on the eve of the departure of George Bush, Reagan's running mate, for China, and served to undermine both the trip and Bush's credential as the former head of the United States liaison office in China); his suggestion, in a press conference before he spoke to an audience of evangelicals in Dallas, that the Biblical theory of creation should be taught in the schools along with the Darwinian theory of evolution; his reference, in a speech before the Veterans of Foreign Wars, to the Vietnam War as a "noble cause." The Reagan entourage, apparently unanimously, does see as a mistake his charge that when Carter began his fall campaign, on Labor Day, in Tuscumbia, Alabama, he did it in "the city that gave birth to and is the parent body of the Ku Klux Klan." But there remains considerable internal disagreement about whether Reagan should have issued an apology, as he did, after the fuss arose over it. (The Carter Administration, of course, did its best to stir up the fuss; Carter himself made an indignant statement to reporters. "Anyone who resorts to slurs and to innuendo against a whole region of the country based on a false statement and a false premise is not doing the South or our nation a good service," Carter said.) The word that an apology should be issued came from the campaign organization's headquarters, in Arlington, Virginia; the travelling entourage resisted, on the ground that an apology would only perpetuate the story, and the travelling staff still thinks that the apology was a mistake. Some of those in the campaign continue to hold the view that what Reagan said about China and Vietnam was simply what he had said all along, so why all the commotion? A Reagan aide has said to me, "On the China thing, his view is, damn it, he's not going to be seen as backing off previous positions." That Reagan had said these things before was true enough (though the Vietnam statement was a new form of a sentiment that Reagan had expressed in the primaries), but now more people were listening. In the opinion of some of Reagan's aides, a number of these incidents accomplished the purpose of solidifying Reagan's original political base.

The purpose of this week's travels is to expand that base. And so the Reagan campaign came here to Philadelphia from Washington this afternoon. Reagan's advisers have, they hope, battened down the campaign organization and buttoned up the candidate—and they are holding their breath. They say, oh, well, these things happened early in the campaign, and they point out that Carter made mistakes in the early part of his 1976 campaign. "Who gives a damn about them, compared with the economy?" one aide said to me. "I can't believe that the guy out there who's been laid off gives a damn about a two-China policy, or even knows what you're talking about." Stuart Spencer says that in 1966 Reagan remarked to him, "Politics is just like show business." When Spencer asked Reagan what he meant





"You at least used to treat the 'Times' with some respect."

he explained, "You have a hell of an opening, you coast for a while, you have a hell of a closing." The Republican Convention, Spencer says, was a very good opening. But Reagan's aides are clearly apprehensive. When I asked one of his most important advisers last week what they planned to do about the recent problems, he replied nervously, "I don't know. How do you control the things that come out of a man's mind?" An aide travelling with Reagan said to me today, "One of my jobs this week is to keep him out of trouble." Another aide said, "The problem is, he has an inclination to answer any question he's asked. He started doing a lot of question-and-answer sessions back in 1966, when he first ran for governor, to show he wasn't just an actor reading lines, and he likes to do that. Left to his own devices, he would do a lot of Q. and A.—he has confidence in himself."

It is a warm and sunny afternoon. Reagan is to address a crowd at Super Senior Sunday, a fair put on by senior-citizens groups in Philadelphia. (Chip Carter, one of the President's sons, and Keke Anderson, John Anderson's wife, will also make appearances here today.) Reagan is seated amid a large number of people gathered on the steps in front of the Philadelphia Museum of Art—the steps are better known because Sylvester Stallone ran up them in "Rocky" than because they provide the foreground for a striking Greco-Roman building. As the crowd awaited Reagan, something called the Glenn Miller Orchestra played such tunes as "In the Mood." Then, with the orchestra playing "Chattanooga Choo Choo," Reagan and his wife arrived at the site aboard a trolley. Reagan is dressed in a brown plaid suit, with a white handkerchief in his breast pocket; Mrs. Reagan is in a beige silk print dress. The microphones won't work, and while everyone waits, the orchestra plays "In the Mood" again. Reagan smiles and moves his head up and down in time to the music. After a while—at Nancy Reagan's suggestion, it seems—the Reagans get up and dance, going into a subdued jitterbug. Reagan does look the matinée idol now. He looks well—tanned and healthy. Finally, the microphones are repaired. Reagan's speech today is to be about Social Security. The Carter campaign has charged that Reagan has advocated making the Social Security system voluntary, and this afternoon Carter campaign workers are here passing out copies of a press release, issued two days ago in Washington, that contains some quotations from Reagan indicating that he suggested that people be allowed to buy their own voluntary retirement plans instead of participating in Social Security. Of course, for a Presidential candidate to suggest that Social Security be voluntary could be fatal, and Reagan has not gone near such an idea this year. He has said in the past that as President he would appoint a commission to study ways to improve the fiscal soundness of the Social Security trust fund. (The retirement trust fund is now expected to be bankrupt in less than three years unless many billions of dollars are raised; the estimates are from thirty billion to a hundred billion dollars. Neither Reagan nor Carter has offered a solution to the problem.)

In his speech today, which he reads, Reagan refers to the fact that the steps have been made famous by "Rocky": "They symbolize determination, hope, a belief in a dream." He attacks the record of the Carter Administration. He says (incorrectly) that one of the cuts the President suggested when he called for a balanced budget was in the way Social Security payments are adjusted for inflation. He also says that a study "authorized" by Carter called for a tax on Social Security benefits. (This was a recommendation made in 1979 by an advisory council that reports every four years. The recommendation was never endorsed by the President and is specifically rejected in the Democratic platform.) He says that as President he "will defend the integrity of the Social Security system." He does not say how. He decries waste in the federal government and closes by telling the audience, "I will not apologize for our generation—we have known four wars in our lifetime; we have known a great Depression that changed the face of the world." He does not seem entirely comfortable reading the speech, and falters at times; Reagan appeared more at ease with the more informal stump speeches in the primaries. He ends by quoting a line that, as he points out, John Kennedy intended to include in an address he did not live to make: "We in this country, in this generation, are, by destiny rather than choice, the watchmen on the walls of world freedom." As Reagan makes his way back to the motorcade, he pauses briefly to reply to a question

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from a local radio reporter. Lyn Nofziger, Reagan's press secretary, steers Reagan away.

After the speech, I ask a Reagan aide why Reagan quoted John Kennedy. "Show me a quotable recent Republican President," he replies, and he adds, "J.F.K.'s a hero, and helpful if you're going after blue-collar votes—the same way Franklin Roosevelt is."

Lately, the Reagan campaign has tried to focus on one theme each week, but that idea has all but officially been abandoned. (One week was spent on the arms race, which some Reagan *aides think was not such a good idea.)* The focus this week is to be on the ethnic voter and the subject of economics. On Tuesday, in Chicago, Reagan is to give an economics speech, promised some time ago, on how he will do the various things he has pledged: cut taxes, increase military spending, and balance the budget. The objective this week will be to keep up the attack on Carter, and not to get on the defensive. Reagan's polls indicate that Reagan is ahead of Carter right now in almost all the major industrial states except New York. But John Anderson has just been endorsed by the policy committee of the Liberal Party in New York (his endorsement by the Party will follow), which should help Reagan. A Reagan aide said this afternoon that he had sent a bottle of champagne to Anderson's campaign manager. The consensus among the Reagan people now is that the election could be quite close. Their strengths, they say, lie in their candidate, in Carter's record, and in Reagan's state organizations, which are made up of people who have been working for Reagan for a long time—some since 1968. "Now they smell victory," one aide says. Reagan's aides say that their worries are about Carter's use of incumbency and about events beyond their control. One political adviser says, "I worry about the damn hostages." Another political adviser has said to me that historically Republicans are a couple of points ahead of Democrats at about this time but then get beaten as the Democratic voters "go home." He said, "This year, they don't have to go home. They've got John Anderson."

This evening, Reagan makes an appearance at the field house of St. Joseph's University. One purpose of this event is to work on getting out the vote in the Philadelphia area. Reagan's polls show him slightly ahead of Carter in Pennsylvania—which Carter carried in 1976, largely on the strength of the vote in Philadelphia—but the Republicans are behind the Democrats by about eight hundred thousand registered voters as of now, and are concerned that in November the traditional Democratic vote might "go home." The Republicans have established an elaborate get-out-the-vote program, *and they have more money to spend on* such activities than the Democrats do. The Republican state parties and the National Committee, which are better off financially than their Democratic counterparts, are permitted by law to contribute to the national campaign. The Republicans are also expected to benefit more than the Democrats from the "independent" committees that can be formed to raise and spend money for the Presidential campaigns. Tonight's appearance is before a group that is part of what is called Commitment '80, a joint project of the Republican National Committee and the Reagan campaign to get out the vote. Tonight's gathering is of people in the Philadelphia area who want to get involved in the project. It also gives Reagan an opportunity to be on local television, live.

The master of ceremonies drags out the introductions until, as he puts it, "the live television comes on," and then, at the appointed moment, he introduces Reagan, to large cheers. As Reagan begins to speak, some young people in the audience hold up a large sign protesting the use of nuclear weapons and start shouting. Reagan looks at them and pauses—one wonders what is coming and how much his staff is worrying. Then, summoning up one of his jokes, he says, "You're taking up my time, and it's the first time I've had a chance to be on prime time since they shut off the late, late movies." (He began his Convention acceptance speech with a variant of this joke.) As he tries to continue his remarks, the shouting also continues, and Reagan looks at the demonstrators and pauses again. And

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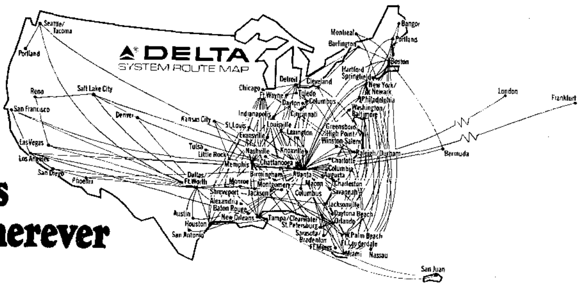
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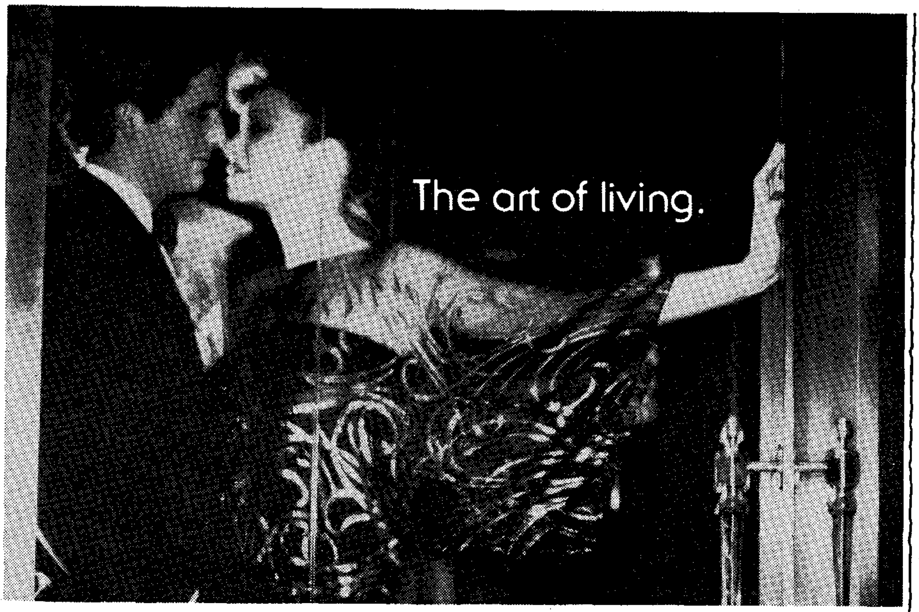
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then, appearing angered, he says that the message his hecklers are trying to get across "is that Christ is betrayed by nuclear weapons." He goes on, "Well, let me say something. Is there anyone in the world who has not believed that Christ is betrayed anytime we find ourselves embroiled in that greatest of man's stupidities—war against our fellow-man?" The audience cheers and applauds. That's the skillful Reagan—fast on his feet, adept at turning situations to his advantage. The polls show that the question of war and peace is one on which Reagan has trouble, and Reagan now uses his opportunity further, saying that he is opposed to the SALT treaty but that he would "sit at a table with our adversaries for as long as it took" to negotiate a better agreement. Then he proceeds to the remarks he apparently planned to make. He says that St. Joseph's, a private university, illustrates another difference between him and Carter. He points out that Carter opposes tuition tax credits, and adds that the new Department of Education "is planning all manner of things to limit and restrict institutions of this kind, because their faith is totally in public education only." (After his appearance, Reagan's aides were unable to offer any explanation of what he had in mind.) He tells the audience that the election is not really one between Democrats and Republicans, because "there are just millions of Democrats who are as unhappy with what's going on as we are." He talks of "the hands I've shaken," saying, "There's a great and high percentage of black hands, and there's an awful lot of hands that are callused." He talks to this group about the importance of its work in the campaign: "I still believe campaigns are won out there in the precincts with somebody knocking on a neighbor's door." And then, as he often has, he tells a long, vivid anecdote, the point of which is to say that this election will determine whether we can provide for our children "the same freedom that we knew in this country when we were their age." This is a theme Reagan used throughout the primaries; often his rallies had a group of children there as props. And then he repeats the theme words of his campaign: family, work, neighborhood, peace, and freedom. "That's what we represent," he says.

On his way out of the field house, Reagan greets some of the people in the crowd and answers their ques-

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tions. The "pool reporters," who are supposed to stay near the candidate and report to the others what happened, are kept out of earshot by Reagan's staff.

MONDAY. Kokomo, Indiana. This morning, Reagan paid a call, obligatory for Presidential candidates, on John Cardinal Krol, of Philadelphia. During the meeting, Nofziger told reporters that what Reagan had in mind when he said last evening that the Department of Education was planning new restrictions on private schools was that since it is a new Department the people in it will "justify their existence by adopting restrictive regulations," and Nofziger added, "We understand there is a study being made in the Department in which the government rather than the schools themselves would handle the accreditation." (The Administration denies that such a study exists.) Then Reagan flew to Kokomo—his chartered plane has been named LeaderShip 80—for a lunch-hour rally here at the Kokomo Mall. (Mrs. Reagan left the trip after the visit to Cardinal Krol.) This is a sort of drop-by in Indiana—one of two planned visits to the state, which Republicans have traditionally carried. The locale of this visit fits the Reagan political plan. Unemployment in Kokomo, which is tied to the automobile industry, is over nineteen per cent. Kokomo is a Democratic city in a Republican county. The mall is within sight of Delco Electronics, a General Motors division, where about a tenth of the workers have been laid off, and a Chrysler plant, where about a third of the workers have been laid off. At the mall, Reagan is introduced to the crowd—in a reference to the fact that he headed the Screen Actors Guild in the late nineteen-forties and early fifties—as a "leader in the labor movement." Reagan is wearing a tan suit and looks sporty. It's another warm and sunny day. A daytime fireworks display that the Reagan campaign had planned for the end of Reagan's speech has been called off. The Reagan people hint that the Democratic city officials who ruled it out were taking orders from higher up. ("They're trying to ruin our rallies," a Reagan aide told me.)

Reagan is to give what is developing as his stump speech for the campaign. The speech is different in style and politics from the one for the primaries: less ridden with statistics, more cautious, and aimed at Democratic and independent voters as well as Republicans. One of Reagan's aides said to me today, "The stump speech in the primaries was basic Reagan." The idea is that he will have one or two stump speeches, and on days when the campaign wants the speech to make news there will be an insert on some subject. Reagan's charge last week that the Carter Administration was guilty of a "cynical misuse of power" in letting it be known in August that the United States had developed a technology—"Stealth"—that would make a plane invisible to radar was such an insert. With that charge, Reagan managed, as had been intended, to shift the focus from himself to Carter, and put the Administration on the defensive. The fact that there was a project to develop such a technology had been in the military trade journals for years; whether the "Stealth" announcement told the Soviet Union anything it did not know, or gave it an advantage, is debated. Reagan said that the announcement gave the Soviet Union "a ten-year head start" on developing ways to counter the system. Defense Secretary Harold Brown, announcing the new technology, said that it "alters the military balance significantly;" actually, the deployment of a "Stealth" plane is about ten years away. But it is altogether likely that the Administration did have politics in mind when it announced the project. (Such things have happened before. In 1964, Lyndon Johnson, who was being charged by Barry Goldwater with not having maintained a sufficient defense, announced the existence of a new reconnaissance plane, of over-the-horizon radar, and of two anti-satellite systems.)

Reagan begins by telling the crowd that he's from Illinois but when he became a sports announcer after graduating from college he came to Indiana to broadcast a football game. He croons a line from "On the Banks of the Wabash, Far Away" and then goes into his stump speech. (Reagan was known as a very good sports announcer; it's said that he had a remarkable ability to describe a game vividly play-by-play, even if all he knew about it was what he read on the wire. Reagan was inventing a lot of it, it's said, but he gave his listeners the feeling that they were hearing a first-hand account.) In his speech, which he reads, Reagan says, "All across this land, I've found a longing among our people for hope, a longing for a belie

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in ourselves and the vision that gave birth to this nation. For the values of family, work, neighborhood, peace, and freedom. They're at the heart of the American dream. Jimmy Carter would have us believe that dream is over . . . or at least in need of some kind of drastic change.” Then he goes into a condemnation of the Administration: “For the first time in the history of our country, we face three grave crises at the same time—each of which is capable of destroying us. Our economy is deteriorating. Our energy needs are not being met. And our military preparedness has been weakened to the point of immediate danger. The Carter record is a litany of despair, of broken promises, of sacred trusts abandoned and forgotten.” And then he lists unemployment, “inflation running at eighteen per cent in the first quarter of 1980,” black unemployment, budget deficits, “the highest interest rates since the Civil War,” productivity falling during six straight quarters, tax increases. Then he says that Carte “tries to tell us that we're only in recession, not a depression,” and tha “when the American people cried ou for economic help, Jimmy Carter took refuge behind a dictionary,” and the he says, “Well, if it's a definition h wants, I'll give him one. A recessio is when a neighbor loses his job. A depression is when you lose yours And a recovery is when Jimmy Carte loses his.”

When Reagan first said that th country was in a depression—in speech in Columbus, Ohio, eleven day ago—a number of people thought tha it was another gaffe. Reagan had inserted the term in his prepared speec at the last minute (just as he ha previously inserted the description o the Vietnam War), and Alan Greenspan, one of his economic adviser who was along on the trip and ha not been informed, told reporters tha he could not support Reagan's definition of the economic situation. Bu Reagan and other advisers obviousl think that the charge is good politic because it puts Carter on the defensiv (For all his easygoing style, Reaga has demonstrated that he can be tough opponent. He has a temper, an he sometimes uses it to effect in h campaigns—“I am paying for this m crophone, Mr. Breen.” He has als demonstrated that he is shrewd, an has a certain sly side.) Reagan goes o now, with indignation, about th economy. Reagan is good at projectin

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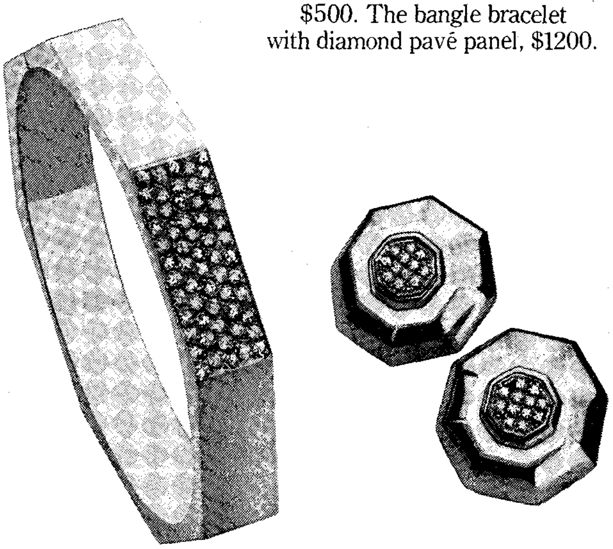

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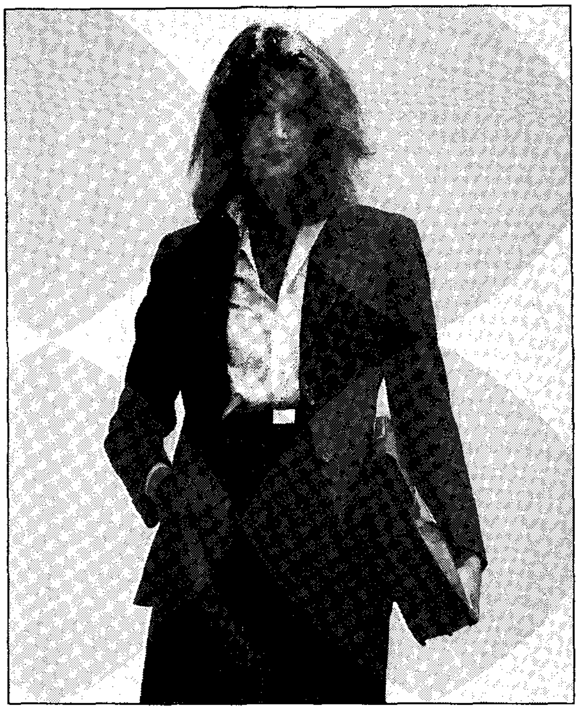
indignation. He says he will offer an economic program that will lower taxes and cut the cost of government. He says, “There’s enough fat in the government in Washington that if it was rendered and made into soap, it would wash the world.” Referring to the economic program that Carter announced ten days ago, Reagan says that Carter has now offered “his *fifth* new economic program.” (Three of those programs were the annual budgets required by law.) But he does land on another of Carter’s vulnerabilities—his ever-changing policies. Carter’s new program included tax cuts for both individuals and businesses, to stimulate investment and growth. “Well, it won’t work,” Reagan says. “It’s cynical. It’s political. And it’s too late. The damage is done, and every American family knows it.” Then he draws on Edward Kennedy. (It was expected during the primaries that in the fall Reagan would use some of Kennedy’s material against Carter, and, as the Reagan aide said, “Kennedy” is a good name to use with blue-collar workers.) Reagan cites Kennedy’s charge that Carter was constantly being surprised, and he lists a number of “surprises,” and says, ‘Well, I’d like to think that he’s due or one more surprise.” And the next words—“a surprise on November 4th”—are nearly lost in the applause. He closes by quoting the line he quoted yesterday from the speech that John Kennedy “never got to speak . . . because of the tragedy that took place.” Reagan’s voice is tremulous today, just as it was yesterday, when he says that ine.

This is an eerie campaign. It’s not ust that Reagan is cordoned off and protected from the press; it’s a question f why his aides feel he must be protected from the normal give-and-take f political life—of what it is that they re afraid will be revealed. They are ot simply protecting Reagan from the ress; they are trying to protect him rom himself. They behave as if they were a group of trainers who have a eautiful race horse on their hands—ne that must be given constant care. The aides’ protectiveness conveys, unwittingly, a certain patronizing view f Reagan—as if they dared not let im loose. It seems to be more than matter of gaffes, though that’s part it—or should be, not just because ie gaffes might affect his electability it because they raise questions about is judgment. Other Presidential camigns have been carefully “pack-



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aged," allowing as little spontaneity or chance of accident as possible. (For instance, Richard Nixon's in 1968.) But not all of them. It is natural and not unreasonable for the people in a Presidential campaign to view the press as a minefield, but not all people in public office are incapable of dealing with it, and the ability to deal with it is one requirement of the Presidency. Jimmy Carter is also running a carefully controlled campaign, of course; and Gerald Ford, who had once been one of the most accessible people in public life, ran such a campaign in 1976. (Nixon hid out in 1972, and everyone knew why.) But there is a difference between a campaign for reëlection by a President and a campaign for the Presidency by someone who has never held the office. A President has had to govern; he has a record; he has been subjected to intense scrutiny for quite a while. The challenger asks for attention. The President has to do things; the challenger can simply say, without taking account of certain realities, what he would do. When a President makes a mistake in a campaign, it can affect the nation; when a challenger makes a mistake, it affects only his own fortunes. Reagan's campaign is now designed to be as unrevealing as possible. That is in itself revealing.

At about three o'clock, Reagan's plane lands in Chicago, and Reagan, as is the custom in campaigns, waits to emerge from the front of the plane until after the press has disembarked and the cameras have been set up to record his arrival. During such intervals, candidates usually get last-minute briefings on who will greet them and what to expect. Today, Reagan is to be met by James Thompson, the Governor of Illinois; Dennis Voss, co-coördinator of Illinois Ethnics for Reagan; and a Polish-American dance group in Polish costumes. (Reagan is not good at remembering names, and the last time he was here he greeted Thompson as Dave. Gary Schuster, of the Detroit *News*, has reported that this time, during the interval before Reagan left the airplane, Nofziger ran to him and said, "Don't forget, Governor, it's Jim, Jim, Jim, Jim, Jim, Jim Thompson, not Dave.")

Reagan is to walk through a Lithuanian neighborhood in southwest Chicago. Actually, he will go down one street, for only two or three blocks; this event is essentially one for the cameras. Such neighborhood walks have been Presidential-campaign set pieces ever since ethnic politics came into fashion in recent years. The whole business of courting ethnic groups, which is conducted on a bipartisan basis, involves more than a little exploitation of these people. After the walk, Reagan will meet with some Polish-American leaders at the Palmer House, where he and his entourage are staying tonight. He begins his walk at the intersection of Washtenaw Avenue and Lithuanian Plaza Court, and from there he and Thompson, with a retinue of Secret Service agents, policemen, aides, the press pool, and some people dressed in Lithuanian costumes—the whole group cordoned off by ropes—walk down the middl of Sixty-ninth Street, past two-stor houses, past the Kaunas Park Inn, pas the United Lithuanian Relief office past the Liths Soccer Club. Thompso steers Reagan to one side of the stree and the other, and Reagan reache over the ropes to shake hands wit the cheerful crowd that has com out to see him. This is a conservative Democratic neighborhood—For won the area four years ago. Reagan is strong downstate and needs t win votes in the Chicago area. For narrowly carried the state in 1976 and Carter is fighting hard for it thi year. Reagan ends up at Ramune' Restaurant and Delicatessen, wher he is scheduled to stop for coffe He sits at the counter, with leader of the Lithuanian community o either side, sampling an array of pastries which has been proffered. Thi too, will make fine pictures, an Reagan's staff shuttles the nation and local press through the delicatessen so that they can record the scen Thompson asks Anna Konkuleviciu a co-owner of the place, who is in Lithuanian dress, what she wants Reaga to do as President. She replies, "Fr Lithuania and oppose the Communists." Reagan remarks, "Someda they will be free." While Nofzig and others herd the press throug shooing off anyone who tries to as Reagan a question, Reagan cha somewhat absently with the people either side of him. He doesn't seem be much interested in them or to making much of an effort. One car help considering what someone li Sargent Shriver, an enthusiastic typ would have done in this situation. remember Shriver, as the Vice-Pres dential candidate, walking through ethnic neighborhood in Philadelph

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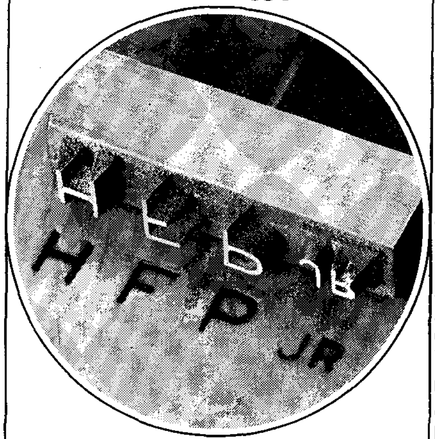

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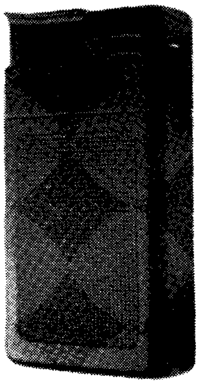

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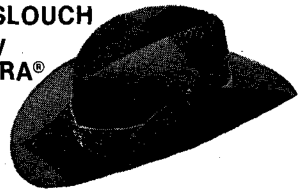

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in 1972, going on about how much he enjoyed it, and expressing delight with the new fashion of ethnic politics.) Most politicians I can think of—even Jimmy Carter, who is warm when he chooses—would have at least feigned more interest in these people, and many would have been actually interested in them. It's hot in the delicatessen, and Thompson mops his face with a yellow towel. Reagan looks composed—he sits there smiling, looking like the easygoing good guy—and slightly bored. He is posing.

All politicians pose at times, of course, but one cannot avoid the thought that with Reagan the whole thing might be an act. Even when one resists thinking about Reagan's prior career, watching him over a period of time forces the thought that with him it is always a performance, that everything he does and says is for effect. Most politicians let down their guard in public at some point; Reagan seems always to be onstage. His remoteness from people, except for his wife and a few close friends, is striking. It begins to seem no accident that, though he is now in a profession that puts a premium on such a thing, he does not remember people's names. He does not seem to try to learn them; it appears to be of no interest to him. He does not engage in the normal give-and-take with people who accompany him on these trips—not even, it seems, with his aides. He is secure in his circle of rich friends, and one gets no sense of his reaching out beyond that, of his being curious about people, of his talking to people because it might be interesting. It's not just that he's on guard but that he is remote. His eyes don't engage, he doesn't engage. It's not the coldness that Carter shows at times—it's more impersonal than that.

Reagan does not seem to be thinker, or to be in search of ideas. H has some views and a sense of the wa the world ought to be, and som political instincts, and he collects snippets that reinforce his views, help him make his case, vary his routine. Carte does have curiosity and thinks thing through and has a lot of beliefs; his problems stem from a lack of commitment and an overmanipulativeness. Ford was and remains popular because there is a realness about him. Ther seems to be a certain unformednes about Reagan, a lack of inner structure. Again, the thought is inescapable: this is characteristic of man movie stars. A friend of mine once de

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scribed another star as a "boy-man." Someone I know once asked Fred Zinnemann, the movie director, what a certain very famous female star was really like. Zinnemann replied, "What makes you think she's like anything?" People who have interviewed Reagan, or talked to him about issues, have come away with the impression that he is a pleasant man but also that he was performing. When he is asked what he really thinks about an issue, or means when he talks about it, he is more likely than not to answer by telling an anecdote related to the issue—which is the way he has tended to talk about issues in his campaign appearances, at least until now. Talking to Reagan, one gets the sense that he does not realize that he is evading, is not dealing with the issues. One gets the sense that an anecdote is his way of dealing with the issues.

When Reagan begins to answer a question from a local radio reporter ("What did you think of your welcome here?"), Nofziger and another aide almost have apoplexy. "*No interviews!*" Nofziger shouts, waving his arms and diving for the reporter. "Just let me reply to this one," Reagan says to Nofziger calmly, and then he says, "Most heartwarming. Anyone who wouldn't be thrilled is unconscious."

THE Crystal Room of the Palmer House, 9 P.M. Gerald Ford had dinner with Reagan tonight and, as Reagan's aides hoped, will now meet with the press. The last time the two men met was at the Republican Convention, after they and their respective aides failed to reach an agreement on the terms by which Ford might run as Vice-President. Four years ago, Ford beat Reagan for the nomination. Now Reagan, the nominee, needs Ford, just as Carter, the nominee, needs Kennedy. Ford has agreed to campaign for Reagan, just as Kennedy has agreed o campaign for Carter. The Reagan aides planned that the two big stories out of today were to be Reagan's meetngs with Cardinal Krol and with Ford. One of the aides said to me on he plane to Kokomo, "The story bout Ford is that he's there—just like the meeting with Kissinger last week." Kissinger met with Reagan at the ouse the Reagans are renting for the uration of the campaign in Midleburg, Virginia, near Washington nd also near the Arlington headuarters.) Reagan keeps to a leisurely

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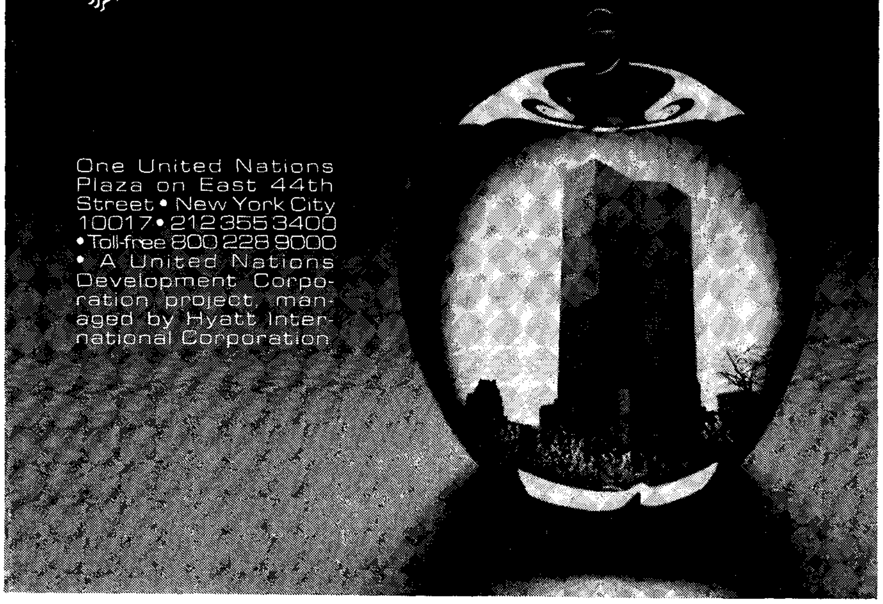

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schedule, in part to dictate which events will make news. The big event tomorrow is to be Reagan's economics speech. Advance texts of the speech were distributed to the press on the plane en route to Chicago, and a "fact sheet" explaining Reagan's economic proposals will be handed out shortly, and there is to be a briefing by some Reagan advisers. One of the admitted goals of this whole exercise is to make Reagan seem "Presidential." Thus, as in the case of Presidents, the advance texts, background papers, background briefings.

Ford arrives at nine-fifteen. His arrival is low-key—he just walks in, smiling. He may be an ex-President, with all the benefits and honors that the station bestows, but tonight he is just another man. Perhaps because of that, he seems somewhat shrunken. He seems to have left his apotheosis in the other room. Ford says that he "just had a delightful dinner" with Reagan, and that the two men talked over their campaign plans. Ford says that he thinks he can be most helpful to Reagan in the large industrial states, "where the Carter economic policy has brought about a disaster."

He is asked if he believes that Reagan fumbled on the subjects of Vietnam and evolution. He walks around the question by saying that he will not comment "on non-issue comments by others, whether they're President Carter or Governor Reagan." He says, "I'm going to talk about the issues."

In answer to another question, he says, "I have an interesting campaign schedule. It's going to be my last hurrah." One wonders. Ford may not run for President again, but the dutiful Republican in him keeps returning from the sidelines to go out on the road. Besides, Ford, who put in years of travel for his colleagues when he was in the House of Representatives, seems to like it on the road, and to get restless after he has played a certain amount of golf. Now he says that he will spend fifty-three of the next sixty days on the road—that's a more rigorous schedule than is planned for Reagan—and will fly sixty thousand miles to campaign in thirty states, and he lists the numbers of congressional, senatorial, and gubernatorial races he will help out in, in addition to his efforts for the Reagan-Bush ticket. He attacks the Carter Administration for announcing the "Stealth" program.

Stuart Spencer is standing off to one side, his arms folded; he looks satisfied. Then a reporter asks Ford if he thinks it is credible to claim, as Reagan is claiming, that in one term an Administration can cut taxes by ten per cent a year for three years, make a substantial increase in military spending, and balance the budget. Ford replies, "I don't believe that Governor Reagan has said in this campaign that he's committed automatically and categorically to the ten-per-cent reduction. My understanding is that he has committed himself to a one-year tax reduction." He is referring to the one-year tax cut that was offered by congressional Republicans, with Reagan's support, in June, to get the jump on the Administration. One year was settled on because a number of Republicans do not agree with the idea of proposing substantial cuts for three years. But Reagan committed himself to the three-year program many times in the primaries, and it is contained in the Republican platform, and the speech text, which th reporters here are holding, commit him to it again. Good old Ford. Actually, it's not his fault; he just hasn' got the news.

Another reporter asks him, "Mr President, how do you feel about a ten-per-cent tax reduction in each of th next ten years?"

Ford digs in further: "I wouldn' commit at this point to a categorica attempt to see tax reductions for eac year of the next three years."

Spencer does not change his expres sion. Another reporter asks Ford wh he wouldn't commit himself categor ically to three years of tax reduction.

Ford replies, "Because I don't thin at this stage we can see down the roa what the economic situation will be i thirty-six months."

Asked, toward the end, what h means by "last hurrah," Ford sa that after this campaign "I'm going retire and take life easy and do a lot things that I haven't been able to d for the last thirty-some years." H says, "After January 20th, when w have a new President inaugurated, I' going to relax and resume my skii on the snowy slopes of Colorado a improve my golf game—at least, hope I'll be hitting fewer spectators the circuits—and I will have a gre

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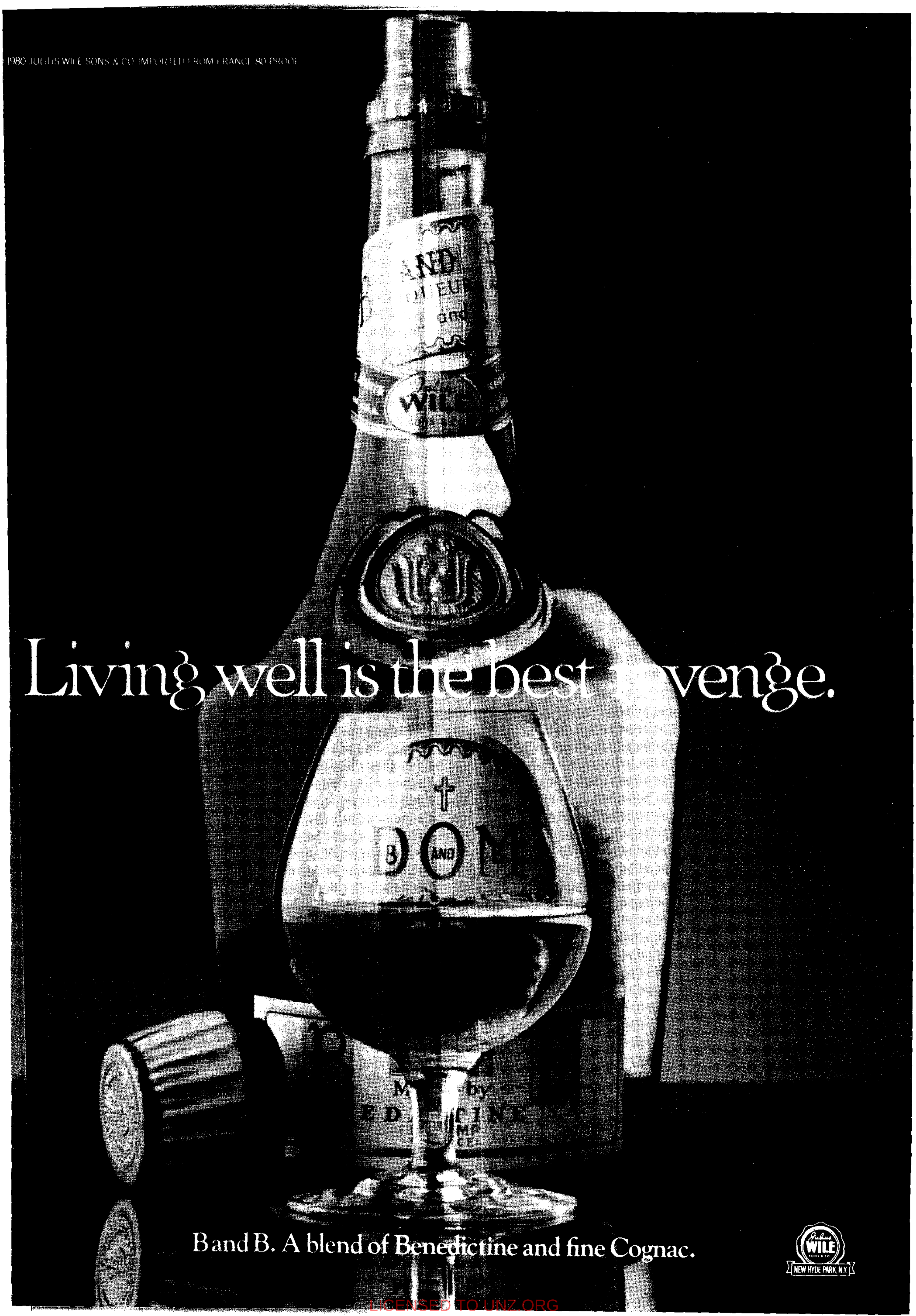
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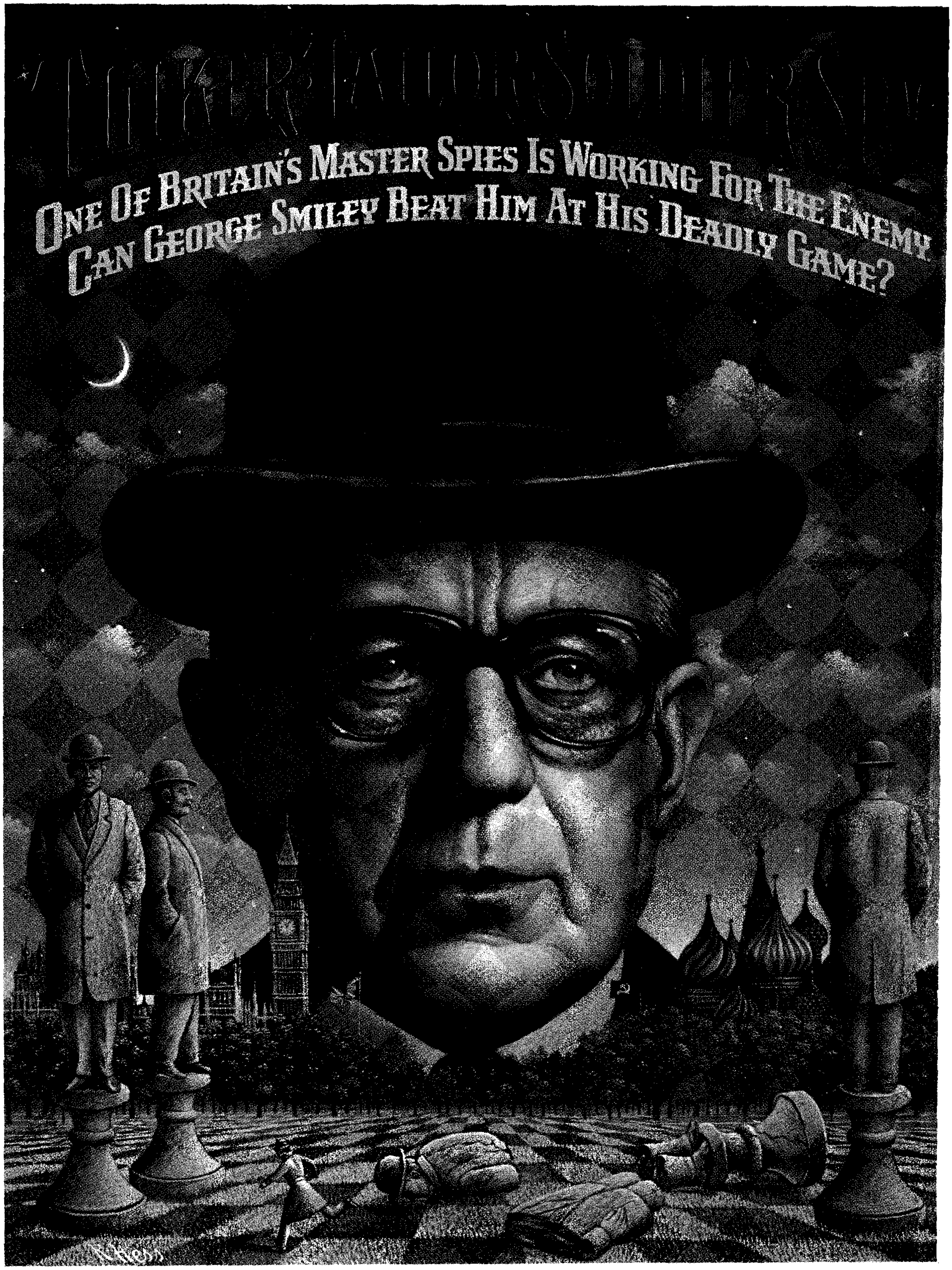
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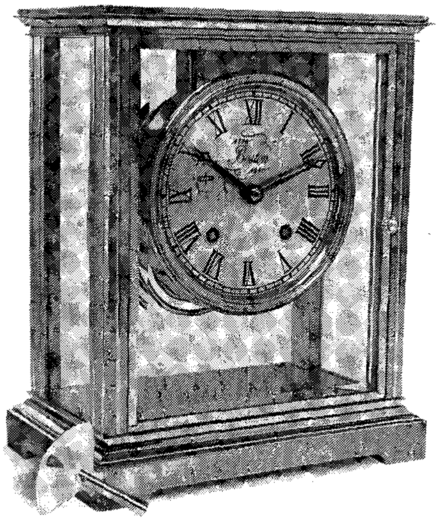
time. Betty and I are going to really enjoy ourselves."

There are a number of surprises in Reagan's economic proposals. The most striking surprise is that they jettison the theory that originally lay behind them. The theory behind the Kemp-Roth proposal to cut tax rates by thirty per cent over three years, which Reagan has adopted, holds that the economic growth that would be stimulated by such a cut would make up for the loss of revenue (the "Laffer curve," named after the economist Arthur Laffer). Representative Jack Kemp, of New York, became an enthusiastic proponent of this idea, embodied it in a bill, which he co-sponsored with Senator William Roth, of Delaware, and sold the idea to Reagan. Reagan used to say that he would be able to cut taxes substantially, increase defense spending substantially, and balance the budget because of the stimulus that would come from the tax cuts. He said that the tax cuts did not have to be tied to cuts in federal spending—a position many congressional Republicans had abandoned. A number of the conventional Republican economists who joined his campaign were not at all sold on the theory, and they went to work. The task of coming up with a numerical justification of Reagan's program, to prepare him for the hard questions that would inevitably arise in the Presidential campaign, fell to a committee headed by Alan Greenspan, who was chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under Ford. (The project was steered Greenspan's way by William Casey, Reagan's campaign director and a former Nixon Administration official. Casey seems to have sensed that Reagan's economics were vulnerable.) Greenspan is actually a very conservative man, but, compared with some of the people who had been advising Reagan, he is conventional. The orthodox economists around Reagan considered it significant that Laffer did not attend a luncheon Reagan held with his economic advisers during the Republican Convention. Tonight, Greenspan, one of the advisers who are conducting the briefing, says that to defend Reagan's tax cut simply on the assumption that it would make up the lost revenue would be "a risky proposition." So much for that. The names Kemp and Roth don't appear in Reagan's speech. Reagan mentions the names of his more conventional economic advisers. Laffer is gone. Reagan has entered the orthodox conservative economic mainstream. He has been pushed into a new policy by his new advisers.

Another surprise in Reagan's economic proposals is that the spending for defense is so modest—given the seemingly vast increases called for in the Republican platform, and given Reagan's rhetoric. William Van Cleave, a former Pentagon official, who is a Reagan defense adviser, says that the Reagan budget contemplates an increase of five per cent in real terms (over inflation) in each of the next five years, which would come to the same amount that has been approved by the Senate Budget Committee (two hundred and seventy billion dollars by 1985) and is not dramatically higher than the budget envisioned by the Carter Administration. Reagan's new program also jettisons his earlier proposals to eliminate the windfall-profit tax and inheritance taxes, and its accelerated depreciation allowance is much reduced from the one included in the one-year tax-cut bill offered by the Republicans in June. It is estimated that the items Reagan dropped would have cost the Treasury a hundred billion dollars. The Reagan defense plan at this point is just a number to be fed into his economic plan. "We're working very hard indeed on coming up with defense proposals," Van Cleave says. Greenspan says he assumes that the cost of Reagan's defense proposals will probably be "somewhat higher" than the figure in the table contained in the background materials, which is designed to show the budgetary effect of Reagan's program. This raises the question of what, if anything, the table means.

It seems clear that Reagan's economic advisers have taken these steps, and some others as well, in order to come up with some numbers that would fit the general outlines that Reagan has prescribed. Reagan's economists also used the most optimistic of the forecasts of the level of revenues by fiscal year 1985, and then added to that some more revenues that they say will result from their program. This way, they arrive at a balanced budget by the third year, and show surpluses



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after that. The Reagan program relies on an over-all rate of growth—about four and one-half per cent starting in two years—that is generally considered optimistic. (The rate of growth over the past five years has averaged three and three-tenths per cent.) The Reagan program also assumes a rate of inflation of close to nine per cent for the next five years (and inflation helps swell revenues). Reagan's pledges to cut government spending are modest, given his past rhetoric, and they are vague ("waste and fraud"), but they are also optimistic about what can be done.

The "fact sheet" has the look of something that was got together in time to have something to present. The staff was still working on the figures this afternoon on the plane. There is common agreement that taxes should be cut, to offset some of the tax increases that are pending as a result of inflation—which pushes people into higher income brackets—and of higher Social Security taxes. The differences are over how much to cut them and who should be the beneficiaries. Reagan's income-tax cuts for individuals are larger than those recently proposed by Carter and would offer more relief to people in the higher income levels. Reagan's proposal would index taxes for inflation after the first three years; Carter opposes indexing. Ironically, Carter's proposals, aimed at "reindustrialization," offer more than Reagan's in the way of help for business. Over all, Reagan's cuts are far larger than those envisioned by the Senate Budget Committee, but they would not reduce the size of the national tax burden in relation to the Gross National Product. Greenspan says, "We would much prefer to cut it. It turns out that that is very difficult to do." (Reagan is also apparently abandoning the idea, which he once said should be seriously considered, and which is alluded to in the Republican platform, that the United States should return to the gold standard.) Reagan and his advisers have redefined the Reagan proposals, thrown away the premise, and come up with some numbers to prove that the revised proposals will work. This is all happening in a vacuum. The Administration has already issued a fact sheet of its own, attacking Reagan's proposals, but it assumed that Reagan would stick to his old ones, so it misses its target. There will be a war of numbers this fall, and there is a question whether anyone will be able to make sense of them.

TUESDAY. Shortly after noon, at the Palmer House, Reagan gives his economics speech at a luncheon of the International Business Council, a Chicago-based trade organization. Like other campaign audiences, this one is a prop; but in this instance Reagan and his people clearly have a very large purpose in mind. Today, Reagan is wearing a gray suit, the most "Presidential" outfit of all the ones I have seen him in this year. He reads the speech from a TelePrompTer, skillfully, and barely acknowledges the audience's presence. His audience is the television cameras. Watching and listening to Reagan now, one could almost think for a moment that this is an address from the Oval Office—which is the intention. Reagan's tone is conversational. Stuart Spencer said to me earlier this week, "He knows what that camera's doing out there. He knows that the microphone picks up your voice when you're talking like this." Spencer was talking in a conversational tone. "He's the only politician in America who really understands those things." Reagan's speech is a harsh attack on Carter's economic policies and a general explanation of his own proposals. "Mr. Carter's American tragedy must and can be transcended by the spirit of the American people, working together," he concludes. "Let's get America working again. The time is now." And he adds to his prepared remarks some comments on his record as governor of California. As usual, he exaggerates his achievements. But he is attempting to show that he is indeed qualified to be Chief Executive, that he can look like one and talk like one, that he can deal in big substance. It is an effective performance.

After this, Reagan will go on to Milwaukee, Cleveland, Buffalo, and Erie—for more walks through ethnic neighborhoods, more appearances before blue-collar workers, and more attacks on Carter. Reagan's aides believe that their candidate is now on the offensive.

—ELIZABETH DREW

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "The Broken Vase" (1941), by Rex Stout*]

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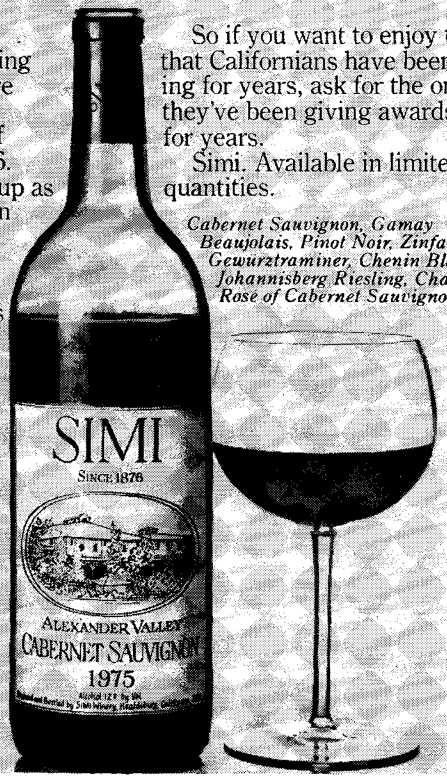

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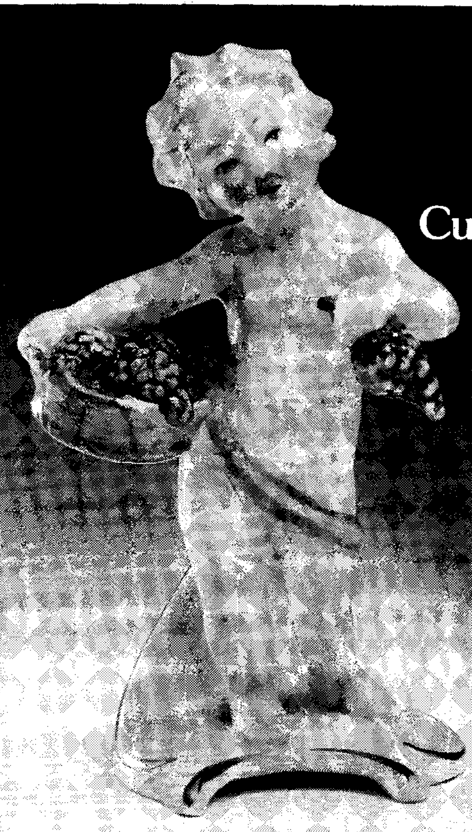

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DANCING

The Entertainer

ROLAND PETIT may not be the greatest name in ballet, but it is a great name in ballet entertainment—possibly the only name. Most choreographers when they succeed in entertaining us, and even when they don't succeed, are aiming at art. Petit hardly ever aims higher than his audience's comfort level. A little sensuality, a little sentiment, a touch of irony or camp make up an evening's diversion. Pretty costumes and scenery are an absolute necessity; so is the semblance, at least, of a plot. If Petit has ever stumbled into art, as I'm told he did in his first big success, "Les Forains," he soon atoned for it with "Carmen," "La Croqueuse de Diamants," "Les Demoiselles de la Nuit," and "Le Loup." If he has been pretentious, as in his collaboration with Cocteau "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort," or in his recent Proust ballet, he has not been dull. One of his movies was called "Black Tights"—a title that seems to stand for his whole career. Petit's tradition is not just that of the academy; it takes in the boulevards and the purlieus of apache Paris; it extends as far back as the can-can dancers of Toulouse-Lautrec and as far forward as the "Can-Can" of Cole Porter, which Petit is scheduled to direct for Broadway revival this winter.

Last month, after more than twenty years, a company headed by Petit opened in New York. The Ballet National de Marseille, which Petit organized and has run since 1972, made its local début at the Uris with three ballets, the first and best of them starring Zizi Jeanmaire, whom we last saw in 1964, singing and dancing in "Zizi." Jeanmaire, who has been married to Roland Petit for twenty-six years—almost as long as she has been an international musical-comedy star—and who will have the lead in "Can-Can," may be the only classically trained dancer to become a star in the musical theatre and remain, somehow, a ballerina. Vera Zorina did it once, with the help of George Balanchine. Cyd Charisse stood for ballet, but only in the context of M-G-M musicals. Neither danced for as long a period as Jeanmaire has or created quite so startling and indelible a personal style. The iconography of Zizi includes stemware of an almost prewar vintage: the pulled-up thighs; the switchblade hips that shoot the legs and lock them in their elegant positions bespeak a thoroughness in French classical schooling that is apparently no longer to be had. With her long legs and long arms, her pliant waist, her smooth little head, and her squared-off, molar-baring grin, Jeanmaire maintains a continually active, changelessly visible profile; you couldn't miss it on a dark night at sea.

"The Bat," which opened the Uris engagement, is a good illustration of what Petit and Jeanmaire have done over the years to make their glittering names. It shows, too, why their reputations for high professionalism are deserved. The curtain goes up, and Jeanmaire takes the stage in a curly carrot wig, which, with her round cheeks and lack of neck, makes her look like Claudette Colbert. The story, based on "Die Fledermaus," ha the heroine adopt a disguise to entrap her errant husband. Jeanmaire strip off her black hausfrau gown, tears of her wig, and there, with her slick gamine hairdo and icicle legs, stand the definitive Zizi. The performanc then builds to *monstre-sacré* propor tions. In the second act, she dances long pas de deux in a white leotard every extension, torsion, and balanc as carefully judged as Miss Colbert' camera angles. No movie star has eve worked harder or shown herself t greater advantage. Since the ideal sta vehicle is one that lets you know no once but many times why the star is star, "The Bat" may be the best—it i certainly the longest—vehicle that Pet has ever fashioned for his wife. He made her lack of variety seem adorabl constancy, her now flinty footwor look like rapscallion spunk. When star get old, they may lose presence even a their skill in gripping our attention in creases; one feels bewildered—hel and not held. In "The Bat," Jean maire is so perfectly focussed—as dancer, as a personality—that her dis tance from her physical prime, he lack of genuine physical animatio are almost unnoticeable. It's a perfo mance embedded in amber, with a fla tering amber-tinted glow.

The rest of the show is all Pet The libretto, a fantasy on "Flede maus" themes, makes no more sen than "Fledermaus" does, but Pe

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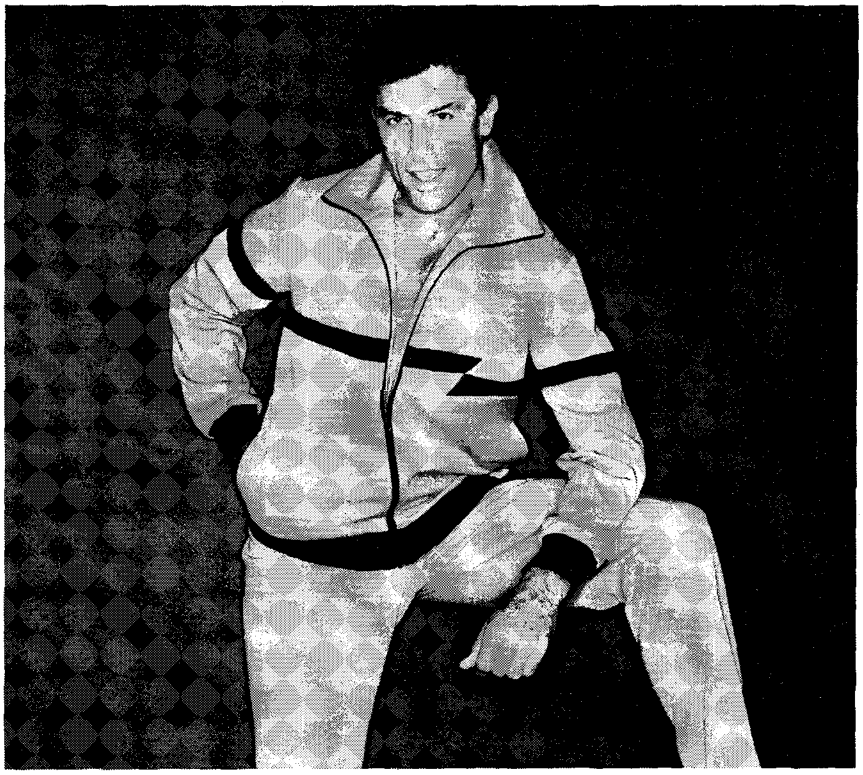

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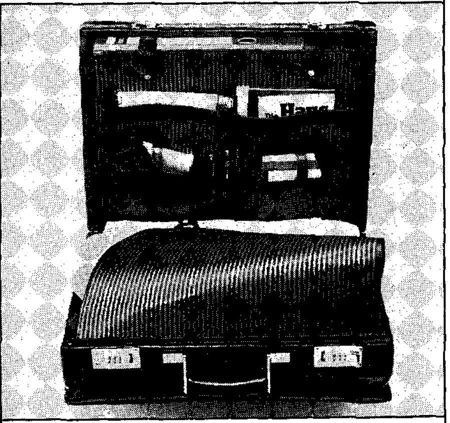

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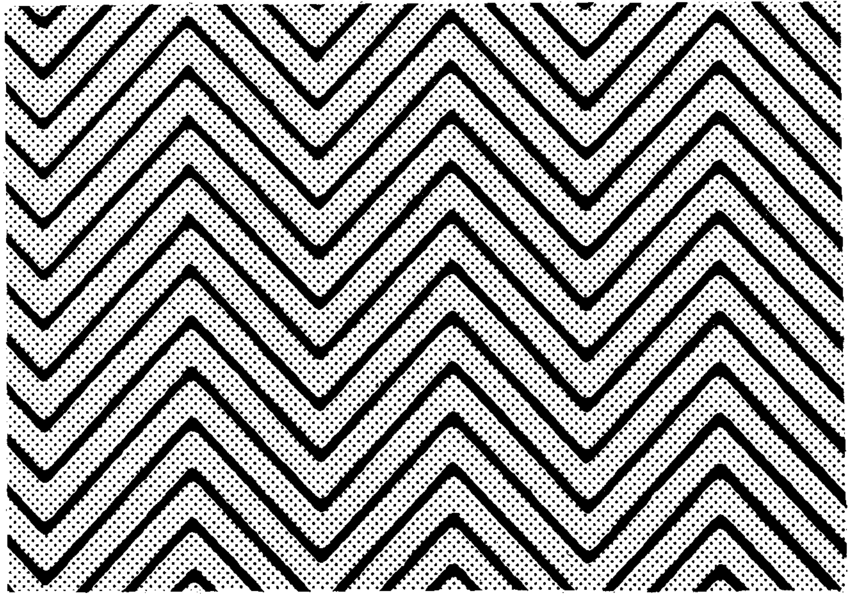
keeps things moving to an unusually good arrangement, by Douglas Gamley, of Strauss's music, and pours out a profusion of dances. Those for the men are especially attractive: they include sharply differentiated solos for the bouncy master of revels (Luigi Bonino) and the romantic wandering husband (Denys Ganio); the waiters' galop at the masked ball is the best such number I have seen, surpassing Massine, surpassing even Gower Champion. Petit's mixed ensembles are less effervescent, and the big one at the start of the second act has a flattening effect. Perhaps the costumes, by Franca Scuarciapino, and the scenery, by Guilio Colltellacci, aren't as effective, in this touring version of the production, as they might be. Whatever the reason, the electric current that keeps the first act cresting smoothly begins to sputter in Act II, and the evening ends by disappointing us. At its best, "The Bat" has an eccentric beauty like that of Méliès's films, but there are moments that seem almost deliberate misses—that skirt magic for showmanship. One occurs during the masked ball, when dancers dressed as pierrots or harlequins suddenly fall down in a trance and the winged figure of the husband appears to the wife swinging upside down, like a bat. She reaches out to steady him, and we expect the moment to develop fantastically. Perhaps he will partner her from this position or take her up with him. But Petit cuts the moment short and hurries on to the next manifestation of Zizi.

Petit has always been too shallow for the ballet audience but just right for the general public. His production of "Coppélia" was out of touch with both audiences. This was an "innovative" version, placed in a garrison town where the female corps de ballet and the soldiers are billeted together and Coppélius is a silver-haired roué. The action shifted uneasily between *rose* and *noir* effects; each shift was off the music. Worse, Petit's dance invention seemed to have deserted him. He set turned-in steps in between turned-out ones, which is like setting words between notes or belches between words; he had Swanilda and her friends doing so many hip wiggles and shoulder rolls that they appeared to be made of jelly. Petit's own performance as Coppélius is a celebrated one, but he fell ill and had to withdraw from the season. Bonino, an engaging, dapper mime, did what he could to lift the evening; when he had to do it by waltzing with a dummy strapped to his feet, I began to think the thing would never rise, and it didn't. Dominique Khalfouni was a thin and constricted Swanilda. Peter Schaufuss's ballon had acquired a strange, gooey consistency. Fortunately, the production is compressed into two acts, with only a snatch of dancing from Act III. The décor, attributed to Ezio Frigerio, was disturbing. This designer has salvaged more than one ballet with his airy, august conceptions. Here his cheerless gray walls and stiff uniforms might have done for any of the starker productions of "Carmen" one sees nowadays; and for the life-size puppets in Coppélius's workshop he substituted a towering display cabinet with swivelling dummy heads and drawers that kept opening and slamming shut. Enterprising, perhaps, but not wondrous.

Petit's Marseille ballets have a budgeted look that doesn't suit their choreographer. One can't help wondering what Petit could have done with "Les Intermittences du Cœur"—here called "Marcel Proust Remembered"—if he'd had the money that the Berlin Ballet spent on Valery Panov's "The Idiot." And if, like Panov last July, he'd shown the ballet at the Met. My guess is that he'd have had the hit that Panov had with the Met's culture-conscious dance audience. Instead, "Marcel Proust Remembered" went on for only four performances at the Uris, toward the end of the season. It's not a good piece; it's queasily wrong, doomed in every step and gesture. But it's nowhere near the mess that "The Idiot" was. Dancing is helpless to portray any character but that of the dancer and any time but the present. Characters, moreover, who have been given their life in a literary masterpiece that is also an essay on memory would resist adaptation by the best playwrights and filmmakers, but they'd at least have the words that Proust gave them. Still, you can accept the idea of Mme. Verdurin's salon coming to life as you can never accept Rogozhin meeting Myshkin on the train and starting to discuss Nastasya Filippovna's past—in mime. Petit hasn't actually tried to stage "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu;" the novel's characters—Verdurin, Swann and Odette, Gilberte, Albertine and her friends, Albertine and Marcel, Charlus and Morel, and Saint-Loup—appear in that order in unconnected dance episodes set to disparate pieces of mu-



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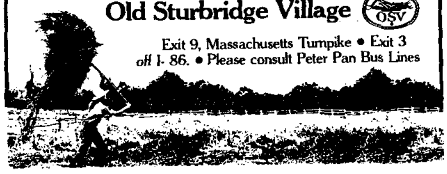

sic. There is nothing "Proustian" about the ballet in the sense that the adjective was commonly applied to "Jardin aux Lilas" and "Dim Lustre," by Antony Tudor. Only in the Albertine-Marcel pas de deux, danced by Khalfouni and Ganio, does one's mind drift back to Marcel's agony. But one's mind also drifts back to Balanchine's Sleepwalker pas de deux in "La Sonnambula" and to other Petit heroes—Don José, le Loup, Cyrano, Quasimodo—who were humiliated in love. There is some mild porn in the scenes involving Charlus and Morel, and Charlus's tastes are the pretext for an extended and rather ludicrously stylized sadomasochistic sequence in which Charlus (Gerard Taillade) flies here and there, impelled by the rhythmically timed punches of some soldiers. When Petit tries to be serious and deep, he's often off-guardedly amusing; ludicrous stylization usually gets him in the end. The finale of "Marcel Proust Remembered" means to depict the society of Proust's time as mechanical, vapid, unheeding. Petit's method has the dancers jerk woodenly about to the polonaise in Wagner's "Rienzi" overture. The fatally metric execution of the idea was something Kenneth MacMillan avoided when he made the same point in the same way about a later society in "La Fin du Jour."

Although it has no young women with Jeanmaire's classical breeding, the Marseille ballet is one of the strongest foreign companies to have played here in quite a while—it's no mere backup to its guest stars. Yet in five weeks at the Uris it never managed to find its audience. It is a mistake to put an unknown ballet company on Broadway. The director and star may have had Broadway successes in the past, but those are faded triumphs, and the audience for popular ballet entertainment these days is accustomed to looking for it uptown, where the big and best-known companies play. A Broadway booking for even so worthy and appropriate an artist as Petit only confuses people. The Uris is a newish Broadway theatre, ugly and lacking in atmosphere. Roland Petit may not always be interested in accredited art, but his audience is. —ARLENE CROCE

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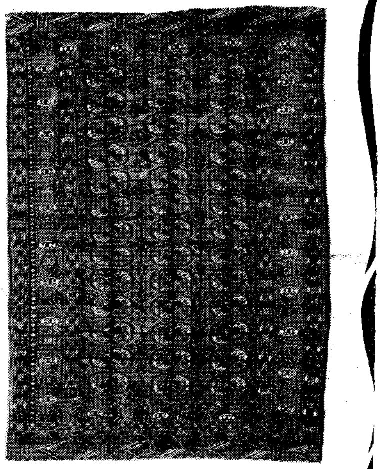

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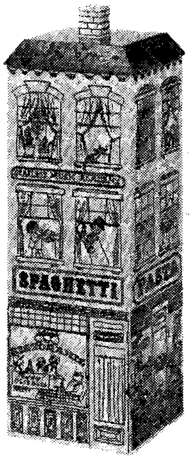

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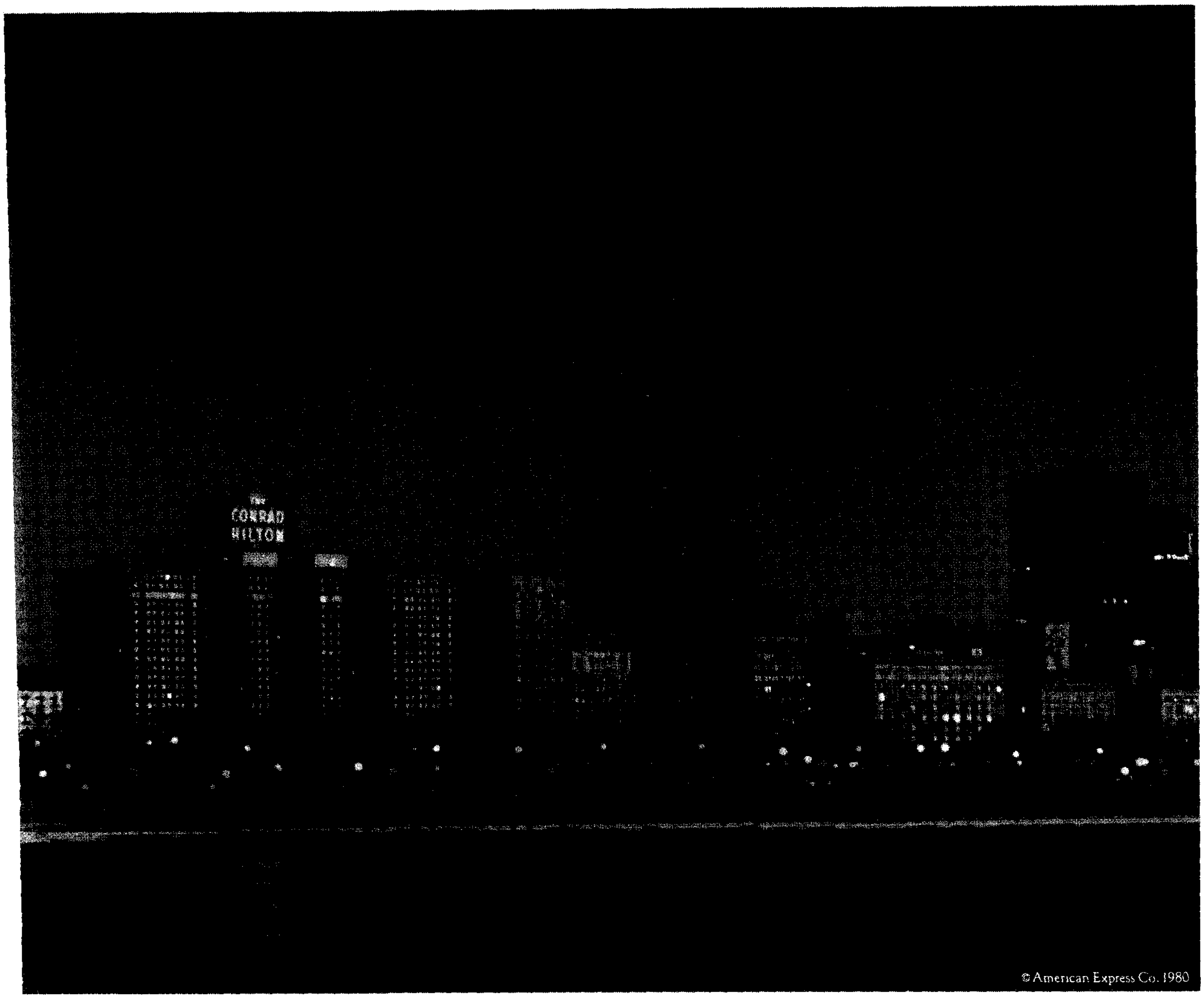

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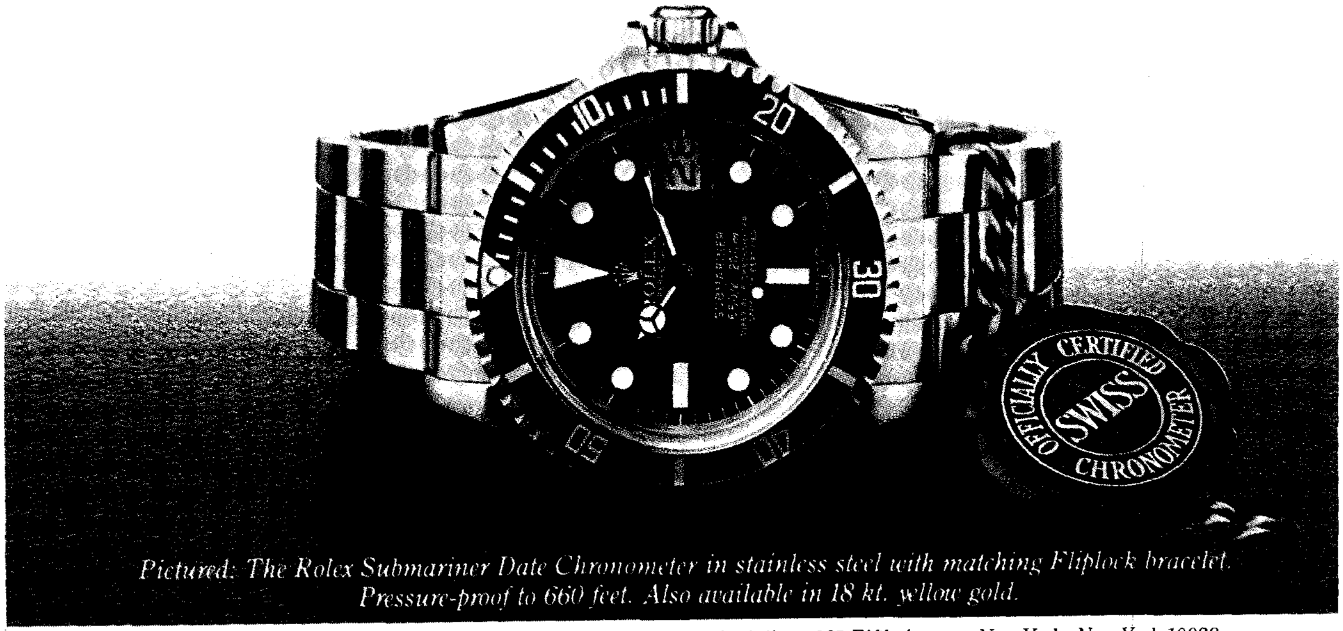

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FOOTBALL

Davids and Goliaths

SO nobody's perfect. Here we have Campbell, who can, and does, throw the ball with fearsome velocity and accuracy four hundred yards or more for California in an afternoon's outing, but he can't run. Week before last, he ran against Florida and lost forty-four yards. Last week, versus Army, at West Point, he ran against its three-man line—ran four times for four yards. Campbell was built for the pros—six feet five, two hundred and twenty pounds, a spectacular (excuse the word) performer. But where is the run? Bennett, the little David who throws and, perforce, runs, because the rest of Army doesn't run very well, outmatched California, at 26–19, but it wasn't easy. It was what people call an "upset," but then every Army triumph is an upset these days. About the three-man line: let Campbell have his short passes, but flood the deep defense with extra men so he can't have his long bombs.

And about other Davids. One is Manley, who, nearly unnoticed by all but the most assiduous observers, is in his final season at Yale. This fall, he is backup man for Rogan, the sturdy, efficient, hard-running, but occasionally nervous-making (for Yale buffs) first-string quarterback. Last Saturday, against a Brown that had just come down with what we all hope is a curable case of the fumbles, Manley was given some opportunities after Yale was well to the fore, and he used them. At five feet nine and a hundred and seventy-two pounds, he is probably not going to go much of anywhere after graduation, but—given his head—he should go far indeed this fall. He runs as lightly as a cat, and every step suggests that he is moving three ways at once. That and his calm throwing under heavy pressure turn each venture of his into a truly sporting event. Graduation this spring created a huge brain-and-skill drain at Yale; for one, there are no longer any Nondorfs or Pinkstons in the deep defense. But the undergraduate body continues to charmingly produce just what Cozza, the head coach, needs. On defense, there is Czinger, at middle guard, who is a three-man line in himself. And there are other useful defenders, such as Mihaly and Muscatello and Novosel. On offense, there is Diana, wholly recovered from his wounds of 1979, a runner and a catcher and—as he demonstrated against Brown—a purloiner of passes who must be carefully watched. And there is Nitti, a heavy-duty up-the-middle runner. And Grieve, at six feet four and two hundred pounds, should soon become the best Yale end since Spagnola. Against all this, and against agonizing odds (many of them, let it be said, contributed by his playmates), Carbone, at quarter for Brown, showed again that he may be among the best of his kind. To assist him, he has Villella and Curtin as running mates, and a few catchers, who, when they learn to hang on to the ball, will be of enormous help.

One more David: Cuccia, who sat out last season as a dilatory scholar. He is back at Harvard this fall. At five feet eight and a mild hundred and fifty-five pounds, he was another Manley in his freshman year. At quarter, he caught everyone's eye, including, though belatedly, the eye of those who were despairingly defending against him. Belatedly himself, he commenced his sophomore year as flanker in last Saturday's match with Columbia, inasmuch as Restic, Harvard's head coach, is suddenly knee-deep in quarterbacks. Cuccia, outrunning all hands, snaffled six passes from Buckley, the first-stringer, for quite a lot of yardage. That helped a great deal toward a final count of Harvard 26, Columbia 6. The maneuver in which a pitchout to the halfback evolves into a down-the-alley bomb could be a dazzler if Cuccia, already in the backfield anyway as flanker, were in the halfback spot for that particular maneuver. And the temptation to use runners of the speed and evasiveness of Manley and Cuccia as punt returners must be gigantic. In fact, against Brown, Manley was several times paired with the much more burly Diana as a receiver when Brown kicked. The cost, though, of a collision between a lightweight the size of Manley and whoever tackles him has to be considered. All in all, nevertheless, the presence—frequent, it is to be hoped—of Manley and Cuccia on the playing fields this fall will add a certain sprightliness to Ivy League football. And *that* it could use. —J. W. L.

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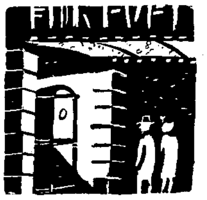


"THE STUNT MAN" catches you up with its rowdy, satirical opening sequence: between the snaps of clapper boards with the credits, we see a series of paranoid reactions to chance happenings, with one reaction sparking the next. All nature is a powder keg of grievances. On a sunny, bright day, a police car honks at a dog sleeping in the middle of the road, the dog snarls viciously, and the movie is off and spinning. A telephone lineman throws a rock at a big buzzard; darting away, the buzzard hits a helicopter carrying a cameraman and a movie director, and somebody in the plane (the pilot or the cameraman) rasps out, "That damn bird tried to kill us!" The voice of the not yet visible director, Eli Cross (Peter O'Toole), is heard: "That's your point of view. Did ya ever think to ask the bird what he thought?" Then Cross takes a bite from an apple and tosses it away; the apple lands on the roof of a café and rolls down onto the top of the police car, which is just being parked, giving the two policemen a start. Inside the café, a trucker trying to get better acquainted with a waitress reaches out to pet the Chihuahua that she carries close to her breast, and the wee thing snaps at him ferociously. A scroungy-looking young man with stubble on his chin, Cameron (Steve Railsback), who is playing a pinball machine and has just won a free ball, seems terrified when the policemen come toward him; they put handcuffs on him, but he bolts out the door and keeps going, while they shoot at him. A short distance away, he knocks down the telephone lineman, grabs the man's tool belt, and heads for the woods, where he uses the tools to split the handcuffs apart. Running past the sawhorse barricades closing a road, he starts across a river bridge and tries to hitch a ride in the only car in sight—a shiny, glamorous old Duesenberg. The young, yellow-haired driver, who is alone, stops, and Cameron thinks he's being picked up, but when he gets in, the driver shoves him out with his foot and speeds away, leaving him sprawling and bruised; then the Duesenberg turns around and heads right toward him. Thinking that the driver means to kill him, Cameron grabs a construction bolt and throws it at the car, hitting the windshield. But the car doesn't come near him. By the time he picks himself up—a few seconds only—it has disappeared and the bridge is deserted. Looking down, he sees bubbles where the water has closed over the Duesenberg, and, hearing an engine above, he looks up and sees the helicopter, which comes down close. Cameron runs across the bridge and through fields until he comes to an oceanside resort area. He cuts off the legs of his jeans, so that he'll look like a vacationer in shorts, and joins the crowd that is watching a movie crew prepare to shoot a war scene on the beach. There's a non-stop quality about this chain-reaction prologue. The music—cheery, jangling, circusy music, by Dominic Frontiere—might almost be driving Cameron on. It seems to pick him up and keep him whirling; he gets only a short breather before he's in movement again. The music doesn't reach any kind of completion: it's a repeated vamp that starts up—loud and boisterous—each time the mood of the film is frazzled and everything is in motion.

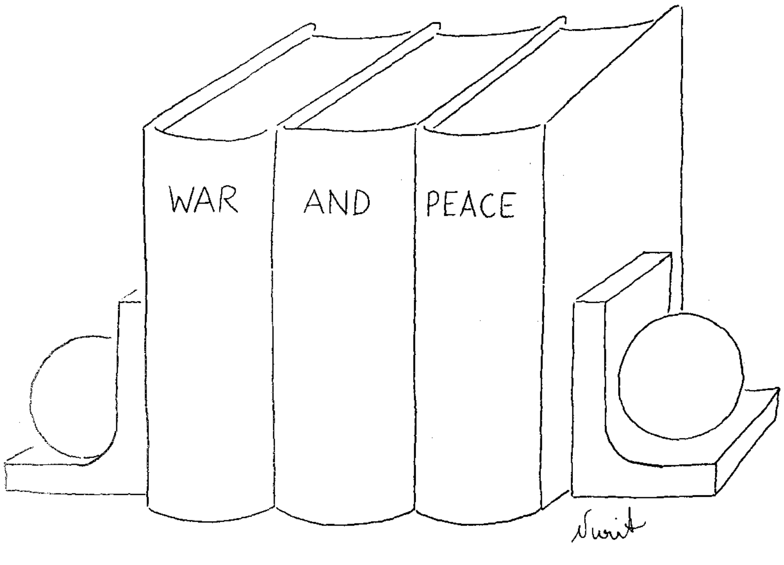
Eli Cross's first, disembodied words state the theme of "The Stunt Man": it's about the paranoia of snap judgments. All through the movie, people grasp only a fragment of a situation, and misinterpret what is going on because they perceive that fragment in terms of their fears that everything—a buzzard, an apple, a yellow-haired man in a Duesenberg—is against them. The film itself is designed to demonstrate how difficult it is for Cameron—or you—to know what's really happening. You joyride through this picture, sorting out what you're seeing as it races ahead. At first, the thought may cross your mind that the cameraman in the helicopter is photographing Cameron, and that he's part of a movie being made; this thought gets discarded fast, as you realize that Cameron intruded on the making of a movie, and that Burt, the man in the Duesenberg who shoved him out and spun the car around, was a stunt man, doubling for the blond hero. Burt didn't have time for more civil behavior because his drive had to be coördinated with the helicopter—and he had intended to go over the side of the bridge. (He had also intended to survive, of course, but Cameron's cracking his windshield was a factor he hadn't taken into account.) When Cameron shows up at the beach, Eli Cross, who recognizes him from the bridge, pretends to the police that he was the driver of the Duesenberg, and that nobody got killed. Cross, who has a permit to shoot for three more days at the resort, doesn't want the police to close him down, so he protects Cameron. The actors and the crew know perfectly well that Cameron is a stranger, but Cross decrees that because of Burt's return from the bottom of the river he is henceforth to be known as Lucky Burt, and everyone complies, shortening it to Lucky. When Cameron is afraid that he won't be able to fool the police, Cross reassures him: "You will be disguised as a stunt man who doubles for an actor who plays an American flier who poses as a German soldier who, like yourself, is a fugitive." Clean-shaven, wearing makeup, and with yellow hair, Cameron becomes the stunt man.

Working with material that could, with a few false steps, have turned into a tony reality-and-illusion puzzle, the director, Richard Rush, has kept it all light-headed and funny—it's slapstick metaphysics. "The Stunt Man" is a virtuoso piece of moviemaking: a sustained feat of giddiness that is at the same time intense. Rush isn't afraid to hook you and to keep hooking you. Despite the elaborateness of what he and his scenarist, Lawrence B. Marcus (best known for "Petulia"), were aiming at, he didn't forget what he'd learned in exploitation pictures, when his subjects were hippies, drugs, and motorcycles. Rush uses the pacing and the exhilarating, so-bright-it's-luminous visual style he developed on A.I.P. releases in the late sixties, when he was working with the cinematographer Laszlo Kovacs on such pictures as "Psych-Out" and "Hell's Angels on Wheels" and "The Savage Seven." Those movies were crude with a special, hopped-up American trashiness: that was true, too, of such later Rush films as the more ambitious (and more disreputable) "Getting Straight" and "Freebie and the Bean." Rush is a kinetic-action director to the bone; visually, he has the boldness of a comic-strip artist, and maybe because "The Stunt Man" is about subjects close to him—paranoia and moviemaking, which may be the subjects closest to almost all dedicated moviemakers—there's a furious aliveness in this picture. The cinematographer, Mario Tosi, has brought back the airiness and energy of that early Kovacs lighting (which even Kovacs has lost). There's nothing delicate or subtle in this movie, but there's nothing fussy or dim in it, either. The music is the film's motor; it starts up with the varoom of Rush's motorcycle gangs.

"The Stunt Man" suggests what Truffaut's "Day for Night" might have been if its director-hero had been a flamboyant fire-eater instead of a modest, self-effacing clerk, or what Fellini's "8½" might have been if its director-hero had been John Huston rather than "Guido," and if he had been seen from the slapstick, satirical outside rather than from the soft, warm inside. There is, of course, a reason for Eli Cross's being heard before he is seen: in the beginning was the word. And when Peter O'Toole lets out his strong, raucous voice, you know that there's only one cock-a-doodle-doo man on this movie set, and he's it. He doesn't need a megaphone. O'Toole's Eli Cross may be as definitive a caricature of a visionary movie director as John Barrymore's Oscar Jaffe in "Twentieth Century" (1934) was of theatrical genius. Cross is a shameless manipulator, who tricks people to get what he wants, but probably he long ago lost track of the difference between what he wants and what his legend requires of him. He plays to his own legend, and he does it with the crazed strength of the totally self-centered. The only thing that matters to him is the movie he's at work on, and, like Oscar Jaffe, this God is on his uppers: He needs a hit. But there's something that means much more to Cross than box-office success: his most basic need is to do something mad—and to be acclaimed and vilified for it, of course.

Remarkable as O'Toole has often been in gentle roles (as in the 1969 "Goodbye, Mr. Chips"), it's great to see him playing a hellion. Using his words like a cat's playthings, pouncing on them, teasing, and then showing his claws, he gives a peerless comic performance. It's apparent that Eli Cross has been conceived by Rush and Marcus and O'Toole as a protean figure—a man who has in him all the basic human attributes. He's fierce-tempered and tough; like Sam Peckinpah, he carries teeth-gnashing orneriness to an art form. Yet he's also an Audrey Hepburn gamine—ethereal and fey. The chief of police (Alex Rocco), who is enraged by his high-handedness, yells at him that he's a "fruit with a camera." Yes, of course he is. Eli Cross could be called almost anything and it wouldn't be wrong and it wouldn't insult him. He's a capering showoff with a tricky glint in his eyes. He opens them wide, like someone sincere and insincere; he mesmerizes whomever he's talking to. Eli Cross acts all the time, and he's completely aware of his craggy magnificence—he holds his gaunt, high-boned face to the light the way the other Hepburn does. (O'Toole has acted with both.) Wearing a black turtleneck and black pants, and with his arms hanging at his sides holding his chest together, he's a spiffy Hamlet. He never wears an ordinary shirt; in his knits and the high-necked blouses that emphasize his thinness and height, he's a slinky dowager. Perhaps it's not that no human possibilities are closed to him but that no glamorous poses are closed to him. (Directors and stars often fight because they're competing for the same pose.) Yet Cross *does* live in another world. O'Toole revels in the histrionics of this thick-skinned, thin-skinned, dreamlit optimist, who chews a hunk of bubble gum as if it were a plug of tobacco. Seated in the basket chair of his crane, Cross drops down into the film frame to say something to Lucky, or he swings in from the side and floats off again. He's always hovering overhead, dangling from his helicopter or his crane; he uses his basket chair like a divinity's kiddie car, popping into the frame to make a grand entrance. Cross is on top of everything, dominating everyone's life; he knows what everyone is doing, whom they're sleeping with, and what they're thinking—and which ones are out spreading vicious gossip, and why. To the cast and the crew he is God the Father as a son of a bitch.

Cross turns his visage into a heroic, world-weary mask, but Cameron has only a stricken, naked face. Cross has a use for Cameron beyond hiding the fact of Burt's death from the police: with his director's hyper-intuitiveness—the one attribute that all fanatic movie directors seem to share or, at least, to pride themselves on—Cross detects in Cameron's animal desperation something of the madness he needs for his film. As Steve Railsback plays Cameron-Lucky, the role suggests James Dean's crushed loners, with a trace of Tommy Lee Jones in this fugitive's inability to trust anyone. Rush and Marcus tease the audience and build suspense by withholding information: for most of the movie, all we know about Cameron is that he spent two years in 'Nam. (Vietnam today is used as a catchphrase—a plot convenience—the way the Foreign Legion used to be.) And his quick physical responses—which convinced Cross that he could replace the stunt man—tell us of his will to live. But, just as Cameron doesn't know how to interpret the situations in which he finds himself, we don't know if he's a perverse, brutal murderer or merely a kid who got into trouble. Railsback (he played Manson on TV in "Helter Skelter") manages to suggest a pure, lacerated sensibility that would fit either of these explanations, and many others as well. It's far from easy to make a scared, self-pitying



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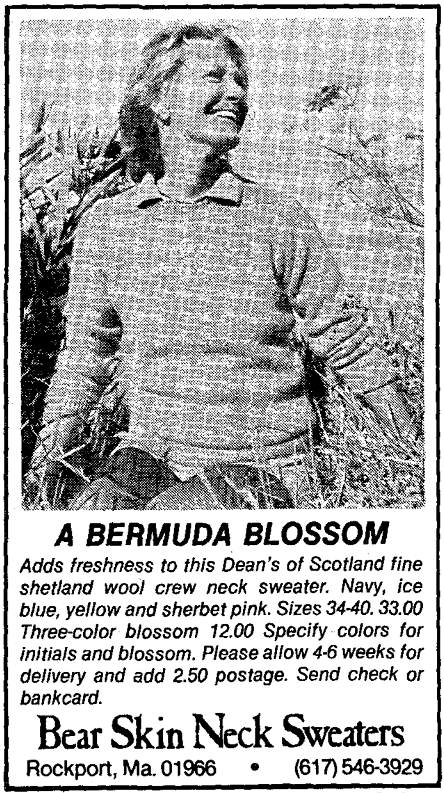
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man with terrible judgment appealing, but Railsback does it. He's helped by the physicality of his role (though much of it is, no doubt, an illusion provided by stunt men doubling for him). Rush takes a sizable liberty with the way movies are actually made—shot by shot, with considerable time spent in moving the camera and arranging the lights and setting up all the elements. Instead, he presents the scenes of Lucky's stunts as if they were shot together in continuous long takes, so we see a chase (reminiscent of a chase in "Gravity's Rainbow") in which he is pursued by German soldiers and shot at by planes while he runs across rooftops, slides down turrets, leaps from tower to balcony, crashes through a skylight to fall on a brothel bed between two naked bodies, and is caught by carousing Huns in the beer hall downstairs, who sadistically toss him around over their heads—and all the time that insistent, vamping music is driving the action forward. The shifting camera angles in what is presented as if it were accomplished as fast as we're seeing it give the moviemaking sections of the film a hurtling, exhilarating speed; Rush is well-named. (Actually, superlative editing was needed to achieve the effect of these long takes, which parallel the chain reactions of the opening; it was done by Jack Hofstra and Caroline Ferriol.)

Lucky gets tipsy on his own prowess and on the thought of the big money that the stunt master (Chuck Bail) tells him he has coming for it. He falls in love with stardom, in the person of Nina (Barbara Hershey), the actress who is the heroine of the movie being made, and when they're together he gets up from her bed, puts on her wig, and holds her costume in front of him—he entertains the fantasy of doubling for her as well as for the hero. Maybe it's the location that has got to him: most of the picture was shot around the Hotel Del Coronado, near San Diego—the same gabled and turreted romantic folly that figured in "Some Like It Hot." If there were such a thing as a masterpiece of a location, the Hotel Del Coronado as it is used in "The Stunt Man" would be it. The cameras are positioned so skillfully that this location satisfies the needs of the film we see being shot as well as the more complex needs of the film we're seeing. When the crew is photographing soldiers being blown up on the beach, with ancient little planes flying over the water and strafing them, we also see the hotel that will not be visible in the shots, and during Lucky's stunts we take in how the illusion of the First World War period can be created from a few bits of roof, with the parking lots and the palm trees kept out of the compositions.

Starting with the misunderstood bird, and the apple falling on the top of the café, this movie is in love with sky and roofs, planes and cranes; it touches earth as little as possible, except in the character of Sam, the dumpling screenwriter, who is designed to be the Sancho Panza to Cross's Don Quixote. Sam—the practical worrywart whose dialogue Cross throws out as he improvises his way toward madness—may be the best role Allen Goorwitz has had, and the best performance he has given since he (when he used the name Allen Garfield) and Robert De Niro did a comedy routine together in De Palma's "Hi, Mom!" back in 1970. The conversations between squat Sam and lean, tall Cross are a comedy routine, too, with Sam claiming that hi "magical madhouse" scene is bette than "Marat/Sade," and Cross throwing it out anyway. Goorwitz's bypla and timing are impeccably deceptive at first you think Sam is a quintessential jerk; a little later he doesn't see quite so dumb; and by the time he' offering Lucky advice he has actuall become lovable and wise.

There are also scenes that migh touch earth if the music didn't driv the picture forward. (We move on s fast we don't hear the thud.) I hav men friends who like Barbara Hershey's flower-child persona; one o them said, "I always wanted to ge to know her—I felt if I met her she' be mine." "What about her acting?' I asked. "What acting?" he said. I Barbara Hershey isn't perceived as a actress (and very likely she isn't b most people), it's probably a mistake t cast her as one. Nina, I assume, is mean to keep us guessing about when she' playacting and when she isn't, bu Hershey, whose technique consists pri marily of an affected naturalness, play acts all the time. She certainly doesn have the style to deliver a line such "I *am* the movies." Her performanc gets off to a bad start: Nina is first see made up as an elderly woman, but t camera is too close for us to be foole

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she moves all wrong, and whoever did her rubbery, wrinkled makeup might as well have signed his name across her forehead. And when the ruthless Cross plays a rotten trick on Nina in order to get her to express shame on camera, Hershey's expression of shame is so small and drippy that the sequence misses its punch. We can see that Cameron is attracted to stardom (or what he thinks is stardom—he has seen Nina in a dog-food commercial), but what attracts Nina to him? Is she flattered by his fixation on her? Or does his being hunted by the police constitute stardom in her eyes—the attraction of danger? Or is she excited by the physical risks he takes, or touched by the sense of terror he communicates? I have a feeling that these possibilities are supposed to keep us off balance, constantly revising our interpretation, but all that really comes across is that Nina "falls in love" with Lucky, and there's no tension in their tender scenes together. The tension in the movie is between O'Toole and Railsback; the romantic scenes are dead spaces, in which even the camerawork goes flooey. There are other failures. The whole conception of Cross's finding in Cameron the madness he needs disintegrates when Cross shoots the sequence that is supposed to show this madness: the action, involving Lucky dancing on the wing of a plane, takes too long to get started, and it doesn't seem mad—only awkward and silly.

Even if a line such as "I *am* the movies" were made to sparkle, it would still, like many of the lines and situations that do sparkle, cast too familiar a glow. The clever bits are often drawn from the stockpile of movie gags and anecdotes. And there are scenes—such as the crowd on the beach applauding the bombing and strafing, then seeing the bloodshed and becomng hysterical, thinking that live ammunition has been used, then aughing as the mutilated corpses get up, and applauding again—that have a secondhand surreal irony, even though hey work. (The crowd's hysteria is extraordinarily effective, because the audience in the theatre is also momenarily confused by the illusion of real blood.) The rowdiness saves this film rom its stale ideas, which are often on a par with Sam's "magical madhouse." There's also a more central flaw. When Rush and Marcus prepared the script, which is based on the 1970 novel by Paul Brodeur, they created different characters while retaining some of the situations and paraphrasing bits of the dialogue. Marcus did an amazing job of turning serious reality-and-illusion convolutions into a game we could all play. The book provided the controlling metaphor, however, and the subjects of paranoia and moviemaking are not linked in the way they would have been if the story had originated with a moviemaker and a screenwriter rather than in the imagination of a New York novelist. Cameron brings his suffering into the world of moviemaking. The suspense in the picture comes from his fear that he is trapped—that if the police don't get him the crazy Eli Cross will. He feels sure that Cross means to kill him at the end of the three days, when he is to recapitulate the stunt of the Duesenberg going off the bridge. Cameron has it all wrong, of course. Cross is the one who said, "That's your point of view. Did ya ever think to ask the bird what he thought?" And it's Cross who frees him from his paranoid delusion. But a movie set is not where you go to get your paranoia cured—it's where you get it inflamed. Ask Richard Rush—a big, commanding figure—who had a heart attack last October, following the decision of Melvin Simon Productions (which financed this project after he had spent six years being turned down by the major studios) not to include the film in its distribution arrangements with Twentieth Century-Fox, leaving Rush to spend almost a year trying to get the best picture he has ever made into theatres. (After it ran to enthusiastic audiences in Seattle and became a hit in Los Angeles, Fox took it on, a few weeks ago, and it is now going to open in New York. Finally shot in 1978 and completed in 1979, "The Stunt Man" was first announced as a 1971 release.) Moviemaking is a seedbed of paranoia. On the set, directors—with their feelers out, intuiting what everyone is thinking—are the paranoid kings of backbiting kingdoms. They have to be paranoid to survive, and it makes them look twenty years older than they are. Once when I was at a large party in Los Angeles, a famous director suddenly screamed from across an adjoining room at me and another guest, "I know you're talking about me!" He was right. Working from observation, Peter O'Toole has put the paranoia in Eli Cross, and there's truth in this great

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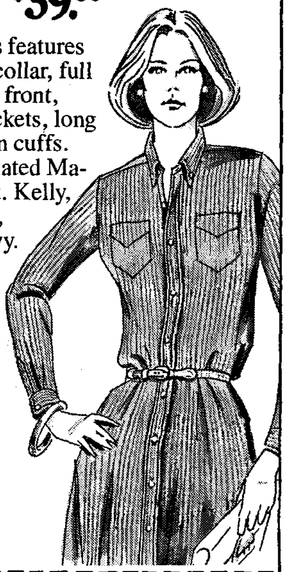

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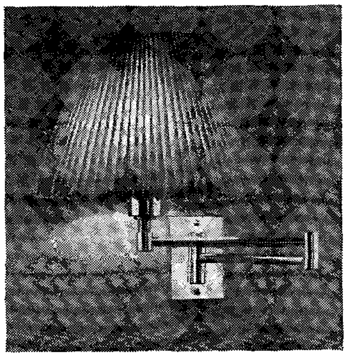

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caricature, up until the moment when Cross turns benign, like your friendly neighborhood shrink. What's left out of the story line is the suspiciousness and terror and calculation that gnaw away at directors and turn them into bedevilled stunt men.

"Those Lips, Those Eyes"—one more boy's-coming-of-age movie—has no nerve center. During the credits, Frank Langella, as the song-and-dance man Harry Crystal, who is the leading performer of a summer-stock theatre that's doing a season in Cleveland in 1951, makes up his face, and the film is already listless. Thomas Hulce (he was the freshman in "Animal House" who got the mayor's daughter drunk and didn't know what to do next) plays Artie, a local pre-med student who signs on with the theatre as prop boy; Artie is an earnest gawker—he oozes stage-struckness. The way Hulce's eyes line up gives him a quizzical expression (like Teresa Wright's when she was an ingênue), and he smiles when he's in repose, as if youth were a state of harmless amusement. We get the story from Artie's point of view (he grows up to be a playwright, just like the Cleveland boy David Shaber, who grew up and wrote this semi-autobiographical script), but the camera picks up the traces of stage stylization in Hulce's acting, and he seems to be a junior manikin, with a painted, crescent-moon grin. The camera keeps scrutinizing that stiff little face; we can't seem to get away from it. Who cares if innocent Artie gets laid? We don't. Only Harry Crystal does. Harry protects Artie when he bungles his backstage duties, sets up a date for him with the dancer of his dreams (Glynnis O'Connor), adroitly maneuvers Artie's parents out of the way, and lends him his room for the First Sexual Experience. Why is Harry pimping for the prop boy? It gets to be embarrassing: you expect Harry to be there in the room, leaning over Artie and coaching him. But apparently Harry is just meant to be a great guy—a second-rater but a man who recognizes that Artie has the same love of the theatre that he has.

This maudlin film asks us to love and pity Harry because even a performer as limited as he is can have a true dedication to the theatre. Maybe we could accept some of this if Harry sang the rousing numbers in "The Red Mill" and "The Desert Song"

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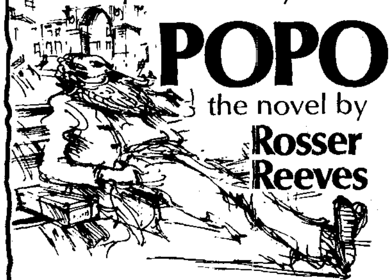

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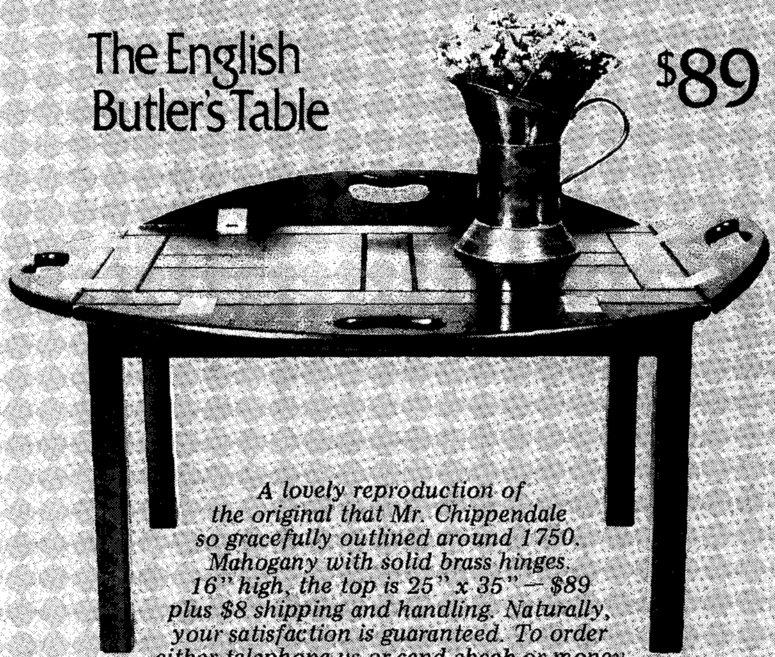
and "The Vagabond King" and "Rose Marie" with hammy gusto. It shouldn't be hard to do Rudolf Friml and Victor Herbert with a forced ebullience that would give a lift to the open-air summer audience and enrapture a naïve kid like Artie and still let us know that the performer would never make it to the big time. But there isn't any lift. The director, Michael Pressman, doesn't give corn its due: why put on scenes from warhorse operettas (which aren't convincing as a total season for 1951) if not to demonstrate that even in parodied form they still have some ridiculous surefire appeal? This picture wears its love of theatre like a shroud. (If we perk up at the musical numbers, it's only because they come after scenes of Artie with his family, having arguments with his father, who wants him to pay more attention to his pre-med courses.) The special pleading for the heroism of the untalented could be self-serving.

Frank Langella doesn't have it in him to be the robust, good-hearted vulgarian that this picture appears to call for; stridency and inspirational bombast are not in his range, and when he tries to sing operetta he has no projection. He's barely a crooner: what comes out is something like Mel Tormé's velvet fog. Even his soft-shoe is too soft. Langella was extraordinary when he played romantic torment in Kleist's "The Prince of Homburg," and the depleted emotions of his hero in "The Eccentricities of a Nightingale" were delicately modulated, as a foil to Blythe Danner's passion—it was a superb job of partnering. With his boneless finesse, Langella has the calm center of exhausted nobility. He has a gift for interiorized, smothered emotion, and he can play ironic, seductive roles with the smoothness of a Lubitsch actor. But put his six feet three inches in a Mountie's uniform, with a hat flat across his forehead hiding his thick mop of dark hair, and his mouth open in song, and he doesn't give anything to the audience out there. He's wilted and defenseless, as if he thought that that was the form that second-rateness took.

This movie is every bit as tacky and enervated as the productions that are being staged. The camerawork is brual to both Hulce and Langella, and here's a scene in which the camera eems to violate Glynnis O'Connor—he strips for no apparent reason exept to let it ogle her and invite us to



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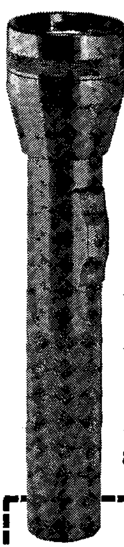

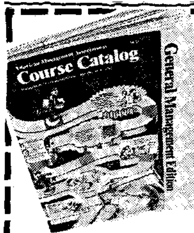

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touch her. The picture even drags in the decrepit, sentimental old bit of Pop, the stage doorman, who is humiliated by a temperamental star. This time, Pop is Herbert Berghof, and he's a retired Latin scholar—Doc—who takes a job as the theatre's *night* watchman, and he isn't just humiliated: he's humiliated in front of his granddaughter at the very moment when he is trying to instill in her his own love of the theatrical classics. There are, however, a few performances that can be watched without squirming. Glynnis O'Connor, who looks lovely in her dancing scenes onstage (among the few well-lighted scenes in the movie), speaks in her usual artificial tone of voice, but when she delivers her fatuous lines she creates emotion out of them, and you know you're watching someone who cares about acting. Joseph Maher brings perfectly controlled dry pathos to the part of an aging, alcoholic actor who hopes to get a shot at a radio soap opera in Chicago. And Kevin McCarthy comes through with a shrewd, workmanlike performance as an agent who shows up at the theatre. His eyes dart around as he checks the house and assesses the possibilities of the girls onstage; for a few minutes, he gives substance and weight to the movie.

Since coming-of-age movies are, for obvious reasons, almost always about writers, and since male writers generally see their adolescent selves as ingenuous yokels, people must come away from these movies wondering if all wimpy kids grow up to be writers. The summer at the theatre is supposed to bring Artie to understand his true vocation. (Harry tells him, "If you quit now, you're going to have an ache in your heart the rest of your life.") On the evidence of this script, a pretty good case could be made that he should have listened to his family and gone to medical school. Of course, if you live in Cleveland you may figure that a logy mind can do less damage in a writer. —PAULINE KAEL

•

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NOBODY'S PERFECT, 9:30 p.m., Ch. 5. Roger fumbles against time to dismantle a time bomb under second base at Candlestick Park.—*Boston Globe, page 26.*

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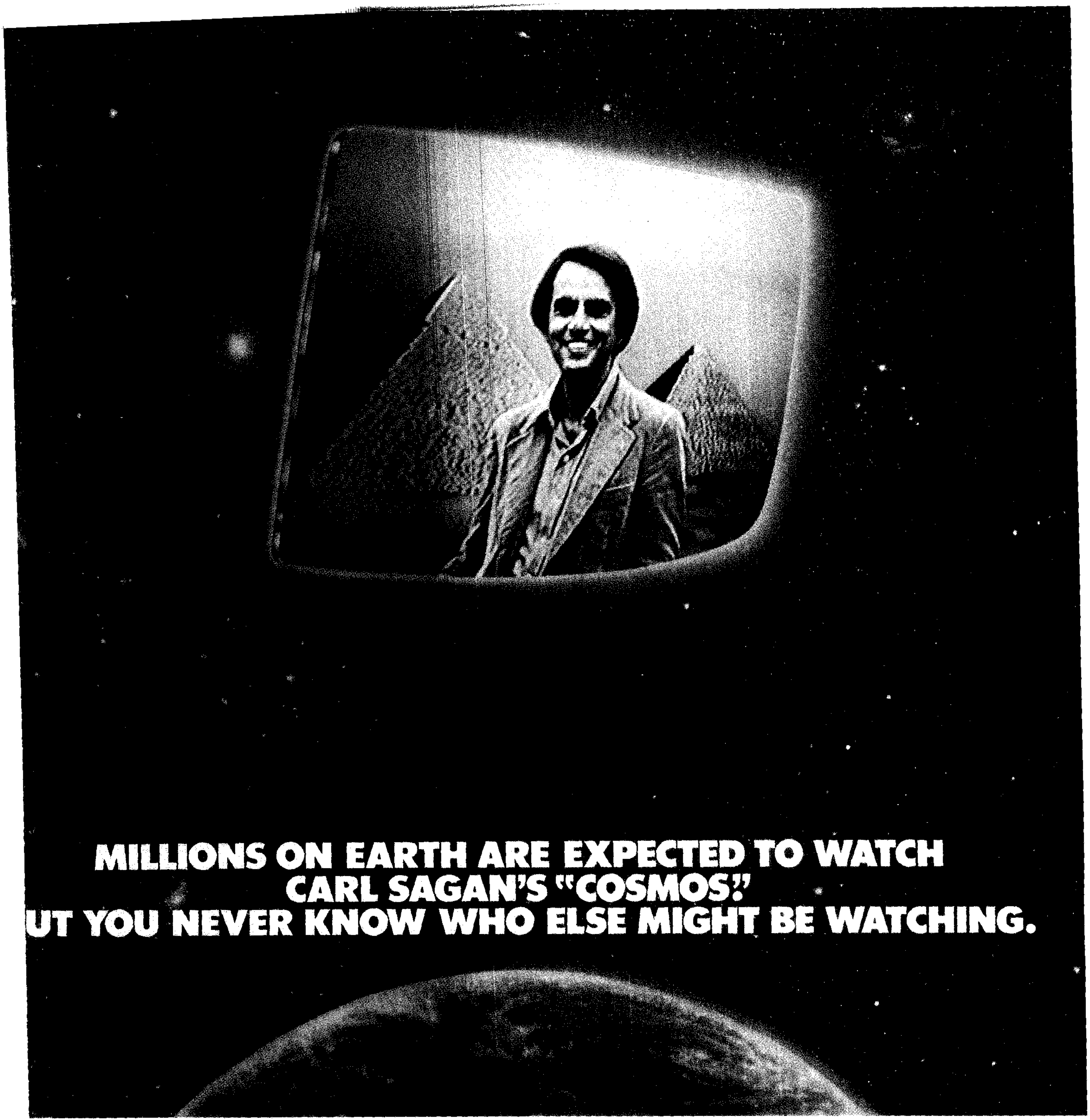
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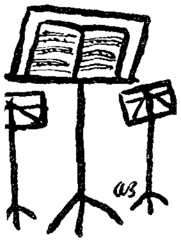
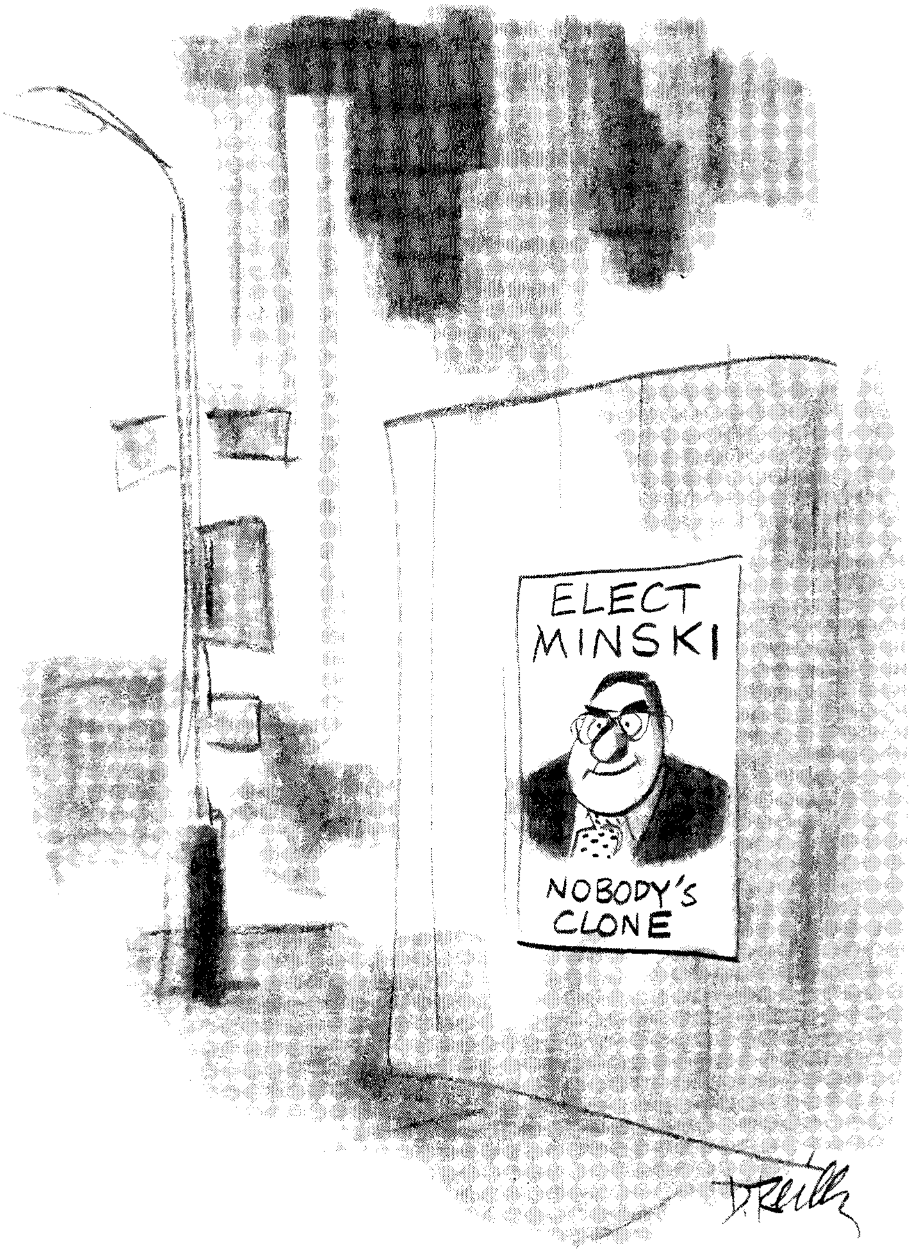


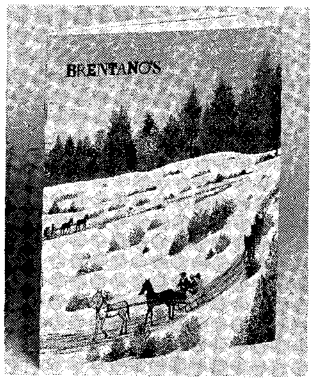
WHEN Edward Dent, in an essay on Donizetti that he contributed to "Fanfare for Ernest Newman" (1955), declared that "the andeur and genuine passion of nna Bolena' and other operas of that ɔe lies not in the arias, but in the rce and rapidity of the dialogue," he ıs stating—perhaps overstating— nething that Donizetti's early-twen th-century detractors and cham ɔns both tended to overlook. Actors : required to animate that dialogue. ne vocalism is not enough in itself to ıke a Donizetti opera dramatic. If it re, "Lucia di Lammermoor" would rdly have been laughed off the stage er a single performance when Toti l Monte and Dino Borgioli sang at Covent Garden in 1925. And : New York City Opera revival of nna Bolena," which has a cast of common vocal accomplishment, uld be a more gripping affair. In ne ways, Donizetti's dramatic music more difficult to perform than agner's. If a soprano has the notes l the tone for Isolde, the music ı do the rest: the phrases are ex ssive in themselves. But some of nizetti's most celebrated phrases are ɔthing"—of no musical interest— il an actress makes them expressive he theatre.

When nineteenth-century critics ɔte of great nineteenth-century gers, they devoted as much atten ı to acting, gestures, stances, turns the body, and flashes of the eye as purely vocal prowess. Giuditta ta, for whom Anna Bolena and lini's Norma were composed, in 0-31, sang her last London season 1837, when her voice, Henry ɔrley tells us, was steadily out of e and painful to the ear. But since grandeur of her style and her won ul musical perceptions were un aired, she remained "none the the 'Queen and wonder of the hanted world of sound.'" Chorley lls her as Romeo "raising tenderly ng lock of hair from the brow of deceased" as she sang "Ah, mia lietta." His recollection of Pasta as dea—a role "musically and dramatically composed by herself out of the faded book and correct music of Simone Mayr's opera"—is even more vivid:

> I *see*, too, her magical and fearsome Medea. . . . The air of quiet, concentrated vengeance seeming to fill every fibre of her frame,—as if deadly poison was flowing through her veins—with which she stood alone, wrapped in her scarlet mantle, as the bridal procession of Jason and Creusa swept by, is never to be forgotten. It must have been hard for those on the stage with her to pass that draped statue, with folded arms, that countenance lit up with awful fire, but as still as death, and as inexorable as doom. Where, again, has ever been seen any exhibition of art grander than her Medea's struggle with herself ere she consents to murder her children?—than her hiding the dagger, with its fell purpose, upon her bosom, under the strings of her distracted hair?—than her steps to and fro, as of one drunken with frenzy, torn with the agonies of natural pity, yet still resolved on her awful triumph?

Visual memories. And others, of a final concert, in 1850, when Pasta returned to London with a voice "broken, hoarse, and destroyed," a voice whose "state of utter ruin . . . passes description," and essayed some scenes from "Anna Bolena." In the duet with Jane Seymour, her utterance of the single word "Sorgi!" and "the gesture with which she signed to her penitent rival to rise" revealed the old greatness. In the finale, "when, on Ann Boleyn's hearing the coronation music for her rival, the heroine searches for her own crown on her brow, Madame Pasta





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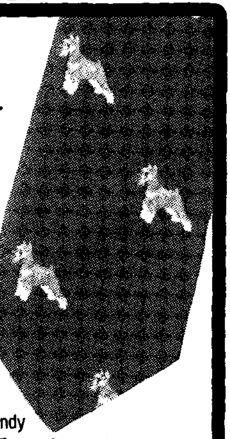

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wildly turned in the direction of the festive sounds, the old irresistible charm broke out."

The point need not be pressed on anyone who saw and heard that imperfect yet matchless vocalist Maria Callas as Anne Boleyn, Medea, Norma, Violetta; or, for that matter, on anyone who saw and heard Beverly Sills as Anne Boleyn, Elizabeth (in Rossini's and Donizetti's operas), Mary Stuart, Violetta. Great operatic singers are great actresses, and the eye responds to and remembers them as keenly as the ear. There could be a long discursion here about ways in which the ear can persuade the eye and transform a staid elderly tenor into an ardent young poet (Björling's Rodolfo in later years) or a mountainous soprano into Wagner's agile warrior-maid. But it is not needed: operagoers understand, instinctively at least, the mysteries of operatic acting, and it is only some modern directors who confuse the values of the "straight"—or spoken—theatre with the more complicated workings of the lyric stage.

After the run of the operetta "The Student Prince," the City Opera turned to "Anna Bolena." There was a cast able to meet the technical demands of Donizetti's music; indeed, some exceptionally florid passages, omitted in most modern revivals—notably the G-major section of the Act II trio, with its taxing arpeggios and runs for the bass, and the testing double aria for the tenor in Act II—had been reinstated and were accurately voiced. Yet the performance lacked the "grandeur and genuine passion" Dent wrote of. Most "Anna Bolena"s I have seen, even those less capably sung, displayed those qualities. What was wrong? Three things, I think: staging, conducting, and declamation.

"Anna Bolena" had its first twentieth-century revival in Donizetti's native Bergamo, in 1956. The Scala production the following year, with Callas as its heroine and Luchino Visconti as its director, brought the opera to prominence and reëstablished Donizetti as the composer of more than "L'Elisir" and "Don Pasquale," "Lucia" and "La Favorite." Other productions soon followed, and "Anna Bolena" reached the City Opera in 1973. Sills was the heroine, Tito Capobianco the director, Ming Cho Lee the scenic designer, and José Varona the costume designer. For the revival, the show has been newly staged by Jay Lesenger in the existing décor.

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Ir. Lee's unit set, variously decked to iggest the different localities, is acouscally admirable. Two slanting solid 'alls seem to throw the sound for'ard, out into the house, and the ngers are excellently audible. This is ood. But the scenes are visually mootonous and lack romance. Moreover, large square platform at center stage, ounted by three steps, cripples the rection and cripples the action of the ngers. Up and down they go, up and own, pausing at times to stand or sit i the steps. Any naturalness of 'amatic movement is precluded. As a 'st step, a director with any feeling r the visual manners of nineteenthntury opera would surely throw out e platform. A historically precise construction of Tudor court behavior ay be neither possible nor theatrically fective today, but one can fairly ask r a style in which historical possibili-, nineteenth-century operatic conntion, and the susceptibilities of a odern American audience are more ausibly reconciled. The ladies of the urt should not sit on the ground iile their queen is standing—or at y other time. Percy should not grab e king's arm while addressing him public. This was a staging of moveents imposed (when the king told rcy not to kiss the royal hand in omission, Percy "reacted" by reeling ght across the platform), not of—iat the opera needs—movements, inces, and gestures apparently spontaous and natural yet tremendous, revelory, which make vivid what the charers are saying, feeling, and thinkg: the kind of acting that Chorley scribed and that Callas and Sills proied. Instead of that, there were "clevdirector's touches": much play with added figure of the young Princess izabeth (looking more than two irs old); the intrusive presence onge of the executioner brought over m Calais to strike off the queen's id. The lighting, "designed" by Gilt V. Hemsley, Jr., would have med a provincial circus; it depended gely on spotlights pointed with varie accuracy in the direction of the icipals. Charles Wendelken-Wil's conducting was insensitive, unped. Textually, things were better. e overture was omitted, but several he little mid-movement cuts that disired most earlier presentations of opera had been healed. (At Glynderne in 1965, six movements were itted and five drastically abridged.) is City Opera "Anna" is probably

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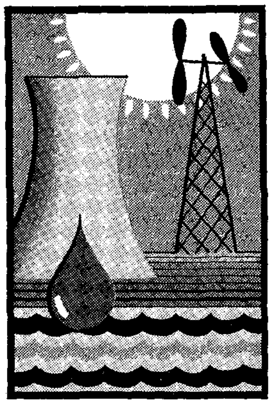

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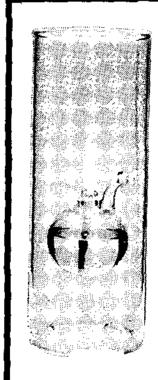

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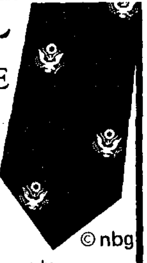

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WHEN Donizetti composed "Anna Bolena," in 1830, he was on his mettle. He had just extricated himself from a burdensome Neapolitan contract that required him to turn out four new pieces a year. He had now to prove himself before the Milanese public; his earlier Milan piece, "Chiara e Serafina" (1822), had been a failure. His librettist was again the fine poet Felice Romani, more experienced than he had been when he wrote "Chiara." The greatest soprano and tenor of the day, Pasta and Giovanni Battista Rubini, had been engaged for him—more accurately, he for them—and the great bass Filippo Galli was in the company. When such a cast is assembled, then, in Romani's words, "the poet can throw away the pale melodramatic rubbish known as 'librettos' and soar to the heights of lyric tragedy; the composer can leave in his desk his worn-out stock of routine phrases and eternal cabalettas, and rise to dramatic truth and the music of passion." Donizetti's response—with forceful, eloquent dialogue, set pieces that break out of the Rossinian mold, high melodic density, and thoughtful, expressive instrumental passages—is a matter of musical history. Formally,

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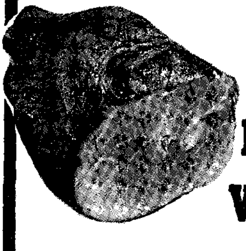

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the opera is satisfying—especially the second act, where linked elegiac choruses cradle a duet, a trio, and two arias, neither of them for the heroine, and then introduce her tremendous finale of three successive arias. Act I is an exposition leading by swift steps to a crisis; Act II a long, beautiful resolution. Dramatically, the opera is well planned: the royal vices that Anne excited to become queen work on to compass her downfall. Anne appears in six of the seven scenes. Proud, spirited, ambitious, once ruthless but now remorseful that she sacrificed love to gain dominion and is thus authoress of her own tragedy, she is one of Donizetti's most fully drawn heroines. Jane Seymour, impetuous, feminine, caught n a web not of her weaving, is also a living character. So is Henry: even at his most villainous moments, there is bigness, majesty in his music. Percy, Anne's first love, and the minstrel Mark Smeaton are more conventional, but their roles are rewarding.

Performers should probably start, as Donizetti did, with the text. In the City Opera performance, a scream of orment from Smeaton, unwritten by he composer, breaks into the second horus of Act II. This touch from “Tosca” (reinforced in the finale by a Smeaton with his eyes put out) embelishes the historians' speculation that he youth's confession was elicited by he threat of torture, but sounds inppropriately from a council chamer where a formal trial is being eld. Worse, it flatly contradicts a lear statement in Romani's text: that meaton was tricked, not tortured, nto his confession. It's no good aproaching Donizetti with the cynical hought that the words don't matter. Anne is brought to life by recitative hrases like:

> Ambitious, I wished for a crown.
> And a crown I have—of thorns!

The words and the music look trite on he page. Properly timed, inflected, acted,” they can be overwhelming. ut I wonder how many people in the State Theatre followed them.

Which raises the question of lanuage. “Anna” was essayed in Italian. Romani text needs to be followed; nd it is surely absurd for an all-American cast to play a drama to an merican audience in a foreign tongue. There are several English translations “Anna Bolena.” Joseph Reese Fry's as heard in Philadelphia and New

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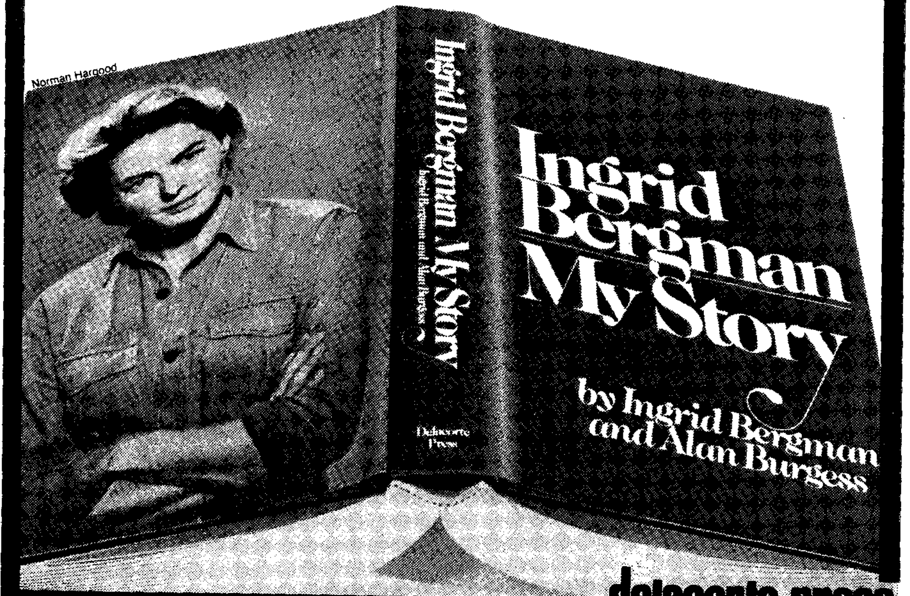

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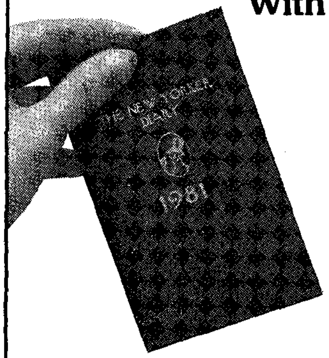

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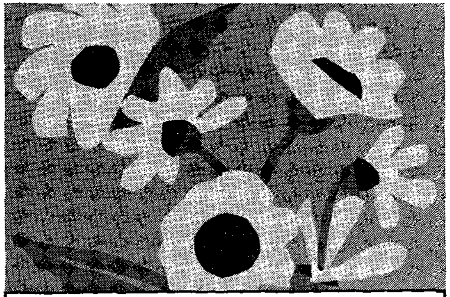

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York in 1844. Charles Jefferys' was heard in London in 1847. Modern versions have been made by Royce Isham and by Chester Kallman (used at Santa Fe in 1959). I don't know them. But I do feel sure that—despite the inevitable losses in pure sound—an English translation would have helped the singers, the audience, and the work. Most of the singers could pronounce Italian. But they weren't communicating with their listeners.

Olivia Stapp, who some years ago sang such roles as Carmen, Santuzza, Menotti's Magda Sorel—and Jane Seymour—with the company and has since then been making some name for herself abroad in a wide-ranging soprano repertory, returned to New York in the title role. She was thoroughly efficient but did nothing affecting, delicate, or exciting enough to call forth warmer epithets. No phrases etched themselves on the memory except the famous "Giudici! ad Anna!"—and that stood out only because it was crudely overdone. The voice is agile and, except below the staff, powerful. Jane Seymour, like Adalgisa in "Norma," is a role for a young soprano which mezzo-sopranos have long appropriated. Susanne Marsee was fluent, lustrous, but a little monotonous; her words did not have much inflection or color. Rockwell Blake, the Percy, showed the surest command of the style: the ability to mold the phrases, to play with timing and timbres, to "present" the music. He attacked and sustained confident high D's. Samuel Ramey's bass coloratura was brilliant. He can sing his role. Now he must learn to enact it—find a stance, a gait, a look for Henry VIII. He had no presence or majesty. Mimi Lerner's Smeaton was loud and full. The comprimarios, Ralph Bassett as Lord Rochford and James Clark as Hervey, were both good.

—Andrew Porter

•

Maine's League of Women Voters has compiled a six-page guide to attempt to provide both sides of the nuclear power issue that will be the subject of the Sept. 23 statewide referendum.

The guide is entitled "The Nuclear Referendum Question."

League Energy Chairwoman Bonnie Anderson said the League compiled the guide because most people have difficulty deciding the issue since they receive their information from such polarized sources.

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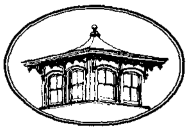

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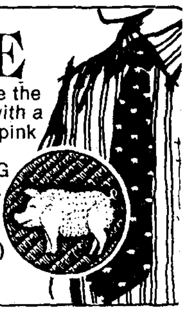

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FICTION

THE EMPEROR OF THE AMAZON, by Márcio Souza, translated from the Portuguese by Thomas Colchie (Avon/Bard; $2.75). Lest anyone fear that the flow of remarkable novels from Latin America might be drying up, this first novel from Brazil by Márcio Souza should bring reassurance of its apparently inexhaustible vitality, for the book is both a comic delight and a set of improbable, half-true adventures, recounted with skill and economy. (It is also brilliantly translated.) Márcio Souza follows a path taken by a number of his fellow-writers in fastening onto a small incident in the exotic history of the South American continent that must inevitably seem comic in retrospect. In this case, the time is 1897-1900, at the height of the Brazilian rubber boom along the upper reaches of the Amazon, where Brazil, Peru, and Bolivia are contiguous, and where lawlessness consequently prevails. Souza uses the device of re-creating the notebooks of a Spanish adventurer, who, mainly through a certain lethargic sense of survival, finds himself being proclaimed emperor of the separate state of Acre. The novel is also a wild satire of official Brazilian attitudes toward the Amazon territories, but it never strays from its comic particularity—its short, sharp, vivid sketches of hilarious characters and unlikely events. Souza has written his novel in separate, self-contained paragraphs, for each of which he has supplied an apposite heading. His book can only whet the appetite for the Brazilian writers who have not yet been given a deserved English existence.

NOTE: "Fifty Stories," by Kay Boyle, a number of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker,* has been published by Doubleday ($15.95).

GENERAL

A CIVIL WAR COURTSHIP, edited by William Walton (Doubleday; $11.95). In 1862, in Havana, New York, Edwin Weller joined the 107th New York Volunteers and went off to war. He fought at Antietam, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg; in Georgia and North Carolina. During these years, he wrote home to a girl named Antoinette Watkins as often as he could, and when he got back to clerking in Havana's drygoods store he married her. His letters were a true courtship, for he did not know Miss Watkins very well when he left Havana. (His first letter was addressed "Friend Nett.") He describes for her, without dramatics, his life in camp and his experience of battle, and in each succeeding letter he inches toward telling "My Dear Nettie" that she is his heart's desire. He is a bad speller but quite articulate; he jokes, makes arch but wistful references to the "gay doings" she must be enjoying with the young fellows back home—sleigh rides, church suppers, skating parties. When he writes something sly, he puts "Ahem" after it, and occasionally he makes transparent attempts to stir up some mild jealousy by references to his trifling with beautiful "Southern Bells." This is a poignant little literary curio.

THE PANDA'S THUMB, by Stephen Jay Gould (Norton; $12.95). Stephen Jay Gould, one of the best writers of popular science, teaches biology, geology, and the history of science at Harvard; this splendid collection, taken from his monthly column in *Natural History,* reflects all these subjects. It is a wonder what Mr. Gould can do with the most unlikely phenomena: a tiny organism's use of the earth's magnetic field as a guide to food and comfort, for instance, or the panda's thumb—which isn't one. If there is any cavil about this collection, it is that the editing allows too much repetition. Otherwise, it is an example of science writing at its best.

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After a 1978 G-rated film starring Jimmy Osmond flopped, the next Osmond film, "Going Coconuts," starring Donny and Marie, was PG.

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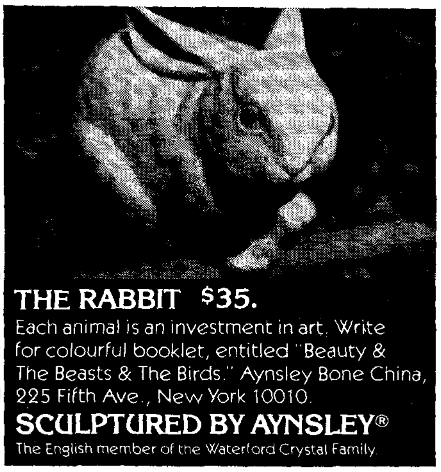

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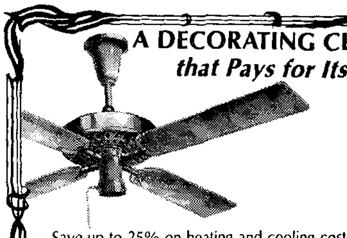

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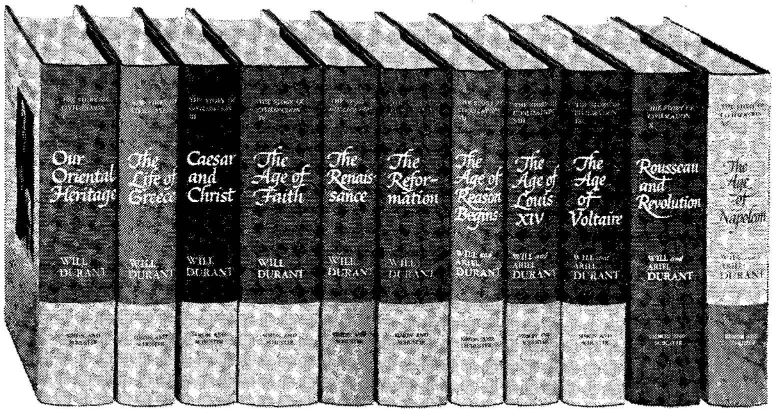

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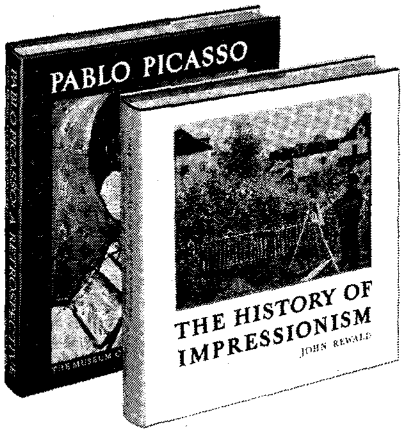

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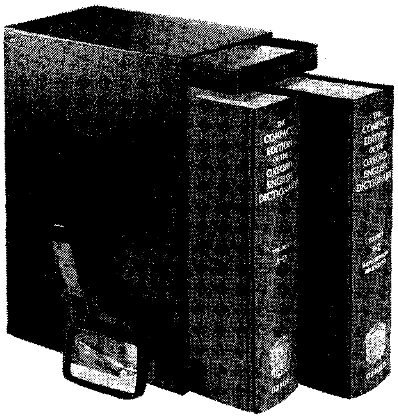

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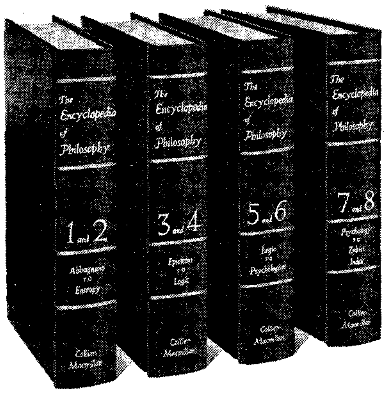

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